THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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by nj. Franklin

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Julian Street—Isaac F. Marcosson—Katharine Newlin Burt—Owen D. Young
William Hazlett Upson—J. P. Marquand—Lucian Cary—Samuel Crowther

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CHAMELEON

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

"Mercy!" She Said in a Self-Pitying Tone. "Are You Going to Start Picking on Me, Too, Jerry?"

THOSE of us who had been his fellow students in Doc Elverson's Drama Courses and his fellow members in The Thespians were not surprised when, less than three years after we left college, Willard Brownlow's comedy, Spring Madness, was successfully produced on Broadway. Success was what we expected of one whom we had voted the genius of our class and—in spite of the fact that he was not an athlete—its most popular man.

Nor was I, for my part, surprised when, before the play had run out its first year, Willard rang me up at two o'clock one morning and told me he was going to marry Audrey Dale next day.

Audrey, as you may remember, made her first New York appearance as the ingénue in Spring Madness. Her part was exceptionally good and she ran away with the play, filching first honors from the leading woman. From the beginning, Willard had been rapturous about her, and I should have been blind, indeed, had I failed to notice, when occasionally I joined them at tea or at supper after the theater, the adoration in his ruminative eyes—dark eyes which lighted his fine, homely face with an expression of superlative intelligence.

Small wonder that he fell in love with her. It was Audrey Dale's triumphant gift that everybody fell in love with her. Whole audiences did it, orchestra and gallery, male and female, old and young, a thousand at a time. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to hear her lovely voice, gaze into her sweet young face with its hazel eyes and its coronal of copper-colored hair, and succumb.

Everyone succumbed. You did, if you were in the audience; I did, reading into her nature every feminine and tender quality serene beauty can suggest; Jesse Garfinkle, the manager who engaged her for Spring Madness without ever having seen her act, paid her the compliment—unprecedented in his case—of treating her always with respect; and Clarkson, severest of critics, called her the most promising young actress of the last quarter century and three times in the same review referred to her "extraordinary comeliness."

It was like Willard to telephone at two A.M., for even when his state of mind was normal he had no sense of time. "I hope I didn't wake you up, Jerry, but we've just decided and I couldn't wait to let you know. The wedding will be very quiet. It seems the public doesn't like its ingénues to be married, so we're trying to keep it out of the papers. We'll motor to Connecticut in the morning and we want you to go with us. No cutaways or toppers; just business clothes."

In view of my extremely modest record as a salesman for my father's bond house, I could not feel that the company would be seriously crippled by my taking a day off, so I was ready when they stopped for me next morning, and we drove to Greenwich, where, in the shabby parlor of a justice of the peace, I saw Ellery Willard Brownlow place a band of little diamonds on the finger of an exquisite young creature whose name I now discovered to be May Myrtilla Daniels, and whose native town, as set down in the book, was a place in Mississippi of which I had never before heard. It was not far, she said, from New Orleans, where she had played in stock before coming to seek her fortune in New York.

"Just imagine if I hadn't come to New York exactly when I did," she murmured, gazing at the April landscape through the window of the inn where we had luncheon.

"Horrors!" exclaimed Willard.

"Yes, wouldn't it have been terrible? Garfinkle says if I'd been a day later the part would have been filled. He was just on the point of engaging Georgia Starbuck when he saw me sitting in the office."

The bridegroom looked crestfallen. "Maybe we wouldn't have met—that's what I was thinking of."

"Yes, you might have married Georgia Starbuck instead."

"More likely I'd have strangled her. She'd have ruined the play."

"Maybe not. Maybe she'd have been better than I am."

"Audrey! Don't say such things!" His earnestness was ludicrous, and the smile it drew from Audrey was like the opening of the gates of paradise.

"Eat your chicken, dear," she urged maternally.

"I'd rather watch you eat yours. Look at her, Jerry—just look at her! She's beautiful even when she chews!"

Audrey was gazing out of the window with dreamy eyes.

"What are you thinking of, dearest?" Willard asked her.

"I was thinking what a nice place this is. We could come out some Saturday night and stay till Monday. We must telegraph my mother after luncheon. She's fat—did I tell you? I've written her about you, but I wonder how she'll take it. . . . No, take them off the table. I mustn't have hot rolls, and if you left them here I might forget and eat one. No, wait! What do you think, Willard? Would it be all right for me to eat hot rolls to celebrate our marriage?"

"I've never been married before," he said, "but it seems all right to me. To be on the safe side, though, we might go back and ask the justice of the peace."

Her laugh was like a bird song.

"Isn't he too delightfully absurd?" she cried. "That's what I love about him, Jerry—he's so delightfully absurd. And I love the way that lock of hair sticks up in back, don't you? And his eyes—aren't they wonderful? They're simply wonderful!"

"Listen, dear," said Willard, "there's something you've got wrong. Try to make people believe that I have brains if you want to; try to make them believe that I have talent and I'll do my best to make your story good, however improbable it seems. But don't enter me in any beauty contests. The audience will only walk out on you. Beauty's your department, and you're well able to take care of it unaided. Lord, when we have youngsters I certainly hope they won't take after me! If they do they'll never forgive me!"

"Youngsters?" Audrey looked startled. "Goodness, I don't see why you're talking about youngsters. For my part I hope ——" Perhaps because of my presence she did not finish the sentence, but I understood and was sorry, for Willard loved children and was the sort of man who ought to have them.

"Let's talk of something pleasant," she went on. "What's the next part you're going to write for me, Willard? We must be thinking about that, you know, dear. Remember what Clarkson said in his review. He said I ought to have a bigger part."

She had opened one of the hot rolls and was engaged in spreading butter in it.

"It'll be a bigger part all right," said Willard.

"Yes, but what'll it be?"

"I was just this minute thinking about that," he answered. "It'll be about a girl—a very pretty girl—who likes to eat hot rolls with butter in between."

Again Audrey laughed. "There," she said to me. "Do you see what I mean? Isn't he just adorable? As if you could make a play out of a thing like that!"

"Well, you can," said Willard, "and I've got the title too. I'm going to call it Butter Ball."

After luncheon, Audrey telegraphed her mother and we drove through the golden freshness of the hills of Ridgefield, and thence back to New York, where we dined on the balcony of a hotel restaurant twenty-odd floors above the street, and watched the sun slip down through streaks of smoky cloud beyond the Hudson, drenching the city in a rosy wash.

"I never saw such a lovely light," mused Audrey. "It makes me think of raspberry ice cream."

Smiling, Willard drew out a small red notebook and made a hasty memorandum, but I do not think she noticed, for she was gazing over the parapet at the maplike city.

"Look at those toy street cars and motors," she murmured, "and those funny, self-important mites of men, full of errands and ideas. Each is an animated dot no bigger than an ant under a rosebush, yet each believes that the place in which he stands thereby becomes the very center of the universe." She paused, and after a moment added: "Watching the world from here, I seem to understand how God feels, looking down at us."

Even Her Mode of Speech Was Strange to Me, for She Was Now Affecting a Foreign Accent. With a Languid, Undulating Step She Led Me About the Room

The words had a familiar sound, but before I could think where I had heard them my attention was diverted by the expression of astonishment on Willard's countenance.

"Willard," exclaimed Audrey, glancing up from her inspection of the city, "why are you looking at me in that funny way?"

"For the next few hundred years," he replied evasively, "you'll find me looking at you in all sorts of ways."

"No, but really ——"

"I was thinking of what you've just been saying, dear."

"Saying? What was I saying?"

"Something about mites of men like ants under a rosebush, and knowing how God feels looking down upon the world." For an instant she looked puzzled.

"Why," she cried, "isn't that extraordinary? I never realized! Lines from my part! The hilltop scene! Naturally, you were surprised; I am myself! Yet it really isn't so strange after all, for it's just the way I've always thought about things. That's why I've made such a hit as Muriel—she's me. Haven't I told you that from the beginning, Willard? I can't stop saying what I think, can I, just because you happen to have written similar ideas into a play?"

"Of course not, dear."

Satisfied, Audrey turned to me. "Isn't it wonderful, Jerry? When he wrote my part he didn't even know that I existed, yet he wrote me exactly as I am. It's really wonderful, if you stop to think about it. Fate simply threw us together. I'm a fatalist anyway; aren't you? My, but I'm glad I ordered this raspberry ice cream! It's wonderful."

Again the red notebook came from Willard's pocket.

"What's that you're writing, Willard?"

"Just a memorandum." He showed her the note that he had made.

"'Fate and raspberry ice cream,'" she read aloud. "I don't see that it makes sense; do you, Jerry?"

"It's time to be getting to the theater," put in Willard, looking at his watch, and as Audrey, bending over the table, vigorously plied her spoon, he gave me one of his humorously solemn winks.

II

SPRING MADNESS ran two seasons in New York, and when, more than a year after their marriage, Audrey appeared in Butter Ball, Garfinkle announced her as a star.

The play, you may remember, was the lightest of light comedies; the story of a pretty girl named Doris who was torn betwixt love, upon the one hand, and food, with its concomitant of fat, upon the other. With his strong instinct for showmanship, Willard had chosen a theme that was particularly timely, for at that period women had gone mad about the boyish figure and were striving, by means of gymnastics, enervating baths, medicines and starvation, to cast off nature's cushioning tissues, while doctors, and even ministers, inveighed against the new style, saying that it menaced the future of the race.

The idea for the play, I recalled, had popped into Willard's mind as a result of Audrey's enthusiasm for hot rolls with butter in them, when we were at luncheon at Greenwich on their wedding day, and to anyone who knew Audrey, it must have been apparent that in tailoring for her the part of Doris he had skillfully utilized her mannerisms and her mode of speech. The episode of the hot rolls, transferred from life by way of Willard's notebook, was used in the first act, and in the second act occurred a most amusing scene in which the romantic wooing of a college boy was ruined by a calcium sunset that turned Doris' thoughts from love to raspberry ice cream.

But if there were points of likeness between Audrey and the part she played in Butter Ball, there were also points of difference, and it would be unfair to call the rôle a portrait. Doris lacked Audrey's sweetness and directness; she was depicted as a little glutton who ate even through moments of emotion, whined when she was hungry, and while on a diet continually took cake upon the sly; whereas Audrey herself, though she could enjoy a good dinner as well as the next person, was not in the least greedy, but was merely a healthy young creature with a good, normal appetite.

Of course, I attended the first night of Butter Ball and on the falling of the final curtain went behind the scenes. Audrey's dressing room and the adjacent corridor were packed with proud relatives who had come North with her mother, Mrs. Daniels, to be present at the great event; so I stayed only a moment. As I left the theater the electric sign over the entrance continued to burn hotly, and looking back from the corner of Fifth Avenue I could still see Audrey's name picked out in glittering points of incandescence.

Naturally, the days that followed found her much engaged with her new honors. There were interviews to be given the newspapers, photographs to be taken for the Sunday supplements and the illustrated magazines, clothes to be bought, social appearances to be made. All in all, she

was a busy girl, and Willard appeared very happy as he watched her, young and pretty, gathering the blossoms of success.

The rotund Mrs. Daniels and her relatives remained in New York several weeks, and it seemed to me that Willard bore the family invasion creditably.

One day when they were sight-seeing downtown I took them all to luncheon, and later I had occasion to recall a conversation which took place at the table between Audrey and her mother.

"Look here, Myrtilla"—Mrs. Daniels never called her Audrey—"I reckon I wouldn't eat all that liver and bacon if I was in your place."

"But I'm hungry, mother."

"Well, you've got to watch your figure."

"But, mother, I've been sight-seeing. I've walked all morning. It's a vicious circle. I walk to keep thin, but walking gives me an appetite, so then I eat too much and have to walk some more to make up for it, and that gets me hungry again."

"Why, Myrtilla!" Mrs. Daniels stared at her. "That's what you say to the young man in the play. You say those very words!"

"What if I do?" replied Audrey with a shrug. "It's true. It's the way I've always felt."

"No, it isn't, either!" Mrs. Daniels shook her head so vigorously that her fat cheeks trembled. "You can't tell me you've always felt like that. When you lived at home you usen't to eat any more than a canary, but you're different now, and that's why I'm telling you to watch out. I wish somebody'd told me in time!" She looked around the table. "You-all wouldn't believe it now, but they used to say I had the prettiest figure in Calhoun County."

"Well, anyway," said Audrey, "father wasn't fat," and she popped a piece of liver into her lovely mobile mouth; whereupon Willard, who was facing me, winked with the utmost gravity.

Soon after this I was sent by my firm to Chicago, and when, a few months later, I returned on a brief visit to New York, the first thing I did was to ring up Willard and ask if he and Audrey would have luncheon with me.

"Thanks, Jerry," he said, "but she mustn't eat out."

"Why not?"

"When we go out I can't watch her diet."

"Diet? Isn't she well?"

"She's too darned well. That's just the trouble."

"I never heard anyone complain of that before," I said.

"Come at five; you'll see."

That afternoon I went to their apartment, and the moment I laid eyes on Audrey I did see. The roundness of her figure had noticeably increased and beneath her chin was now a little fullness.

"It's lemon and one lump for you, isn't it, Jerry?" she asked; and she added virtuously: "I'm not taking tea myself. Nothing at all between meals; only some fruit for breakfast and hardly any luncheon. You see, I have to eat a good deal in the play." She looked at Willard.

"Oh, you don't really have to eat much in the play," he said; "you only have to seem to."

"That's what he's always telling me," said Audrey, "but if I faked I'd feel that it was inartistic. You know me, Jerry; you know how conscientious I am. I have to live my parts, be the character I'm playing. Take that scene where we're having a lovers' quarrel and I cry and eat the banana. Remember? Well, I cry real tears and I've got to eat the whole banana. I couldn't just peel it and bite the end off. They like to see me eat the whole thing. Every bite I take makes them laugh more. You know that yourself, Willard. And they love it when I sob and talk with my mouth full."

"It's all right as far as the banana goes," Willard admitted, "but you really don't have to finish that slab of cake in the second act, and you needn't drink all your chocolate and eat the whole big plate of chicken salad just because it's there."

"But I love chicken salad," she replied plaintively; "I just love it, and when it's right there in front of me ——"

"My Lord!" he exclaimed. "Sometimes you don't sound like yourself any more, Audrey. You whined just like Doris then—exactly like her." And it was true.

"Well, I am like Doris," she went on in the same tone. "I've always said I was. Doris doesn't want to starve, and I don't either." She turned to me. "He's made me cut down so much on my regular meals that I'm hungry all during the play, so, naturally, I ——"

"Nonsense," Willard interrupted. "I'm only asking you to be a little careful."

"Yes, but how do you expect me to be careful in a play that's all about food and nothing else? You wrote the part for me, so I think you ought to be more understanding, dear. I really do."

She turned to me, a grieved expression in her eyes. "Don't you think he ought to be more understanding, Jerry, when he wrote that kind of part for me? He gets me into the habit of eating and then turns around and blames me for it. I don't call that very understanding, do you?"

To Willard this argument was evidently an old one. He did not answer, but, with a sigh, walked to the end of the long cream-colored room, opened the French windows, and moved out to the brick terrace, a hanging garden, high above the twilit city.

"He's cross at me," said Audrey. "Have another macaroon." As she passed me the silver cake dish she shot a swift glance over her shoulder to see that Willard was not watching, snatched a macaroon and gobbled it.

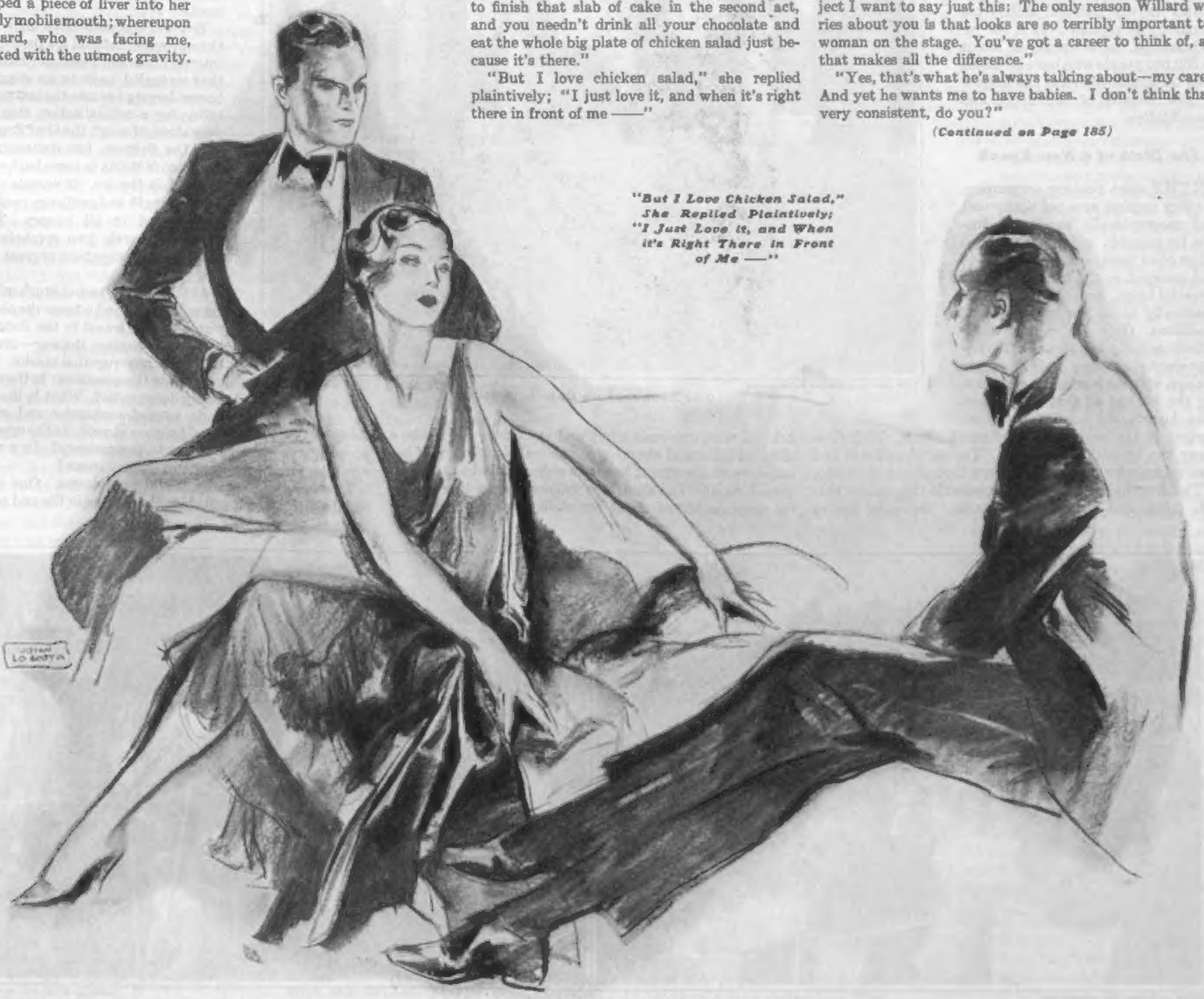
It was a small matter really, I suppose, and her smile as she held her finger to her lips, warning me to silence, was that of a mischievous child, yet I did not like to see her tricking him even in this trifling way, and I told her so.

"Mercy!" she said in a self-pitying tone. "Are you going to start picking on me, too, Jerry?"

"No," I replied, "I'm not, but before we drop the subject I want to say just this: The only reason Willard worries about you is that looks are so terribly important to a woman on the stage. You've got a career to think of, and that makes all the difference."

"Yes, that's what he's always talking about—my career. And yet he wants me to have babies. I don't think that's very consistent, do you?"

(Continued on Page 185)



"But I Love Chicken Salad," She Replied Plaintively; "I Just Love it, and When it's Right There in Front of Me ——"

THE NEW GERMANY

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN you sit at a sidewalk table of a Berlin, Hamburg, Munich or Dresden café and watch the life about you, traditional Teutonic calm seems to be as unruffled as in those spacious prewar years. Beer and coffee are consumed in the usual leisurely manner and no haste is observed in gastronomic performance. There are fewer officers, to be sure, and therefore less punctilious heel clicking with jingling-spur accompaniment.

The same serenity obtains on the countryside. Neat villages nestle beneath church spires, and thousands of hikers, with the inevitable *Rucksacks*, dot the highways. Parklike farms present their old-time picture of a clean and thrifty husbandry. Externally the even tenor of the German way goes on.

Yet beneath this placid surface stir vast changes. The spirit of the reborn Germany—disarmed and democratic—animates the most amazing bloodless revolution, perhaps, that modern circumstances have wrought. It represents much more than is embodied in the political shift from monarchy to republic. It is the resocialization, so to speak, of about 60,000,000 people who have mounted from the depths of defeat and despair to new heights of confidence and consolidation.

The Birth of a New Epoch

IN THE stern postwar accounting, other empires were politically rent and geographically sundered. Austria, for example, underwent the most major of all treaty surgical operations and emerged as the torso of a once-powerful body. As republic she holds practically to all her ancient social traditions. Only the canvas which reflects activity has shrunk. Turkey represents a more kaleidoscopic change, with the bowler hat supplanting the fez and all that this implies. Like Austria, she is relatively unimportant in the larger scheme of world affairs. With Germany the transition is epochal. The social, cultural and productive rebirth has its influence throughout the globe.

This transition is somewhat obscured in the popular outside mind, and for a definite reason. Germany has so bristled with economic effort and statistics—she is like a glorified industrial chart—that the real significance of her immense readjustment has been subordinated to material consideration. The alien, especially on the creditor side, is far more concerned about her ability to pay reparations and meet the annual service on nearly $2,000,000,000 of foreign loans than in her human transformation.

In any dispassionate appraisal made eleven years after the Armistice one fundamental fact is reaffirmed. The animosity toward Germany was never directed at her intellectual and economic might. It was almost solely aimed at the ruling militaristic class which, obsessed by and with power, arrogantly abused its authority to defeat decades of orderly progress. As an eminent German put it: "The German capacity for accomplishing things flourished not because of this governing class but despite it." The basic German qualities of obedience and discipline made it possible.

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The Brandenburg Gate in Berlin

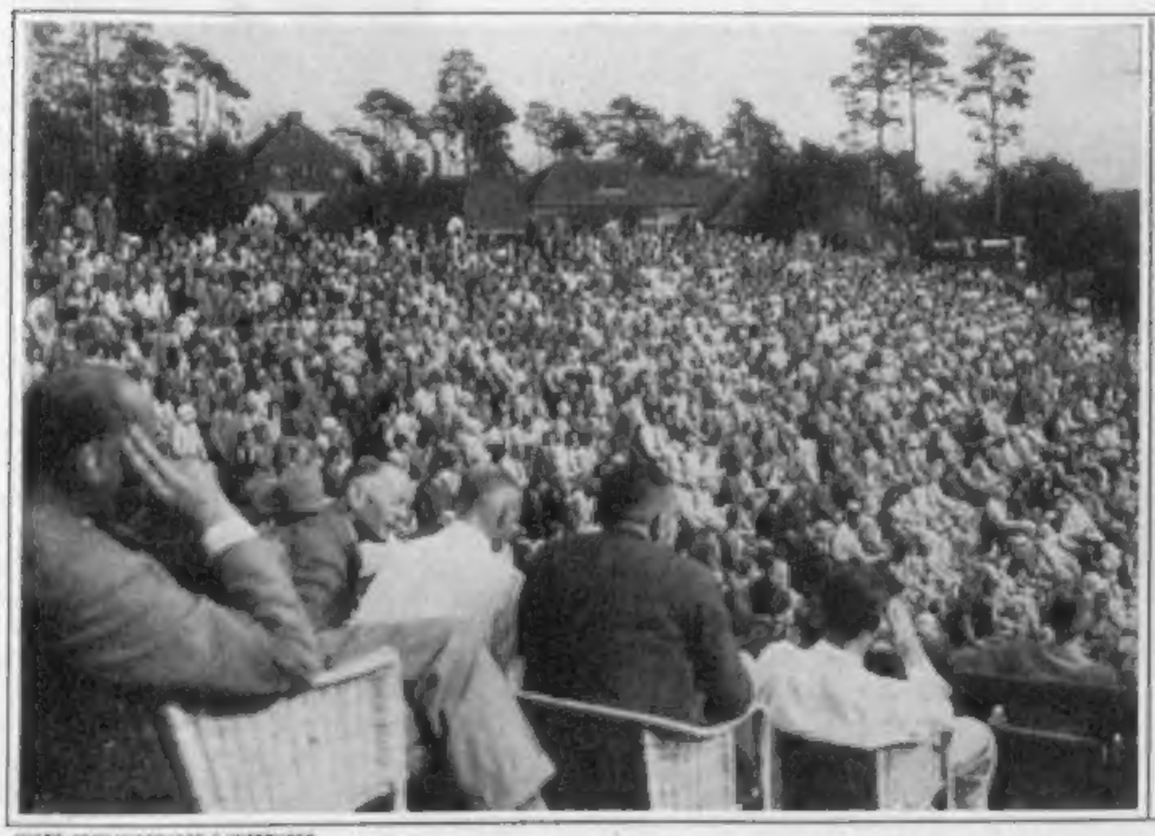
Symbols of Prestige

DEEP down, German character has never undergone a change. Those same qualities of obedience and discipline have simply reasserted themselves since 1918, under a different and more elastic régime, to make the new Germany a study in striking contrasts.

But the Germans have done more than provide material for the human-interest historian. The dispirited army that straggled back to its desolated homes largely became the instrumentality for a rehabilitation that this year alone, through the Graf Zeppelin and the Bremen, has demonstrated Germany's ability to come back on the sea and in the air. It reveals a national strength and resiliency probably unsurpassed in all history. These ships are merely two symbols of a reasserted prestige born of great travail.

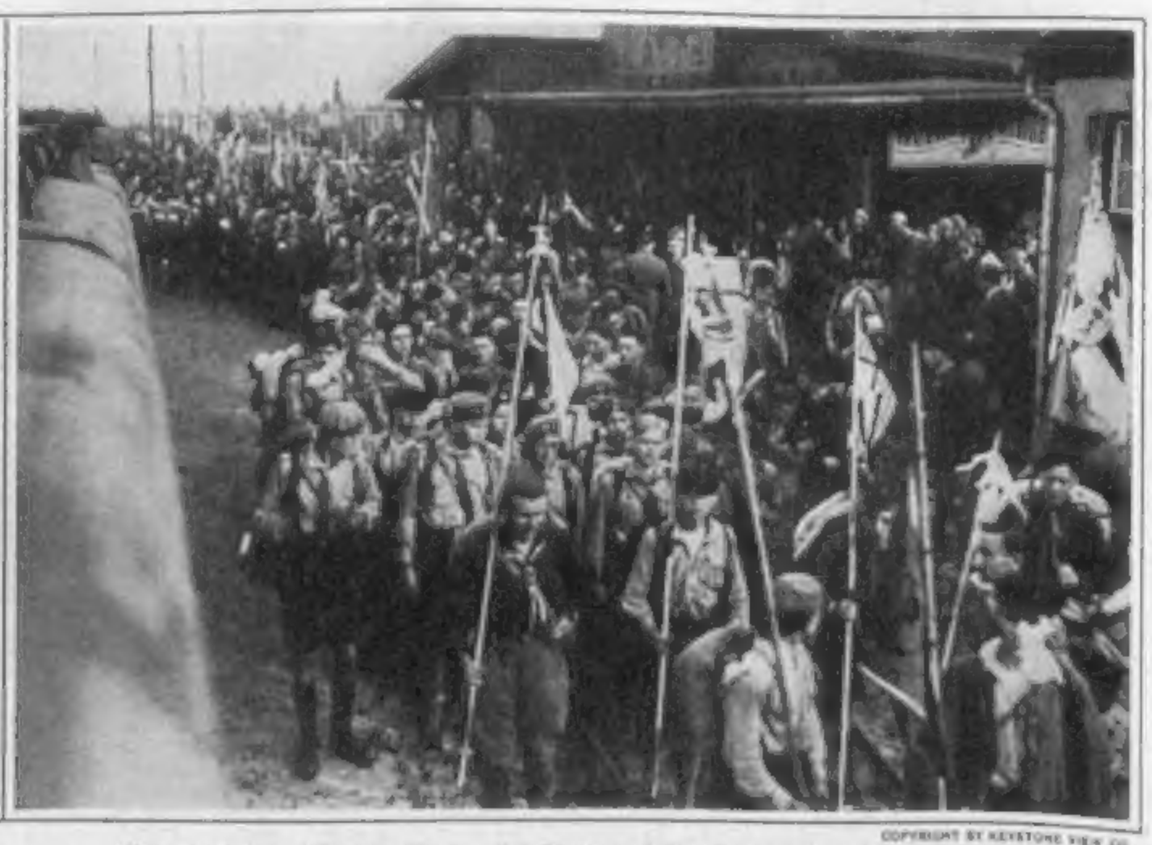
At the back of every visitor's mind—especially those who knew the old empire and now travel in the Reich for the first time since the war—are several large interrogation marks. They punctuate the questions: Is Germany really democratic? What is the attitude toward monarchy and everything else for which the old régime stood? Is the speeded-up economic machine geared to permanency? In a word, what does this transformed Germany mean?

The answers naturally fall in two classes. One is the social aspect, which will show the change in life and mood.



PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Crowds at Grunewald, Near Berlin, Watching the Davis Cup Match Between the English and the German Tennis Players



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Thousands of Clerks From All Parts of Germany Arriving in Dantzig to Take Part in the German Youth Day

PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY

The Kroll Gardens in Berlin, One of the Most Popular Resorts in Europe

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Beautiful Woods and Free Bathing Beach Attract Thousands to Wannsee, Berlin's Coney Island

The other is purely economic, revealing a rationalized production in which laboratory and mill combine in all the proverbial resource and efficiency.

You cannot appreciate the changes, especially the feeling about monarchy, that have crowded so thick and fast, without having a glimpse of the Germany that was. My own first impression of it was probably that of most other people. It began when my luggage was examined on the frontier by kaiser-mustached, uniformed customs officials, most of whom wore swords. In the uniform and the sword you had the trade-marks of the old Germany. Nearly every person with whom you had contact wore an official title and some kind of official garb which betokened supervision. Life was attuned to the tempo of the goose step, which meant that it was formal and, figuratively speaking, closely buttoned up.

When you wanted to take a seat in a public place, it was usually marked "*besetzt*," which means occupied. If you desired to do the least thing out of the ordinary, you were told that it was "*verboten*"—that is, forbidden. These two almost universal prohibitions typified the mandate, "by order," which governed popular existence.

A Graph of Imperial Germany

CLEARLY to understand the mainspring of this state of affairs, let me reproduce imperial Germany on what in industry is called a graph. At the apex of the national pyramid was the Kaiser, vested with autocratic powers. The Reichstag went through the motions of enacting legislation, but it was subservient to his will and ambition. Not until a decade before the war was his style at all cramped by Socialist opposition.

Radiating from the Kaiser were the twenty-odd subordinate kings and princes who ruled the various states and principalities. Under them, in turn, were the *beamten*—civil servants—whose name was legion. I refer to this civil-servant class because it has undergone one of the most drastic of all the postwar changes. Everything save science and industry was government-directed and even here the Kaiser was patron saint. An interesting fact was that the railroads violated the general rule of government ownership and operation in that they were highly efficient. Efficiency, which became a synonym for the expanding Germany, was the national keynote.

Between the Franco-Prussian War and the outbreak of the World War, German development was little short of phenomenal. Inspiring this historic expansion was a supremacy complex. It began ages ago with Charlemagne and the expansion of the Holy Roman Empire, which dominated Europe, with Frankfort as the nerve center, and became a habit as the centuries rolled on. It was never more in evidence than in that fateful August of 1914.

The German formula was summed up in the words: Conquest, first by arms and then through peaceful economic penetration. Out of these twin agencies was evolved that well-known culture, spelled with a *k*, imposed by the mailed fist. Nor was the Holy Roman Empire conception lacking, because the Kaiser regarded himself as the anointed of God. Though the kings and princes made gestures of government, the Kaiser was the whole show, and its mouthpiece as well. He was forever scolding, meddling or preaching. But he, in turn—and here we get to the agency for imperial Germany's undoing—was ruled by what the late Maximilian Harden—the first to defy it—defined as "the ring around the Kaiser." This was the militaristic group, mainly Prussian, hypnotized by that supremacy complex. It was largely responsible for the aggressions that brought on the debacle.

The reference to the Prussians requires a word of explanation. The old empire, like the republic of today, was a federation of states representing wide differences in dialect and temperament. The outsider who labeled Germans overbearing got his idea solely from contact with the Prussians, who largely represented the *Junker*, with all his fetish of class and caste. The South German—the Saxon, in particular—has always been a much more amiable and likable individual. Hence the word "Prussianization," which meant force and reaction to the last degree.

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Throughout prewar expansion the army was the apple of the German eye. Conscription was enforced and every domestic circle, therefore, sooner or later had a personal interest in the military establishment. The aspiration of every youth was to be a lieutenant. If he succeeded, it elevated his social status. No German officer could marry except when the wife brought an adequate dowry. Since the army caste ruled, swank and swagger had their day. It was only after the land service had become a masterful machine, with traditions that harked back to Frederick the Great, that the navy came into its own, although the Kaiser's brother, the late Prince Henry, was admiral of the fleet.

Even then, it never ranked socially with the army.

Such a thing as free speech was practically unknown. To criticize the Kaiser or to abuse army-officer intolerance of the common herd constituted lese majesty, punishable by fine or imprisonment. When Harden exposed the Kaiser coterie, he landed in jail for his temerity.

The Kaiser's Favorite Child

IN THE light of the present democracy you may wonder why the great mass of the German people acquiesced to such high-handed rule. One reason was that the Kaiser regarded all the German people as one large family, with the army as the favorite child. The family idea, as you will presently see, is ingrained in the German character. Like everything else, it has undergone a change. Papa Kaiser sold his idea while the selling was good. Moreover, militaristic might meant world respect, if not love. High

(Continued on Page 174)

PHOTO, BY DE COU, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Tempelhof Flughaven, One of the World's Greatest Airports, Just Outside Berlin, With the Outdoor Café in the Foreground. In Circle—German Schoolboys Who are Hiking Through Hungary on Their Vacation

A SPACE OF FLOWERS

By Katharine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.
—THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

FROM the Villa Ascenti a flight of two hundred steps leads straight as a column down to the water of Lake Como. On either side, descending with the steps, grow cypress trees, tall, black and tapering. Seen through the high opening at the end of those dark walls, the lake and the mountains look as green as glass.

And looking the other way, it was the prettiest thing imaginable to watch, from a boat that rocked at the lip of the small stone landing, Mrs. Dane and her daughter come down, step by step, between the cypress trees.

The Marquis de Thoriac took me there the first afternoon after his arrival at my Bellagio retreat, and it was not until my introduction to the two ladies had actually been accomplished that I recognized in Mrs. Dane, Susy Richards, of Chicago, a girl with whom I had danced twenty years before. She was the daughter of Senator William Richards, and the widow, since twelve years ago, of Marshall Dane, from Boston. What had made recognition difficult was no change in her, but the astonishing lack of change. She was so very young, so almost gauche in her spontaneous and charming gayety that, at thirty-eight, she seemed actually younger than her seventeen-year-old daughter, who, with a small ivory face, a fine-boned body, gray eyes and cream-colored blond hair, was a small statue of perfection.

"She Made Conversation While He Sat—Beautiful, But Dumb—and Sipped His Tea and Gazed at Her"

This very perfection gave Melissa Dane a certain agelessness. She spoke very sweetly and correctly to De Thoriac and me, and placed herself with deftness beside her mother in the cushions of the stern. In her perfect little French frock, studiously simple and, although quite of the mode, having a mark of individual and grave distinction which made her seem considerably more clothed than most young moderns, she sat and let her cool small face repose. She had none of Susy's swift gaucherie.

Susy was glad to see us, very glad to see De Thoriac, who always, to me, seemed equally glad to see any attractive woman. Upon him, her eyes, big and blue and wide open, and her smile, with its splendid teeth, frankly played with a delight as naïve as the smile of our Italian boatman, as obvious as the bright beauty of the lake.

I gave her the flattering reason for my failure in instant recognition, and she blushed.

"But of course I am still young! Haven't I lived in all these lovely European places, in Rome and Paris and my darling Bellagio? Why shouldn't I be young? I've had none of your American reasons for growing old—though I must say you've weathered them very craftily, Jamie—I haven't been living beyond my income—three-car conscious—or being deafened by riveting and banging and dynamiting, or shrieking down the mob voice of American entertainments. I haven't had to be on any committees or belong to any clubs for the furtherance of causes. I've just been a happy cuckoo in the softest nests of the most civilized birds. So, what would you? I've the heart and the face, I dare say, of an irresponsible and ancient child. But that doesn't interest me. What I really want is your opinion of —— I suppose"—with an expressive sidelong look at the human ivory trifle at her elbow—"I'll have to wait for that."

The terrace café across the lake was crowded, so that our small party was driven to divide itself. I captured the eager mother, De Thoriac the grave daughter, and it was then, over our tea, that Suzette put her great question, to which her whole life quite obviously was the reply.

"Now, tell me what you think of her, Jamie. America can't produce anything like my Melissa, can it?"

Unwillingly I admitted that if it could, at any rate it did not or, in my experience, had not produced her.

"It's producing," Susy announced delightedly, "monsters. Haven't I seen them? Heard them? There's a party of them at the Hotel Grande Bretagne. You'll hear them. 'All the earth and air, with their voice is loud.' They play tennis at the Boldi's villa—the young Boldi people seem to know them—and they go out in speed boats."

"Are the Italians guiltless of these activities?" I suggested.

"Oh, but it's the way the Americans do things that makes them hideous. The noise they make in doing them. Their voices, their clothes, their behavior with their young men."

Melissa's voice became charmingly audible from her table. She could not, I thought, have heard what we were saying, but evidently her talk with De Thoriac had run into some such channel as our own. Perhaps he, too, had been criticizing these young Americans at the Grande Bretagne.

"But they are the same everywhere, monsieur," Melissa was saying with her delicate precision—"American, English, French, Italian—and they are so beautiful, these young people, so hard and brown, that it does not really matter, does it, what they don't wear? It is always pleasant to see them. They swim like sea animals; so easily, so very strongly. Everything they do has strength, a drive to it. Their gestures, their laughter, their speech." I saw her—I had looked round—lower her eyes and heard her voice withdraw into gentleness. I could just catch a sighing phrase: ". . . very exciting, monsieur!"

When I turned back toward the lake view, I understood the reason for her choice of subject and the cause of her diminuendo. The Americans—it was easy for me who live in a university town to recognize the type—were going past us, close to the terrace, in a rowboat with two pairs of oars. Two young men in white shirts and trousers, open-collared, bare-headed, moved strongly back and forth. Three girls occupied the stern and the bow. One of the young oarsmen looked up at us as he passed, and his eyes saluted Melissa. He had a face of honorable youth, a well-born face, boldly chiseled and built up from a very noble and strong body. I was moved to pride, thrilling and paternal.

"That one, at least," I said to Susy, "is a fine specimen."

"The girl in the bow," Susy commented, ignoring my enthusiasm, "is the Boldi girl. A very nice child, I dare say. They seem to allow her to go about with these Americans."

Then, to spoil everything, one of the young girls in the stern spoke across the fast-widening reach of water.

"I take the money, Jarvis," it said, and sounded like a brass cymbal clashed in Melissa's startled face. "Beautiful and French, and of a demureness. If she's American, I'll eat your boots."

They hushed her—the others—"Fanny, sh-h-h!" but I was forced to admit that Fanny had a voice that carried with peculiar intensity across lake water and did not greatly care what sensitiveness it offended on its passage. Susy made a French gesture of disgust and exchanged glances with De Thoriac, who matched his shrug to hers. The posturing drew them together. We exchanged partners and they were completely caught up with each other in a skein of what sounded—it was French, rapid and idiomatic—like social comment, international and scandalous. They enjoyed it with a gusto that made me envious, for I found Melissa difficult to talk to. She was like a small carved door to which I had no key. Behind it there might be a garden or mere emptiness, but it was to the door I talked blankly.

I was driven to take a small rowboat and to carry her back in it, not waiting for De Thoriac's aquatic machinery.

She said, after we had voiced a hundred gentle commonplaces of travel and as we were getting close to the steps again, "I am so glad you have come to Bellagio, Mr. Martin. We had been expecting Monsieur de Thoriac, but you"—she smiled her ungirlish, complicated smile—"you are a delightful surprise, and I hope we shall see a great deal of you. There are so few Americans ——"

I gasped, "So few?"

"Real Americans, not the tourist kind, in our lives, I mean—mother's and mine. For twelve years now, you see, we have not been home."

The word went to my heart. For just an instant there had been no door and I had seen a garden. But not the sort of formal and lovely continental arrangement of parterres and terraces and camelias and cypress trees I had been fancying. It was a small, desolate garden—honeysuckles, hollyhocks, sweet peas—neglected, overgrown. It had a white picket fence and a little ramshackle gate. I smelled cold salt wind across rocky meadows where there were blueberries and pink wild roses—New England!

She had risen to leave the boat and I had sprung out to the landing to assist her. I held her hand an instant when she was beside me.

"You can still call it home?" I asked her.

Her eyes met mine with a scared look, as though she were hurriedly closing a door that she had just guiltily discovered to have fallen ajar.

"I don't know really why I should call it that," she said. "It was twelve years ago. . . . But, here we are, aren't we? And mother and Monsieur de Thoriac are only just behind us. You will come up, won't you, please—for tea?"

I did not go up, but I took pleasure in watching the three ascend those steps: De Thoriac, graceful in the nervous French fashion; Susy, delighted with her own vigor, obviously pleased with motion; Melissa, lingering.

She stood for a minute on the top of all the steps, a tiny ghost of a girl in narrow white between the enormous black height of cypresses. I wondered if she could be looking down at me, and I waved. She did not lift her hand or bend her head. She must have been gazing at the very beautiful, veiled mountains.

I gave my boatman a signal and he settled to his oars. The cypress trees slid between me and Melissa. Beyond me on the lake a chorus rose. The Americans were rowing rhythmically and singing. Their faces, as I passed, were bold and gay and friendly. The music that they made seemed natural to me, though so foreign to this lake and these pale hills—a part of their vigor and their youth. It had a brave sadness, too—a mysterious sadness which seemed a new thing in the world, or one so very old that it had all but been forgotten until they had been driven by some peculiar fate to rediscover it.

I found myself remembering Melissa's speech. "But they are all the same—American, English, French, Italian—and they are so beautiful," and I realized that it was the speech of an old woman. Why had she said "They?" Surely she must have friends of her own age—French, Italian, even American? I thought that I must presently ask some questions about Melissa of this Susy, whom De Thoriac had named Suzette.

But at my next meeting with Suzette I was favored with a maternal confidence so complete as to make any questions of my own superfluous.

I had tea with her alone on her terrace, high above the water. She had a pinkish villa with long windows and a tiled roof, and her servants were Italians of the neighborhood, ardent, secret and wistful. We were so shaded by the dense, polled plane trees that I had the impression of a cavern greenness about me. Susy wore blue, the color of her eyes, which she directed toward me with a wide look of intense interest in my concerns that did not in the least deceive me. She was enormously preoccupied and at last could no longer restrain herself from admitting me into her secret.

"May I tell you something, Jamie? It's so exciting!"

"I'd be charmed."

"I can hardly keep still. I want to shout. It is all coming my way. I've planned and I've contrived. I've created something for a purpose, with a beautiful intention, and it is magically just shaping itself as though *le bon Dieu* were on my side." Her beautiful and youthful eyes glittered with moisture. "I must really believe that He is, Jamie."

"No doubt. But tell me, so that I may congratulate you, a good American, and praise Him, an excellent Frenchman."

She was serious. "It is—but of course you've guessed—Melissa."

"Melissa?"

"And De Thoriac."

I set down my cup and tried to disguise my dismay.

"De Thoriac, Susy? He's almost as old as I am."

"He is a great gentleman and comes of a great house. One of the greatest families in France." She gave me then the history of De Thoriac of a long grandeur, which I might have guessed from the man's kind simplicity.

"And a very adequate fortune. There's nothing sordid in his intention."

"But Melissa is seventeen."

"And Giles is the one gentleman in France for whom she was designed, who can, I think appreciate her. I fashioned her in the image of his future happiness, Jamie. Don't you see? She is the *vrai jeune fille*, and for such a man as De Thoriac, the exquisiteness of marriage lies in the exquisiteness of her innocence, even of her ignorance. Oh, you are an American. I suppose you can't get it."

"Forgive me, Suzette"—I found myself thinking of her by the foreign diminutive—"if I say that I find it almost a little horrible."

"Think what you are saying, Jamie! Not with a man like De Thoriac, with his gentleness, his fineness, and his chivalry!"

"Perhaps not."

"Certainly not. I had always in my mind the picture of this lovely Melissa, the flower of the old European idea of girlhood. You see, I sent her for her education to the most distinguished sisterhood. I kept her apart as much as possible from this new generation. I never forgot that she was being shaped to this ideal. And now she is the *jeune fille* of noble birth *par excellence*. And upon De Thoriac, searching this hideous modern world in despair, she has dawned, a miracle! And is that not an admirable gift from crude America to an ancient régime?"

I hid my face in my teacup, for I found myself horribly amused by her extravagances, by her French phrases, by her vision of herself working this "admirable miracle." But I was even more concerned than amused.

"Tell me, Jamie, isn't it—what I've accomplished—a beautiful thing?"

I rose and went over to the terrace railing to conceal not only my brief amusement but all sorts of prejudices and protests and contradictions.

"Tell me first about Melissa's feelings in the matter."

"Oh, you don't understand. You disappoint me. She has, of course, no feelings. That is part of the beauty. She admires De Thoriac; she has for him that exquisite respect, that docility. She will be most awfully happy as no modern girl can ever hope to be. I haven't told her yet."

"But De Thoriac ——"

"Naturally, he hasn't breathed a syllable to her. He treats her—you have seen them together—with that reverence the Frenchman has always for the *jeune fille*. It is to me he talks, to me he has confided. It is of me that he will make his demand when ——"

"He hasn't, so far, made it then?"

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"Oh, So Now You are Americans, are You? Therefore, You Must Not be Tyrannised Over by a More European, Eh?"

A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

I WAS found in a rosebush at the back of Grandma Wilcox's garden at 46 York Square, New Haven, Connecticut, on November 28, 1888, and if you don't believe me, see Who's Who in America.

Besides, I had mamma's word for it. The place of my discovery—so she sometimes assured me—accounted in a very great degree for my prickly temper, but, she added, at that I might consider myself lucky in having escaped the more vulgar cabbage patch where so many little babies are found. In my own hands lay the matter of whether or not I grew up to resemble the ancestral rose in its more attractive aspects, and I was frequently admonished to try my best—failing which, nobody would love me.

The house in the garden of which this remarkable discovery occurred was one of eight surrounding York Square, a dignified semiprivate park. This park was remotely modeled on those rather sad London gardens where the key of each owner admits nursemaids, their charges, and pampered dogs of the more feline variety to a discreet airing in the dignified shelter of exclusive trees which spread their shade for the best people only.

By the time I arrived upon the scene, however, York Square had degenerated into a public passage, the gates standing continuously open, and the large houses fronting it with their massive columns and pseudo-Greek façades had fallen into decay. Some were let as rooming houses, some to foreigners, and only our side of the square kept any semblance of its former glory. I cannot but mention this house at some length, because it has exerted an influence over my entire life. At odd times, a great part of my childhood was spent there, and its dignified front, standing stolidly behind box hedges, sheltered by massive wistaria vines and spreading ailanthus trees, has formed a sort of background to live up to. There is, unquestionably, something worthwhile in being proud of the house in which one was born. And to this day I occasionally go back to look at it, though its garden is a neglected tangle, and unpleasant looking washing of a distinctly Latin coloration is usually flaunting from its upper windows, the flag of the intruding army of foreign labor.

We Walked Fences Together or Sat in Her Cherry Tree and Dared Each Other to Swallow Cherry Pits

It is strange that I should resent these newcomers so, for my own mother was a Spaniard, hailing from the then almost mythical island of Porto Rico. Her people had lived there for generations, half of the island having originally been given to an ancestor by Charles II of Spain in return for warriorlike services in the Netherlands. Mother was born and brought up on the remains of the original plantation at Ponce. On a vacation trip to the States in the charge of a married sister, she met my father, Marrion Wilcox, third son in a family of ten, and an impulsive marriage soon followed. My father was just out of Yale, and the marriage forced him to take the position of assistant instructor of English in that university. The young couple lived with my father's parents and hunted in their rosebushes under the severe paternal eye.

And I expect that the eye was severe indeed, for Grandpa Wilcox, who had a long white beard and looked exactly like my conception of God, was, so he freely admitted, one of the elect, and, consequently, in a position to dictate to lesser mortals. No dancing or card playing was permitted to his ten children, and my laughter-loving young mother, who climbed the neighbor's fence to steal strawberries, and who wore pink silk-ribbed underwear, must have been a severe trial to him. The more so as his pride in my father was enormous. Grandfather Wilcox was himself a wholesale grocer, and came of a long line of New England coast traders hailing out of Madison, Connecticut, and his most distinguished exploit had been a secret mission to France for Lincoln during the Civil War. He was a merchant to his finger tips—a very successful one—and in my father he perceived all the characteristics which he himself most coveted—a sensitiveness, a power of imagination, a creative force, which it was his delight to encourage.

My father had taken the literary medal at Yale, and this was enough to persuade Grandpa Wilcox that at last the family had graduated from trade into the dignity of the arts. I believe that grandpa considered writing a thoroughly respectable profession. No wild life was concerned in it, none of your nude models posing around the place, none of the unmentionable taints of the theater touched it! In fact, since Emerson and Dickens had given to the art of writing an acceptable tone, grandpa was willing that his son, Marrion, should openly practice the same pursuit. His approval even went so far as to making dad an allowance of five thousand dollars a year. This was a colossal sum in those days, and when I was about two years old my father used it as a means of traveling, and sailed for England to take a special course in literature at Oxford University.

There is a distinct emotion, clear in my mind as the remembered scent of yesterday's roses from the garden, of my father's boarding the ship on which my mother and I had sailed to join him. I recall a piece of white-scrubbed deck, a bit of rope to which I clung, trembling with the knowledge that daddy was coming. Then two great feet, a pair of enormous trousers smelling of warm wool, dust and clean humanity, against which I flung myself with a cry of welcome, hugging the immense live pillars within and brushing my baby cheek against the rough cloth in ecstasy. Something that had been lacking in me was suddenly beautifully supplied. Daddy was there! This was, I now know, at Dublin Landing, for my father had been walking in Ireland, and it is my first conscious memory. I don't even remember feeling the lack, but only the easing of it.

We were in England next. Specifically, at a lovely place called St. John's House, in the little town of Warwick, and a nice man called Lord Brooke had seen to it that we came to this place, which seemed to belong to him. At any rate, his father owned the big house next door, which was called Warwick Castle. Lord Brooke's father was away just then. I know because I asked him. But he had left his peacocks behind. The back gate of our house opened into Mr. Warwick's garden, and it was great fun to sneak in there and pull the feathers out of these peacocks' tails. The peacocks made a grand noise each time, and I cleaned up two before Nursie Schofield caught me at it.

She was a most objectionable recent addition to our family, and waddled about after me everywhere, her big white apron creaking like a frozen sail in the wind. She could move her teeth from her face to the bureau, which was fascinating, and she made me eat the crusts of toast at tea while she mumbled the soft, buttered centers. She had come to mother from a lady called the Duchess of Sutherland, whom I took to be a relative of the Red Queen's and sort of aunt to Alice in Wonderland, and my predecessor in Nursie Schofield's charge had been a certain little Lady Gladys.

I grew gradually to hate the very mention of this child, for it appeared little Lady Gladys always loved to brush her teeth, never ran away, never got jam on her apron or tangled her curls. In short, if Lady Gladys reads this, I hope she will blame her old nurse and not me for the belief that she was the prize prig of the world.

There were lots of marvelously interesting things about St. John's House. There were ripe Victoria plums on the walls, growing on funny flat trees that the gardener trained against the stone. I managed to steal enough of the fruit

to make myself quite ill, as the result of which I had the thrilling experience of hearing the severe Nursie Schofield receive a scolding in her turn.

It was in the lower regions of the ancient house of St. John's that the famous underground passage from Kenilworth Castle debouched. The building had been put up, I think, in the eleventh century, as a monastery, and it had seven staircases, one of them secret and hidden by a panel in the wall. The underground passage—of such literary value to Sir Walter Scott—had been newly cleaned out, and during our stay some venturesome tourists made the trip to the ruin of Kenilworth; for which privilege they paid several shillings into the withered palms of the two old ladies who ran the place—impoverished gentlewomen, pensioners or distant relatives of the earl's, who took in occasional well-recommended tenants like ourselves. But I never could be persuaded to go farther than the mouth of the dark tunnel, and a vigorous kicking and screaming soon put an end to all attempts to interest me in the archæological aspects of the place.

No such building, steeped in the most romantic of medieval tradition, could have been without its ghost, and indeed the existence of one was not only admitted but considered a part of the attraction. And one day we heard it.

I had been put to bed in the enormous four-poster which would easily have held eight persons my size when an unearthly moan wafted through the room. Mamma, who with Nursie Schofield was tidying the bureau drawer, stood frozen with horror, a little smock frock of pink cambric held suspended in mid-air. Nursie's hands fumbled nervously in her apron, and I looked from one to the other in growing terror, their alarming aspect sweeping away my usual refuge from all fears. Then the moan came again after an interval of painful silence; this time slightly louder, deeper and more agonized.

"Lord help us!" said Nursie Schofield in a low tone. "It's the monk being tortured!"

"Hush!" commanded my mother with white lips. "What can it be? Listen!" Another awful interval, during which I began to whimper. Then the ghastly sound reoccurred, rising to a sort of shriek which died away abruptly, as if a hand had been clapped over the mouth of the sufferer. My mother began to shake all over and turned supplicatingly toward the door, through which came the figure of daddy, clad in the white flannels and bright sash which he wore on the river.

"Did you hear it?" he demanded with a short laugh. "Weirdest sound I ever heard in my life!"

"*Si, si,* Malango!" cried my mother, using the Spanish love name by which she always addressed him. "It is the ghost!"

"By jove, if it does that again," said daddy, "I'm going to investigate! We are the only people in the house except the Misses S., and it can't be one of them."

As if responding to a challenge, the moan repeated just then, and my father kept his resolution. He rushed from the room into the adjoining chamber which he and my mother occupied, and returned armed with the small revolver he always carried in his dressing case. Then he made for the door leading out into the passage, mamma close behind him. Nursie Schofield having no mind to be left behind, followed her, and I flopped out of bed unnoticed and pattered along in my bare feet.

It was a long hall that we had to traverse, and daddy led the way stealthily, pausing now and then at one of the closed doors and listening. But the silence was thick and heavy, as though with the weight of the lost centuries which hung upon the place. Then, at last, when we had reached the farthest end of the passage, the sound came once more; near at hand this time, and filling our very beings with its terrifying sorrow. My father could stand it no longer, and with a mighty cry he flung himself upon the door from behind which the sound had come, bursting into the room unceremoniously, his flock of terrified females at his heels.

Inside the room was the dim light of a fire, and a startled face looked up in astonishment to greet us—a long, thin face with a mustache which gave it the appearance of a sad walrus. It peered over the body of an enormous instrument resembling a fiddle, which rested between the man's knees. It was a new tenant who had unobtrusively moved in during the afternoon, and who was engaged in tuning up his base viol preparatory to a little practice before bedtime.

"I beg pardon?" was all he said coldly.

Gay things happened too. One day two men came to see us. They arrived by way of the river, in a punt. One was from Oxford and his name was Don. At least daddy said the man was his Don. The other man was older and wore spectacles, and everybody was greatly excited about their coming—even Lord Brooke, who had us all up at the castle to luncheon. Afterward the man with the glasses took me out in the punt all alone to look for water rats, who, he said, were a most clever, agreeable people, once you got to know them properly. He also told me a fascinating story about a rabbit. And when we got home, mamma brought out one of my books and made the man write in it.

To Nina Wilcox, in memory of an afternoon in Fairyland,
LEWIS CARROLL.

Was what he wrote. The book was Alice in Wonderland, and I promptly valued it so highly that I colored all the illustrations in blue-and-red wax pencil, an embellishment which my parents did not seem properly to appreciate.

(Continued on Page 116)

But Gradually I Could Stand Nearer and Nearer, and by the Time I Was Five I Could Carry the Tune Faithfully Without My Ears Stopped

LOST IN THE MACHINERY

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE telephone rang loudly in the office of Mr. Gilbert Henderson, sales and service manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm tractors, Earthworm City, Illinois. Mr. Henderson picked up the receiver.

"Hello," said a voice. "I want to talk to the service department."

"This is the service department; Gilbert Henderson speaking."

"Well, this is Arthur Morgan. I'm the hired man for Mr. Simon Brett, at Indian Bluffs, Illinois. We've had an accident with the tractor, and we want you to send us a service man right away."

"You own one of our tractors?"

"I don't own it; I'm just Arthur Morgan, the hired man. Mr. Brett owns the tractor. It's one of your old-style five-ton Earthworm tractors."

"I see. And you're the operator?"

"Yes, I'm the hired man. I drive the tractor, and I milk the cows, and ——"

"And you say you've had an accident? What happened?"

"We've lost a very valuable piece of jewelry."

"You lost some jewelry?"

"Yes, and we want a service man to come right down and see if he can find it."

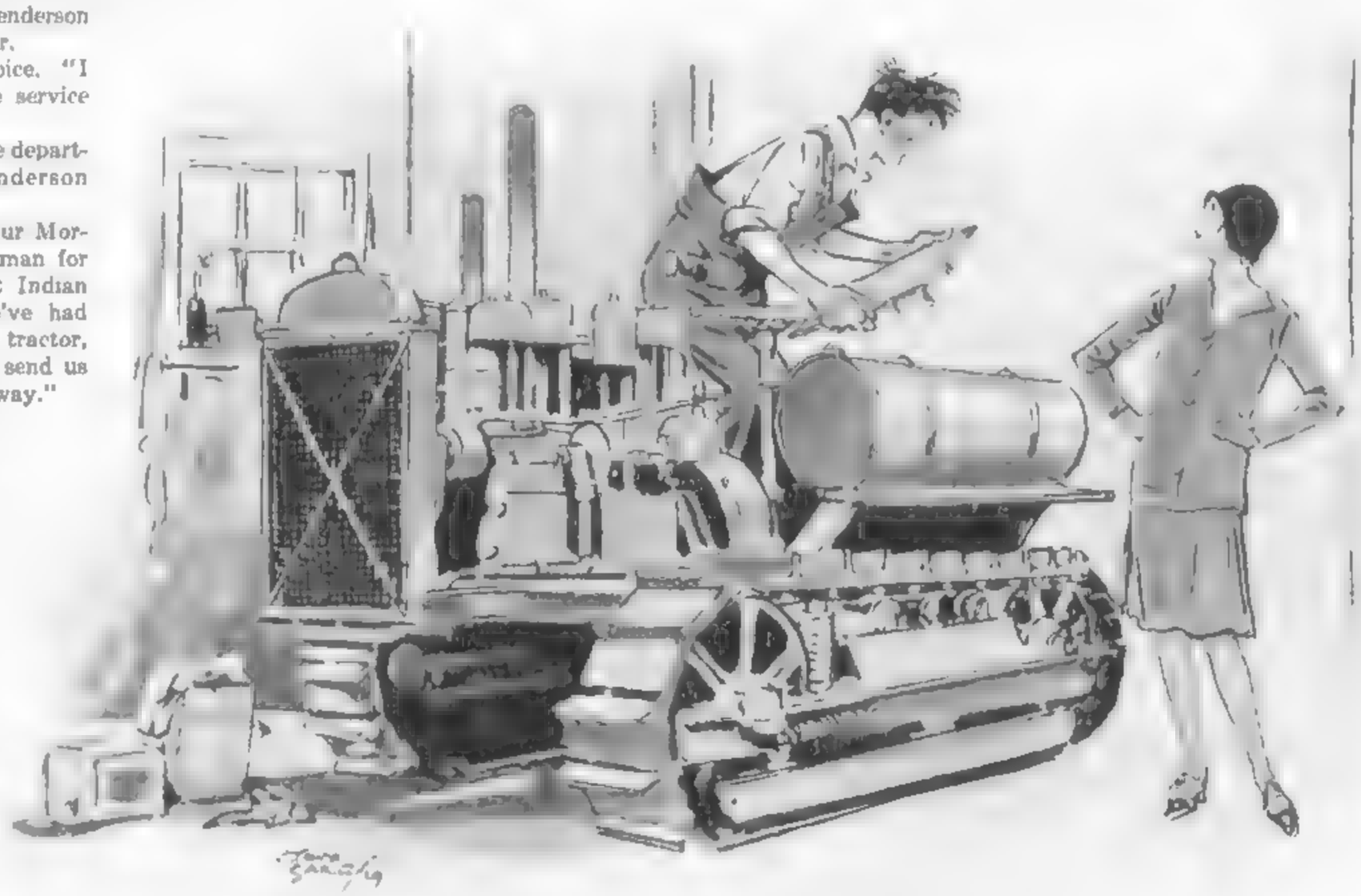
"I don't understand. Our service men aren't detectives. They're mechanics."

"That's what we want a mechanic. You see it got lost in the tractor."

"What got lost?"

"The ring. It's a real high-grade diamond ring. I bought it about a year ago. It cost three hundred and forty dollars. I paid a hundred down and the rest in monthly installments, and I just made the last payment a few days ago."

"You say you lost this ring off the tractor?"



"While I Was Looking at the Transmission, a Friend of Mine Came Into the Barn to See Me"

"No, into the tractor."

"How could you lose it into the tractor?"

"Well, you see we have a lot of oats that are just about ready to cut, but it has been too wet. So yesterday we were using the tractor to clean up a piece of land—getting out stumps, and so on. We pulled out the smaller stumps with the tractor and we shot out the big ones with dynamite. And at the end of the afternoon we brought the tractor into the barn. And Mr. Brett—he's the man that owns the tractor—said that he thought it would be dry enough to cut oats the next day."

"Wait a minute. What has all this got to do with your losing a ring and wanting a service man?"

"You asked me how the ring happened to get into the tractor, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I'm leading up to now. Mr. Brett said we would start cutting oats pretty soon, so he wanted me to grease up the tractor before I milked the cows. And I did. And while I was working I decided to take off the cover plate on the top of the transmission case."

"What was the idea of that?"

"There was no idea, Mr. Henderson, except I've been driving that tractor all summer, and I had never seen the gears. I wanted to find out what they looked like."

"Just plain curiosity?"

"No. As long as I'm operating this tractor, I ought to be a good operator. I ought to know all about the machine, inside and out. So I took off the plate and began looking at the gears, and they certainly are interesting. The whole case is full of them. I suppose that shaft at the top is what you call the countershaft, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And the one right under it with the sliding gears is the main shaft, and the little one off to the side is the reverse idler?"

"Yes."

"And then there are some big gears down in the bottom that you can't see because these others are in the way?"

"Yes, yes. But really, Mr. Morgan, I'm a busy man. I can't talk to you all day. Do I understand you dropped a ring into the transmission and want a service man to help get it out?"

"Oh, no. I didn't drop it in."

"Well, please try and tell me as briefly as you can what you did, and what you want."

"That's just what I'm trying to tell you now, Mr. Henderson. While I was looking at the transmission, a friend of mine came into the barn to see me. Her name is Miss Mary Lee, and she is the daughter of the man that owns the farm across the road."

"Has she anything to do with your wanting a service man?"

"Oh, yes. You see she and I are engaged to be married, and when she came in she was wearing this ring I told you about. I bought it last year when we first got engaged, but I only finished paying for it a few days ago. It cost three hundred and forty dollars."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"Well, she began talking about California. Her brother lives in Hollywood, and he writes that if we get married and go out there he can get me a good job. So we had decided to sell the ring. The jeweler says he will give us the full price. And we were going to use the money to buy tickets for California. Mary wanted to get married and go right away, but I thought I ought to finish out the summer with Mr. Brett. He is a crabby old guy, but even so, I don't like to leave him flat right in the busy season. So we got to arguing about it."

"The Best Way to Stop Them Is Just to Kiss Them"

"Well, Mary Got Sore—and I Don't Blame Her"

"And When I Wouldn't Take It, She Threw It at Me. And That Was Where She Made a Mistake"

"I see."

"Yes, Mary is an awful nice girl, Mr. Henderson, but once in a while we do have a little disagreement. Now, I've had a lot of experience with girls, Mr. Henderson, and I have found that when they get to arguing, the best way to stop them is just to kiss them. It seems to take their minds off what they are arguing about. And it shows them that even if you don't agree with them, you still have a certain amount of sympathy for them."

"Does this scheme of yours always work, Mr. Morgan?"

"Almost always, Mr. Henderson. But in this case it was a mistake."

"Oh, it was?"

"Yes. You see my hands were all over engine grease, and she had on a very cute dress that she had just washed and ironed, and somehow or other this dress got pretty well smeared up. And right away she got sore. You know how it is, Mr. Henderson. If a girl has just spent a lot of time on a dress, she doesn't like people wiping engine grease on it."

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, Mary got sore—and I don't blame her—and she said I was a dirty bum, and that made me sore, and I said a few things, and then she said she was through with me, and she took off her ring and tried to give it back. And when I wouldn't take it, she threw it at me. And that was where she made a mistake."

"She did?"

"Yes. Mary is a swell girl, but she throws just like any ordinary female. She aimed at me, but she hit the tractor. She hit the top of the transmission case right where the cover plate ought to be; only the cover plate wasn't there, on account of me taking it off so I could look at the gears. And that beautiful three-hundred-and-forty-dollar diamond ring went right down into the transmission case and disappeared in among all those gears and shafts. And Mary and I worked all last evening and we have worked two hours this morning trying to fish it out, and we can't do anything. We can't even see it."

"So your girl friend was helping you look for it?"

"Yes. That was the one good thing about losing the ring. When Mary saw what she had done, she was so sorry she forgot all about being mad at me. Women are funny that way. But it didn't help much toward getting the ring. And we have to get it, or we won't have the money to go to California—either now or by the end of the summer. So that's why we want a service man. It looks like we'd have to take the whole transmission apart, and I'm not a good enough mechanic to do that myself."

"Maybe you could get the ring out of the bottom. Did you take off that little plate on the bottom of the case—the one that carries the oil strainer?"

"Mr. Henderson, we took off that plate first thing. And we did everything else. We sloshed about five gallons of gasoline into the top so as to wash out all the oil. We hoped the ring would wash out, too, but it didn't. We got an electric flash light, and I stood on my head and squinted down among those gears, and I reached my hand down as far as I could, and I poked with long pieces of hay wire till I pretty near went crazy. But I had no luck at all."

"That's too bad."

"It sure is. I don't know why you people make your transmission cases so hard to get at. When you make a case half as big as a piano you ought to make doors in it."

"There's the cover plate on top."

"Yes, about a foot square. And what good is it? You look in the top and all you see is gears and countershafts and main shafts and reverse idlers and shifting forks and bevel pinions and everything else. What chance is there to find anything that has fallen down underneath all that junk? And with no way to get into the bottom except that little oil-strainer plate about three inches wide. You could lose a whole jewelry store down there and never find it."

"Yes, I suppose so. But remember that this is a long-distance call. We don't want to run up too big a bill on you."

"That's right. It'll be charged on Mr. Brett's bill, and he'll probably be mean enough to take it out of my wages. But I had to explain how bad we need a service man, so you would send one as fast as you could."

"All right, I'll send somebody down on the train this morning. Of course, you understand I'll have to charge you for his time. This isn't free service."

"Certainly. Old Man Brett will probably take that out of my wages, too, but I don't care. I've got to get that ring back, or we can't go to California. And you had better hurry, because Mr. Brett wants to use the tractor as soon as he can, to cut oats. He has gone to town this morning to buy the twine for the binder."

"Well, we'll send a man right away."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Henderson. Tell him to get off at the station at Indian Bluffs, and I will be there to meet him and drive him out. We're about four miles from town."

"All right. Good-by and good luck to you." Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver and called to his stenographer in the outer office. "Please tell young Joe Mullin to come in here," he said.

After a few moments Joe entered. He was one of the service mechanics of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

"Joe," said Mr. Henderson, "I have a job for you on an old five-ton Earthworm owned by Mr. Simon Brett at Indian Bluffs. I've just been talking to the operator. They've lost a valuable diamond ring inside the transmission case, and they're all in an uproar. I want you to go down and get it out for them. You may be able to fish it out, or you may have to pull the whole machine apart."

"You say they lost a ring inside the transmission? I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither did I. But live and learn, Joe. You'll have to go down by train; the service car is laid up."

"All right, Mr. Henderson. There's a train in about twenty minutes, I think. Good-by."

As Joe went out the door, the telephone rang. Mr. Henderson answered.

"Hello," said a voice. "Is this the service manager?"

"Yes, this is Gilbert Henderson."

"Well, this is Simon Brett, down at Indian Bluffs."

"Yes, Mr. Brett. I've just been talking with your operator, Arthur Morgan."

"So I hear. So I hear. I just got back from town, and I find this fresh young hired man of mine has ordered you to send down a service man to get his ring out of my tractor. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Brett. He just called."

"Well, he did it without any authority from me. How long will it take your man to get this ring out?"

"It's hard to tell, Mr. Brett. Your operator says it's impossible to get at it without taking the transmission apart. In that case, it might take a day or two."

"All right, then, you can just keep your man at home. I have a lot of oats to cut and I have to use that tractor to cut them. If I wait a day or two it may rain and spoil the whole crop. So I'm going to start right away, ring or no ring."

"I wouldn't advise that, Mr. Brett. If that ring is in the transmission it will probably get caught in the gears and be smashed all to pieces."

"All right, let it. It won't hurt the tractor, will it?"

"It won't help the tractor."

"But will it hurt it?"

"As to that, Mr. Brett, I can't tell you definitely. Our engineering department has never done any research on the effect of diamond rings inside the transmission cases of Earthworm tractors. But those gears are case-hardened nickel steel; they would, of course, crush the diamond to powder. If you change your oil frequently, you would probably get the diamond dust out before it hurt anything. But it seems a shame to destroy a valuable ring; especially when it belongs to a man like your operator who can't really afford to lose it."

"I can't help that, Mr. Henderson. I didn't put it in there. If Arthur has no more sense than to take off the cover and let his girl throw in the ring, he will have to suffer the consequences. I've got to cut those oats. And I'm going to start right away. And I don't want any service man down here."

"Very well, Mr. Brett. My man has started for the train, but I guess I can head him off. Good-by." Mr. Henderson turned from the telephone and called to his stenographer: "Has Joe Mullin gone?"

"Yes," she answered. "He left as soon as he came out of your office."

Mr. Henderson turned back to the telephone and called the restaurant across the street from the railroad station. "Hello," he said. "Is this you, Mike?"

"No, this is Hulda, the cashier."

"Well, listen, Hulda. Do you know a chap by the name of Joe Mullin?"

"Yes. He eats here quite often."

"Good. This is Gilbert Henderson—at the tractor factory—and I wondered if you would do me a favor. I just sent Joe out on a job, and the order has been canceled. Would you run over to the station and tell him that I don't want him to go to Indian Bluffs after all? He ought to be there now, waiting for the train. Would you do that?"

"Certainly, Mr. Henderson. Always glad to be of service."

"Thanks a lot, Hulda."

Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver. At once the bell jingled. He put the receiver back to his ear.

"He Showed Me the Empty Dynamite Box"

(Continued on Page 149)

THE SHIPS MUST SAIL

"Mr. Whistle," He Said, and His Voice Seemed Different, "May I See You in the Private Room?"

Make yr Cheaf Trade with the Blacks and Little or none with the white people, if possible to be avoided. Worter yr Rum as much as possible and sell as much by the short measur as you can

From the instructions of an eminent Colonial merchant.

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

DANIEL SWALE was the one who left a record of the dark doings when ships once crossed our bar at night in defiance of the Crown. Until recently, the story lay among the manuscript records of Daniel Swale, all neatly taped and labeled, in the library of the Swale mansion, which still stands upon the ridge above the main street of Haven's End—the very house which Daniel Swale had built when he was passing middle age. He must have been an old man when he penned those recollections. The trees he planted on the walk before his house were already growing tall, waxing in their strength as he sank down to age, and the town that he was leaving was much as it is today—beautiful and already beyond its prime. It was an old man's recollections he was writing—one must remember that. He was looking backward toward a world that he had seen with a boy's eyes, when his thoughts were wide and deep, when he could believe in charms and witches, and yet not be ashamed.

Daniel Swale is the only one who stands out strongly. The men of whom he wrote are only shadows of a vision, vague beyond recall; his father, harsh and sad; the Reverend Ezra Dole, with a heart that beat too fast; and Mr. Whistle, slender and adroit—all seem as nebulous as the river mist that rises when the autumn nights grow cold, and as impossible as the lion that Daniel Swale remembered, dragged in his cage by two yoke of oxen, or as Madam Haight, who lived by selling herbs, and who was called a witch.

Yet something of Daniel Swale is left in the Swale house still. When you entered the room where Daniel Swale drank his wine after he had left the sea and had given his last command, you could not help but feel a presence melancholy but kind.

Mr. Dennis Swale, who lived there till very recently, was the only one who was oblivious. Each evening after dinner he would light his cheap cigar and stare placidly at the picture of Daniel Swale above the mantelpiece. It was a portrait of a lean man in a sea cloak whose wide dark eyes gazed sadly toward the windows and the street.

"Now there's an old sea dog for you," Dennis Swale would say, "and, just between you and me, he bought blacks off the Guinea coast. There's the type to put fear in a forecastle. Why, when he was a child he pulled a lion's tail."

It was like Dennis Swale not to see. He never saw that Daniel Swale was a man with a vision, who followed visions always, and whose eyes were a dreamer's eyes. He never thought of Daniel Swale sitting by his block-front desk in that very room, listening for old sounds that even then were dim.

Nevertheless, you can hear those old sounds in our town even now if you listen on a thick, dark night. The ghosts will walk on a thick dark night, if ever there are ghosts. There is a silence then, different from the silence of the day, as though inanimate things were waiting and alive. A motorboat is coming through the channel of the outer bar without her running lights, and men are walking on the rotting planking of a wharf, softly as other men once stepped, to a venerable music that is playing in the wind.

Down by the Scarlet Shoe Shop, Joe Daly, who does the rounds, can tell you what those night sounds mean better than the Swales can now.

"Sure," says Mr. Daly, "it's them Whistle boys running in a load of rum, and it's nobody's business either, if you should ask me that."

It is strange to think that the old mainsprings that moved our town to greatness have not rusted yet. Mr. Thomas Whistle made nearly the same speech in 1763, when he was an active trader, though not a living Whistle knows it, for the Whistle stock has run to seed as other families in our town have run. You would not guess that the Whistles once were gentle folk with secrets to conceal, any more than you would think that sugar and molasses made our town. It was at the time of the enforcing of the old Molasses Act, just before the Revolutionary War, when Thomas Whistle spoke.

"The door to Mr. Whistle's private room was open"—the words were written in Daniel Swale's own flowing hand—"and I was not a fool, and I heard Mr. Whistle speak as follows, viz:

"'I'll ship in French molasses duty free, as sure as I'll have my rum watered on the Guinea coast, and it's nobody's affair, if you should ask me that. Damme, sir, what's trading for? The ships must sail.'"

There it stood in black and white, but somehow that distant day was not so hard to picture, when Daniel Swale stood in the outer office of Mr. Whistle's countinghouse, waiting to ask if he might be sent to sea. They say he was a small boy, frail-limbed, light-haired, pale-faced, with wide, dark eyes. Young John Scarlet, who was with him and always told his children of it, must have been like all the Scarlets—heavy and robust, and hard and red as a winter apple.

"I asked Mr. Whistle," wrote Daniel Swale, "to ship me as a boy. It was before the lion come to town."

Even as he wrote it, the lion was in his mind, mingling vaguely with the ships; and one can understand it, for the mainsprings have not rusted yet. There are boys in our town even now who think the same long thoughts, and you can hear their voices calling in the streets of Haven's End. Sometimes it almost seems that they are other voices calling, calling through the distance of our town—not the distance of its space but of its time—calling with an unchanging timbre, like the voices of the wind and the pounding of the sea.

Daniel Swale always said that it started this way—as though a knife had passed through his life, lopping off all that had gone before.

First, there was the wish that drove him. Too many ships were in the harbor mouth. Too many ships were calling. And second, there was his father's hand, too harsh and too relentless. Parents had little mercy on their children then. Daniel's back was sore that very morning from his father's law. It was the rod as much as the wish in those days that sent the boys to sea.

Mr. Whistle's countingroom was empty, save for two high pine desks with open ledgers. Outside, Mr. Whistle's schooner Sally was lying by the wharf, high up in the water, for her cargo was all out; and the wind was blowing easterly. There would be rain by night. Hogsheads of molasses were thick upon the wharf, and the air was full of flies and full of the sound of hammering upon metal and on wood. And over everything was a thick sweet odor, heavy, but not unpleasant, of molasses and of rum from the distillery by the river.

They were speaking in the private room, and Daniel knew the voices, for our town was a small place then. One was Mr. Pringle's, the Collector of the Port, and the other was the Rev. Ezra Dole's, who was minister of the old First Church.

"But I tell you," he was saying, "the commissioner is coming."

"Let him come," said Mr. Whistle. "They haven't stopped me yet."

"But there's danger," said the Reverend Dole. "Thomas Whistle, will you not consider me?"

"You've put your pennies in," said Mr. Whistle, "but you don't steer the ship."

"Thomas Whistle ——" said the Reverend Mr. Dole, and stopped.

All things seemed possible to Daniel then, for he was very young, but even then he wondered what business a minister had on Mr. Whistle's wharf.

"Thomas Whistle ——" said the Reverend Mr. Dole.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Whistle, "you should have thought before. Your name is down with mine as owner."

And the door opened, and out came Mr. Dole, with Mr. Pringle close upon his heels. They looked neither to right nor left as they passed through the countingroom, immersed in their own thoughts. In some strange way their faces were the same, though the Reverend Mr. Dole was large and heavy, all in black, and Mr. Pringle was thin and small, in a blue coat and nankeen breeches. It seemed as though a hand which had held their faces smooth and suave had suddenly loosed its hold. Mr. Dole's heavy cheeks were sagging. The wrinkles about his eyes were deep and loose, and his mouth was hanging loose, like a man's mouth in his sleep.

"O Lord," the Reverend Dole was saying beneath his breath, "keep me from this danger. Lift me from my sin."

Daniel Swale was the one who knocked at Mr. Whistle's door, because Johnny Scarlet did not dare to knock; but once they were in Mr. Whistle's room, they both stood silent, not knowing where to start. Mr. Whistle in those days was the great man of our town, rich from the Indies and from the African trade. Mr. Whistle was seated before a table. His coat and wig were off, hanging each upon a peg. The room was of bare pine boards like a workman's shop, but Mr. Whistle, in spite of that, gave an air of wealth and ease. His shirt was of fine cambric; his waistcoat, half unbuttoned, was of silk, embroidered with little flowers. His face was very thin, like all the Whistles' faces. His nose was sharp and pointed, and his lips were set in a languid smile

"Now what in the devil have we here?" said Mr. Whistle

Daniel shuffled his feet and twisted his hat between his hands. Only a long while after, it came over him that Mr. Whistle must have been surprised.

"Please you, sir," said Daniel, "do you wish to ship two cabin boys?"

Mr. Whistle leaned farther back, tilting his chair on its two rear legs.

"Who are you?" Mr. Whistle said

"Yonder," began Daniel, "is Johnny Scarlet— "

"Aye," said Mr. Whistle, "I know a Scarlet when I see one, and you're a Swale, I'll wager. There's been Scarlets and Swales and Whistles since the first plantation, and here's a Swale with patches on his breeches. Who's your father, boy?"

And Daniel told him that it was Richard Swale, and he remembered that Mr. Whistle pursed his lips and narrowed his eyes.

"Ah," said Mr. Whistle, "that's why you have patches. Does your father know you're here?"

"No, sir," answered Daniel.

"Ah," said Mr. Whistle, "and I'll wager that he'd beat you if he knew. Do you mean to run away?"

"I will, sir, if you'll take me," answered Daniel Swale. It did not seem strange to say it, for it was a time when all boys ran away to sea.

"Boy," said Mr. Whistle, "why do you wish to go?"

But Daniel could not tell him. He could only redden and stand silent, for he could not speak his thoughts any better than the Swales have ever spoken them.

"It's a hard life," said Mr. Whistle. "Man and boy I've been to sea for twenty years. I can remember how the mate would clout me on the ear when I slipped and fell before I got my sea legs. Sure, it is all the madness of a vision and the fabric of a dream."

"Please you, sir," said Daniel Swale, "I want to go."

"And cheating," said Mr. Whistle, "and knavery . . . Oh, well, the asses will follow the bundles of hay. . . . You, Scarlet, go see Captain Marigold, and tell him that I sent you."

"And what of me, sir?" asked Daniel Swale.

Before he answered, Mr. Whistle looked him up and down, and crossed one knee above the other.

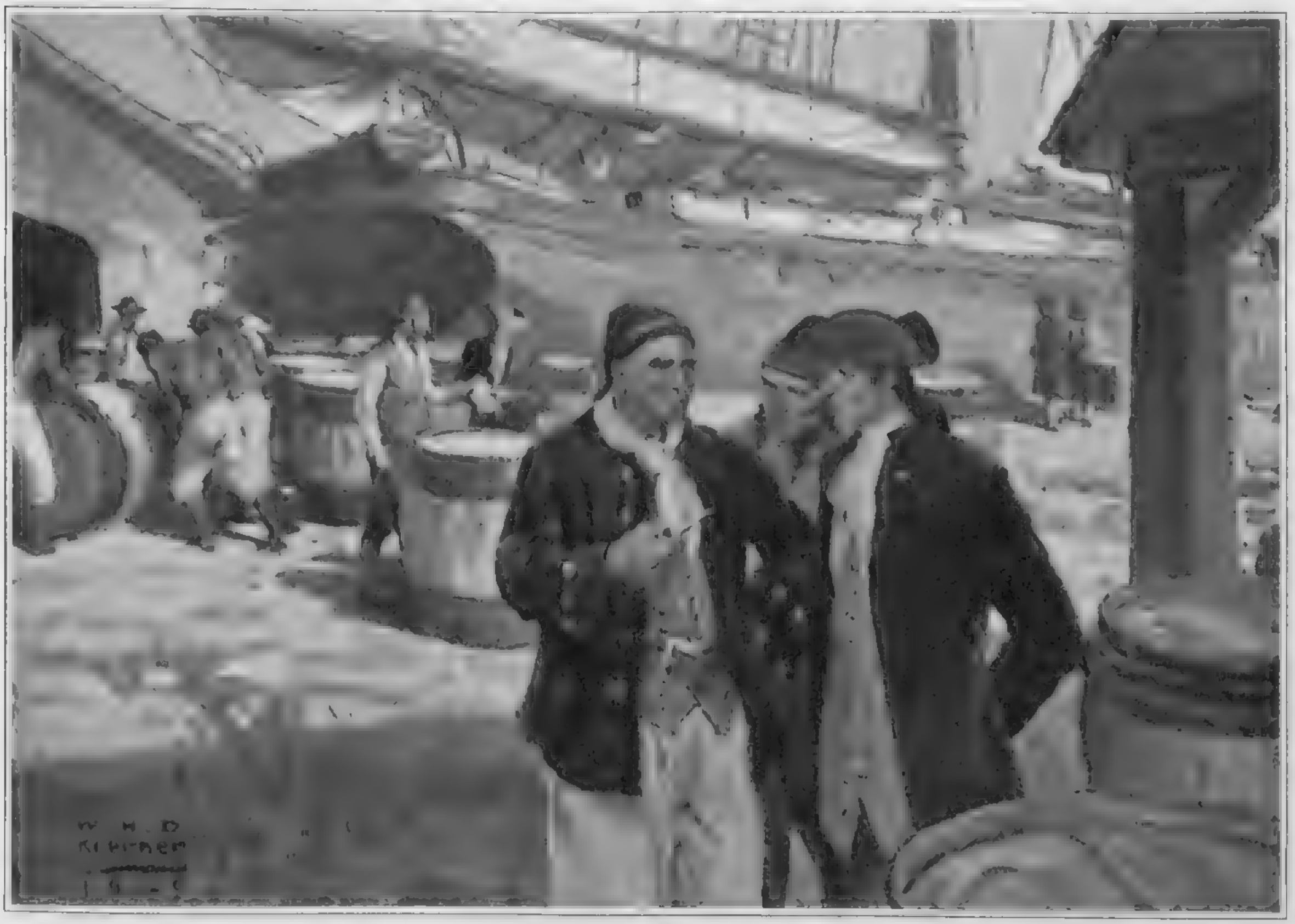
"There's kindliness in me," said Mr. Whistle "Christian kindliness—when I'm ashore. I have no wish to kill a Swale."

He paused and smoothed his waistcoat, and Daniel knew that what he feared most was coming. He could see it in Mr. Whistle's glance.

"Boy," said Mr. Whistle, "you have not got the strength. We don't ship weak boys on a voyage—not with the mates I carry. You're not fit to be a cut-tail on a fishing boat, let alone a trader."

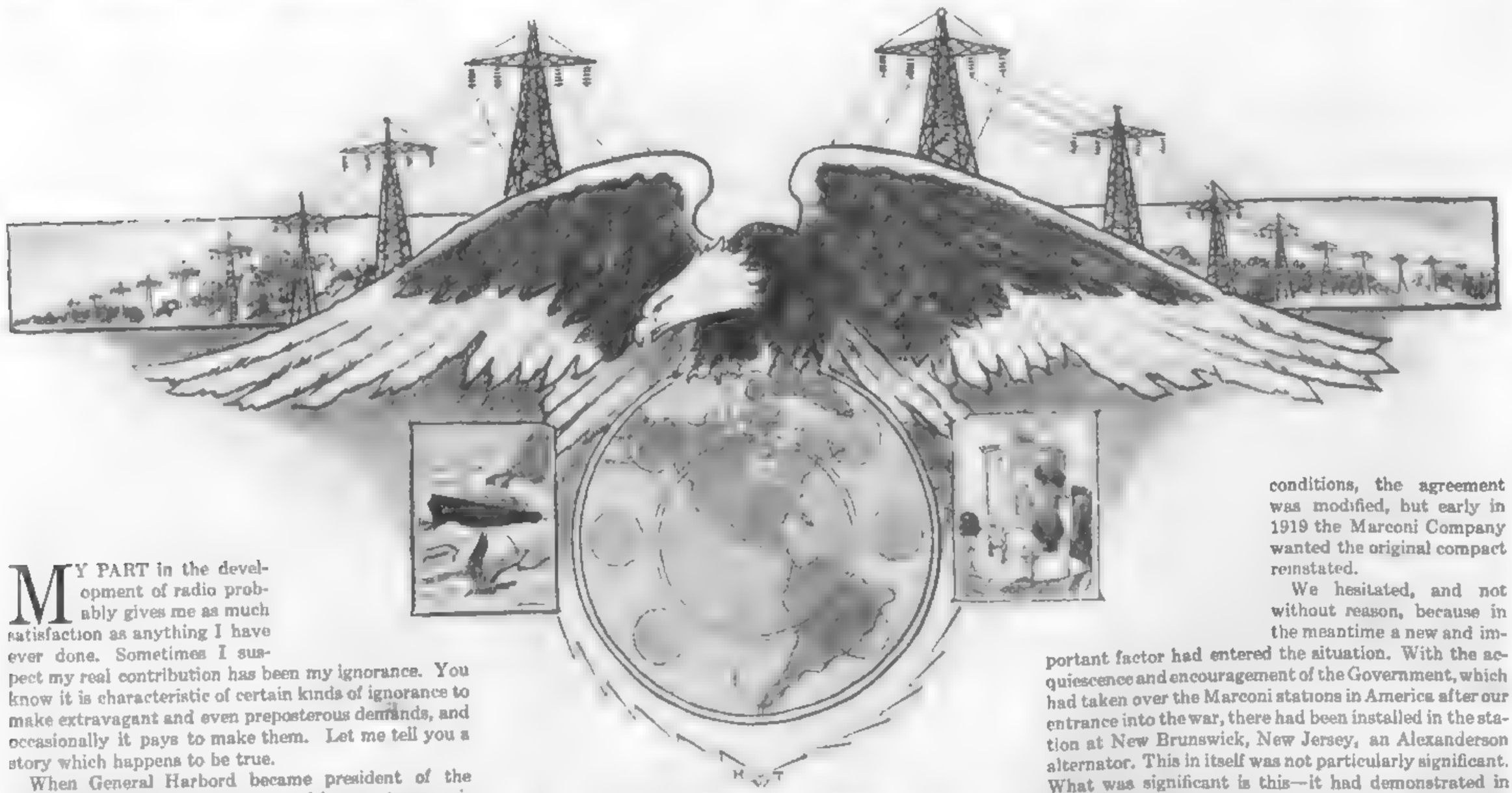
In his humiliation, it seemed to Daniel that his words were lodged fast in his throat. Mr. Whistle should have seen, for his trade had taught him to know faces. He should have known that the Swales had pride, and that the Swales were gentle people who did not sail out as fishermen, either man or boy.

(Continued on Page 107)



Outside, Mr. Whistle's Schooner "Sally" Was Lying by the Wharf, High Up in the Water, for Her Cargo Was All Out; and the Wind Was Blowing Easterly

FREEDOM OF THE AIR



By Owen D. Young

As Told to Mary Margaret McBride

DECORATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MY PART in the development of radio probably gives me as much satisfaction as anything I have ever done. Sometimes I suspect my real contribution has been my ignorance. You know it is characteristic of certain kinds of ignorance to make extravagant and even preposterous demands, and occasionally it pays to make them. Let me tell you a story which happens to be true.

When General Harbord became president of the Radio Corporation he was guest of honor at an engineers' dinner over which Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith presided. One purpose of the dinner was to give the engineers an opportunity to tell what they had done in radio, and they did. They asked me to supplement their remarks, and I said I didn't think they had done much. True, they had managed to get a telegraph signal across the Atlantic after spending millions to do it, but it didn't much matter whether a dot and two dashes were sent through a cable under the sea or through the air above the sea, so long as it cost as much one way as the other. Of course, I granted that it might be a thrilling engineering achievement, but not much more than that.

Somebody asked what I wanted.

"Why," I said, "I want a great camera arrangement, with a lens in London and a plate in New York, so that when the London Times goes on the streets five hours earlier than the morning papers here, the twenty sheets may be held up singly in front of the lens and, with a click for each sheet, be transmitted to New York, so that I may find a copy of the London Times waiting with the New York papers on my breakfast table."

When I sat down, Doctor Goldsmith said laconically, "It's a fine thing to have an imagination wholly unrestrained by any knowledge of fundamental facts."

All the same, three years later pictures were actually sent by radio across the Atlantic, and Goldsmith played his part in the achievement. I can hardly interpret this success as a rebuke, and so I am trying again.

Shall We be Sending Letters by Radio?

WHAT do I want now? Well, on the face of our Post Office Building there is a noble legend which I cannot exactly remember. Not sun, nor hail, nor rain, nor sleet—in fact, virtually nothing, it says, can interrupt the service of the mails. That is all very well, but what an antiquated thing the very idea of our mail service is. We make some marks on a piece of paper, put it in an envelope, and drop it in a box or a chute. Then a man comes around, collects a bag full of these things and takes them to a station. There they are sorted and taken to the train. There they are sorted again, put off the train, put in another car, and taken to another station. And there they are sorted again and another man takes them on his back and finally delivers them to their destination. All this in the age of science!

What I want to do is this—and it is really very simple: I can already send messages to all parts of the world instantaneously. I can even talk with my friends everywhere. But suppose that a letter is necessary as a matter of record. Very well. Then my stenographer's typewriter and telephone should be so connected that when she writes a letter it will be instantly transmitted in facsimile to the person addressed anywhere in the world. The facsimile, of course, would include my signature. My correspondent could reply in the same fashion, and then I would have a facsimile reply to my letter, all within fifteen or twenty minutes, and we would not have to carry tons and tons of paper around in trains and in cars and on our backs in order to have communication.

Of course, there are certain types of letters which may be worth all the effort. There must be a limit to mechanized efficiency. Who, for example, will be unromantic enough to deny that a love letter is worth all the time and labor involved in delivering it? But you ask me about radio history, and I am anticipating.

It was in 1915 that I received my first radio message. In spite of the fact that it was transmitted by mail—that cumbersome old method—I call it a radio message because that was the word it spelled, although I could not decipher it at the time. It was enough for me that it came from Senator Guglielmo Marconi and invited me to call on him that afternoon at the old Holland House in New York on my way home from the office. I went.

I had been with the General Electric Company just two years and knew little about the technical aspects of the business. I had been trained not as an engineer but as a lawyer. With surprise, courteously concealed, at my ignorance, Marconi told me something about the radio. Long-distance transmission, he said, was the thing, and the key to it was a so-called alternator developed by our man Alexanderson. Consequently, the several Marconi companies operating in this country as well as abroad wanted to secure more or less exclusive rights to this device, in return for which they would guarantee over a period of years a certain very considerable volume of business.

At the time I did not even know that Alexanderson had developed an alternator for us, but I lost no time in finding out about it. Then followed negotiations. The upshot was that the British Marconi Company placed a $5,000,000 order with us, and we on our part agreed to give them preferential right to the alternator. Later, because of war conditions, the agreement was modified, but early in 1919 the Marconi Company wanted the original compact reinstated.

We hesitated, and not without reason, because in the meantime a new and important factor had entered the situation. With the acquiescence and encouragement of the Government, which had taken over the Marconi stations in America after our entrance into the war, there had been installed in the station at New Brunswick, New Jersey, an Alexanderson alternator. This in itself was not particularly significant. What was significant is this—it had demonstrated in actual practice that it could make that station a highly efficient instrument of transatlantic communication. We had had many satisfactory trials in the laboratory; this was the first test in actual service. Naturally, this made a lively impression on all of us. Here was an asset which was not to be lightly bartered away.

While we were considering our answer to the Marconi people, I had a dramatic experience of my own. One day Admiral Bullard and Commander—now Captain—Hooper came to see me. It was at that time when President Wilson was in Europe, and Admiral Bullard had come all the way from Paris at his request to talk about the radio. On that day, for the first time, radio made an indelible impression on my mind. Here was something so important that the President of the United States, in the very midst of the peace negotiations, had sent one of his admirals from Paris to New York to talk about it.

Three Factors of World Preeminence

ADMIRAL BULLARD lost no time in coming to the point. He told me that the President had learned that the Marconi Company was eager to acquire the exclusive use of the Alexanderson alternator. His investigations in Paris had convinced him that for the future world preëminence would be determined by three major factors—raw petroleum, transportation and communications. England was historically mistress of the seas and still controlled the vehicles of international transportation. Thanks to her cables, she had long dominated the field of communications. The wireless telegraph was beginning to threaten the long reign of the cables, but if Britain could also control this younger prodigy, she would own at the outset two of the three essentials for world dominance.

So the President asked Admiral Bullard to say that in the interest of America he hoped we would not transfer exclusive rights to the alternator to any other country. He based his appeal quite frankly on patriotic grounds. Here was history in the making. Admiral Bullard warned me that the decision might change the whole trend of world affairs.

To emphasize his point, he reminded me of some of the feats which radio already had to its credit. He told me of the journey he had made shortly after the Armistice into some of the countries that had furnished food and supplies to Germany. I knew, of course, that President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points had been broadcast to these countries and to many parts of Germany, thanks to the efficiency

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How Do They Get Their Jobs?

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

IT IS perfectly true that some big jobs hunt their men. But for rather an odd reason. For instance, one large and well-known corporation is now panting for a new president. Only the insiders know that all is not well. The stock is booming. But here is the story: After the founders of the company had, one by one, passed on, the management went into the hands of their sons and nephews, and finally came entirely into the control of one nephew. The concern had a seemingly automatic selling business and the second generation was not active enough to hurt it.

The final nephew became more active and also the character of the company's markets began to change. The public began to ask for something fancier than the cheap and substantial goods the company had always dealt in. The nephew fussed around with everything except that which mattered. Then the profits began to fall off. The family groups who owned the stock arranged with a banking firm to make a market for and dispose of their stock. The bankers brought about a change in the management, putting in as president a man who had made a record in another corporation. They did not know that this man had reached the end of his rope in that corporation and was anxious to get out before he was let out. The stock went off well, largely on the name of the company. The bankers planned some expansions so that they could issue and sell more stock. They made the expansions and created a thing which looked very well on paper. Then they found that they had a gold brick in their president. They let him go.

For two years they have been hunting another president, and they are willing to pay the right man anything he asks. They have offered a quarter of a million a year to several men, but no one has accepted. For the men who have the ability for the job are all well placed and each of them knows enough about the new line-up of the old corporation to know that it is not a workable affair and that it would take several years of ruthless labor to put it into shape. They do not need the extra money and they are not willing to risk their reputations. Now the bankers are trying to sell the company to another company in the same line which has the experience and management to make the thing go if it can be made to go.

The bankers are not really offering a job. They are asking for a man to train a white elephant. That is one of the catches in the big jobs that go about seeking men. And today there are no end of these jobs, for the stock-market boom has brought out corporations in advance of bringing out management. And so the market for men of reputation is very active.

This, however, does not greatly concern the exceedingly large number of people who are not being positively annoyed by offers of large salaries. Most men have to get their own jobs. And the ways of getting are various and devious. They range from the crowd hanging about the bulletin board of the employment agency or running over the help-wanted columns to the well-dressed, well-mannered and always—although not apparently—cagy chap who picks the man who he thinks ought to hire him, and then works in every way to attract that man's attention in the clubs, on the golf links, at the horse shows, at Palm Beach, or wherever and however the getting seems to be best. The lower orders of job hunters presume that the employer knows just what kind of man he wants, but the higher reaches of job hunters reverse the process and set out to teach the employer not only the kind of man but the very man he not only wants but desperately needs. And if they can make him like it, they get the job.

Now, of course, it is exceedingly reprehensible even to intimate that the big or even the little jobs of the country are ever obtained by others than those who are best qualified to fill them, but there are jobs and jobs, and also there are men and men. Some individuals create their own jobs by creating their own companies. Naturally, they run the thing they make, and, if they have ability of a sufficiently high order, coupled with a burning ambition, they build their company up to a point where it begins rapidly to expand either on its own resources or with the help of bankers. For it is not very difficult in these days for a man who has demonstrated his success to get good financial backing. No end of men have done this. In fact, that is the way everything starts. Each generation has its Rockefellers, Fords, Eastmans, Woolworths, Wanamakers and Fields. These men do not have jobs, but those who work with them and those who come after them do have jobs, and their jobs, although not so spectacular as the tasks of the founders, are often harder; for the founders did as they pleased and accounted to no one for their day's work, while the successors often have to spend as much time accounting for the day's work as in doing it.

Then there is another group of men who buy into or get jobs in small or run-down companies, in newspapers or

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They Range From the Crowd About the Bulletin Board of the Employment Agency to the Well-Dressed and Always—Although Not Apparently—Cagy Chap Who Picks the Man Who He Thinks Ought to Hire Him, and Then Works in Every Way to Attract That Man's Attention

THE WAY THEY DON'T CARE

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"I Appreciate Your Kind Offer," Bill Said, "But I Am Neither Broke Nor Hungry"

THE Wrights were staying up for their son Bill. They knew it was foolish to wait up for Bill. But they were doing it just the same. It was the first Saturday night after the colleges had closed for the summer vacation, and all over the United States parents were staying up for their sons or daughters, knowing it was foolish, but doing it just the same. By the middle of July most of them would get so inured to anxiety that they'd go to bed at the usual time. But this was June.

Mrs. Wright sat beside a reading lamp in one of the many comfortable chairs in her comfortable living room. Mr. Wright walked up and down. It was three o'clock in the morning and they had reached the stage when they paused frequently in their conversation to listen. They knew the sound of Bill's old roadster. But they were anxious. So they thought they heard the old roadster's loud exhaust every time a car turned out of the Boston Post Road and went into second to climb the steep little rise that led past their driveway.

"The trouble with Bill," Mr. Wright continued, "is that he doesn't care about anything. That's why he's always lying on the back of his neck playing that blasted banjo. He doesn't care about anything. When I was a boy I was crazy to go to college. If I could have gone to college I'd have worked my head off and got honors. I cared. But Bill didn't care whether he went to college or not."

"After all," Mrs. Wright said mildly, "he did graduate."

"Yes," her husband replied. "Yes, he graduated. By the skin of his teeth."

"And he's going to work on Monday."

Mr. Wright snorted. "Work! He's going into Jim Johnson's office to learn advertising. But how do you know he's going to work at it?"

Mrs. Wright shook her head. She had once tried to get Bill to mow the lawn. She couldn't imagine Bill working.

Mr. Wright walked up and down with exasperated vigor. "It's this modern don't-care spirit that's got into young people," he said. "When I was Bill's age I was working fourteen hours a day. I wasn't smart. Not especially smart, anyway. But I cared. That's why I got ahead. Bill isn't any smarter than I was. If as smart. And he doesn't care. He's got no initiative, no resource, no get up and go. How's he ever going to get anywhere?"

II

BILL WRIGHT was at that precise moment reflecting that he wasn't getting anywhere. This was neither heredity nor telepathy. Bill's reflection was of a different order from his father's.

Bill was sitting in a bench under an apple tree not far from the veranda of the Greenfield County Hunt Club with a girl who had startled and delighted him. Her name was Madge Tolliver. He remembered her as an awkward child of sixteen about the time he'd entered college; much too young and shy and crude to interest him. He'd hardly seen her since. Now she was a knock-out—an absolute knock-out. And somehow or other, she had acquired poise. Bill had contrived to dance almost every other dance with her until the orchestra went home. They had talked a lot too. They had got on beautifully until he had tried to kiss her. She hadn't got mad. She had simply refused to be kissed.

It came hard. It came especially hard when they had understood each other so well. She was a pretty girl. She was the most satisfyingly pretty girl he had ever met. And so quick. He'd never known a girl who so instantly got what he meant. He'd taken it for granted that she had enjoyed the evening as much as he had. He'd taken it for granted that she would want to be kissed. And she didn't.

Bill fumbled in his pockets for cigarettes. He lit a cigarette while he considered the problem. He saw her face in the flare of the match. It was an irresistible face. "Listen, Madge," he said. "I saw you come in with Sally Armstrong and I thought to myself, 'Now, there's a passable girl. Not a knock-out. Not even what you'd call pretty. But still passable—absolutely passable.' I talked to you and it seemed to me you had some sense. Not clever or brilliant or anything. But not absolutely dumb either. I danced with you and I felt you had some sex appeal. Nothing startling, of course. But average—absolutely average."

Bill paused and waited for her to say something. He hoped she'd protest, if only indirectly. But she didn't. She said nothing. He could feel that she was not in the least perturbed.

"Well ——" Bill said weakly.

"Go on," the girl said; "I'm listening."

Bill wasn't sure whether there was suppressed laughter in her voice.

"You know what I mean," Bill continued. "You're not cross-eyed or especially bow-legged or anything."

"No," the girl said.

"What I mean," Bill said bitterly, "is that you're perfect—absolutely perfect—and I'm crazy about you."

If the girl was impressed, she didn't say so. She said nothing.

"Consequently," Bill said, "I brought you out here under this apple tree. I didn't suppose you knew much about kissing. But I thought you could learn."

"Yes," the girl said gravely, "I suppose one could learn. I mean, if one wanted to very much."

"At least," Bill said, "you could try."

At this point a shrill feminine voice interrupted from the club veranda:

"Hoo-hoo-o-o-o, Ma-a-a-adge!"

Bill Wright recognized the voice. It was Sally Armstrong

"Hoo-hoo-o-o!" answered the girl beside him.

"C'mon!" Sally Armstrong yelled. "Let's go home!"

Madge Tolliver rose to go.

"Look here," Bill said; "when do I see you again?"

"In the fall."

"In the fall!"

"Yes," she said. "I'm frightfully busy until Wednesday and Wednesday midnight I'm sailing with three other girls on the Transitania for Paris."

Bill's first feeling was one of anger. Why hadn't she told him that in the first place? His next feeling was one of hopeless defeat. If she went to Paris for two or three months, she'd meet somebody else. He'd lose his chance with her.

"How odd," Bill said. He was a bit proud of thinking so fast. "How odd that you're sailing on the Transitania."

Madge Tolliver paused. They were almost at the veranda.

"I don't get that," she said. "Why is it odd?"

"It's odd," Bill said. "It's odd that you should have picked that boat. I'm sailing on the Transitania Wednesday night too."

"You are!" Madge Tolliver cried. "You really are?"

Bill grinned with satisfaction. For once he had got a rise out of her. "I am," he said. "I really am."

"You know," she said, "I think that's rather nice."

III

BILL got the roadster started and sailed down the Boston Post Road. The old roadster had once been magnificent. She was a Simplex. But her best days were a hundred thousand miles behind her. She went, once you got her rolling.

She made a noise like an airplane, only louder. Bill thoughtfully drove half a mile out of his way in order to approach the house from the rear. He knew what a racket the old boat made climbing the hill to the driveway. It might waken his father. He preferred not to waken his father. He cut the engine out at the top of the hill and drifted silently down into the driveway.

Bill entered the house by the side door and looked into the ice box. He had a dollar and seventy-five cents in his pocket. How could one go to Paris on a dollar and seventy-five cents? He found a large piece of cold steak in the ice box. He had three days in which to get a passport. How much did a passport cost? Ten dollars, he guessed. He found nearly half a strawberry shortcake and a bottle of milk. He laid the supper out on the kitchen table and sat down.

He heard sounds in the front of the house. His father and then his mother appeared in the doorway fully dressed. He was startled, but he didn't show it. He greeted them cordially—much more cordially than they greeted him.

"Do you know what time it is?" his father asked.

Bill saw that it was a poor time to discuss spending the summer in Paris. But when would it be a good time?

"It's almost four o'clock," his father said.

Bill's mother sat down at the other end of the kitchen table. She said nothing, but she looked disapproving.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," Bill said.

"And you haven't even opened those books on the advertising business I brought home," Bill's father continued.

"No," Bill admitted. He munched a large hunk of strawberry shortcake. "You know, father," he said, "the more I think about it the more I think it would be a mistake for me to start in the advertising business this summer." Bill paused to note the effect of this idea. The effect was not good.

"When would you start, Bill?" his mother asked.

"Next summer," his father suggested. "Or perhaps the summer after next would suit you better."

"No," Bill said, "not in the summer at all. In the fall. I heard tonight that the advertising business is dead in the summer. It begins to pick up about the middle of September."

Bill's father walked up and down the kitchen, snorting. Bill turned to his mother.

"It's like this," he said: "I'd do better to start in at Johnson's in the fall. It would be better for me and it would undoubtedly be better for Johnson's."

"And in the meantime," his father said, "you can lie on the living-room sofa playing the banjo."

"No," Bill said. "I'd go in for self-improvement. I'd go to Europe and see some of the things that everybody ought to see."

"The night clubs of Paris," Bill's father said.

"No," Bill said, finishing the strawberry shortcake, "I need to go to the Louvre and see the Mona Lisa."

"The Mona Lisa isn't in the Louvre any more," his mother said. "Somebody stole it.

"There," said Bill. "That's exactly the kind of thing I mean. The book in the history of art at college said the Mona Lisa was in the Louvre. You know better because you've been to Paris. The book's out of date. You aren't. What the advertising business needs is men with a background—men who have been to Paris and seen the great pictures and the great buildings and the great—er—er—monuments of the past."

"In the first place," Bill's father said grimly, "the Mona Lisa is back in the Louvre. It was stolen but it was recovered. I didn't get that from playing around Paris. I read it in the morning paper. In the second place what you need is to do something you've never done so far, and that is to go to work."

"I could spend the summer in Paris on five hundred dollars," Bill said. "Go student steerage,——"

"I wouldn't be for it if you could do it on five dollars," his father said.

"I really do think, Bill," his mother said, "that it's time you took life a little seriously."

"But I am taking life seriously," Bill said earnestly. "I'm going into business. It'll be years before I can take the time off to go to Europe. This summer is my chance."

Bill saw it was no use.

IV

BILL arose the next morning at ten, and dressed thoughtfully. He had hoped that when he woke up the picture of Madge Tolliver would have dimmed. It had not. She was the girl. He had to sail on the Transitania.

He got out his coonskin coat and looked it over. He'd worn it two seasons, but it was still good. He slipped down the back stairs, got the cook to give him breakfast in the kitchen, and drove up the Post Road to the home of his sister, Frances, who had married Bob Spalding.

Bill found Frances breakfasting in the back yard with her husband. Bill consented to eat a second breakfast. After that he flipped a coin with Bob Spalding to decide who would drive down to Westport and get the Sunday papers. Bob lost.

"Frances," Bill said, when Bob had gone, "I need two hundred, and I need it bad."

"You flatter me," Frances replied.

"This is serious," Bill said.

"The most I'll give you is twenty-five," Frances said. "And you'll have to put up an awfully good story to get that."

"I wasn't thinking of borrowing the money," Bill said.

Frances raised her eyebrows.

"I notice," Bill said, "that you and Bob are still driving an open car."

"You can't sell us a closed one, either," Frances said. "We like open cars."

Bill nodded. "You know that coonskin coat mother gave me—the one you wished Bob had."

"Of course I do."

"I brought it with me," Bill said.

He went out to the old roadster and got the coat out of the rear deck and put it on. He walked up and down in front of Frances, displaying it.

"It cost five hundred," Bill said. "It would cost more than that now."

"It's probably about worn out," Frances said.

Bill took off the coat and laid it over a chair. "Look at it," he said. "The fur is as good as it ever was. If you had a new lining put in it, it would be a new coat."

Frances began to examine the coat in detail. Bill let the coat speak for itself.

"Well," Frances said, "it's actually worth two hundred dollars. What do you want the money for?"

It took an hour's hard talking to persuade Frances to part with a check for a hundred dollars on account.

Bill got into his roadster. He wished he had time to have the old boat washed and polished. Her paint had been black originally and her fittings were brass. She was still impressive when she was shined up. But he hadn't time to do anything

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"It's Odd," Bill Said. "It's Odd That You Should Have Picked That Boat. I'm Sailing on the Transitania Wednesday Night Too"

PARIAH

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

From Across the Water Drifted the Quick Music of a Military Band—"Over There, Over There!"—and the Wharf-Rat Crew of the "Termagant" Lined the Rail and Whooped Themselves Hoarse

HE WAS big and awkward and raw-boned, and getting on to fifty, with huge, wide-planted feet and a wild mop of red hair. His eyes were like small bits of blue ice below their fiery thatch, and he had a queer trick of sticking his shaggy head down and looking at you in a fierce, puzzled sort of way, as though trying to fathom what the devil you were driving at. Life had battered him. He viewed all landsmen with suspicion, and gave them the rough side of his tongue on principle.

He stood now, in the warm air of the board room, melting snow making diamond points on the rough cloth of his jacket, his face the color of brick from the weather outside, jammed his enormous freckled fists into his pockets, and after looking from one to another of the board with quick, wary glances, he waited.

The chairman of the board was keen, efficient and middle-aged. The advisory member was in uniform; a naval officer with a scarred face. The others, shipping men, eyed the seaman shrewdly, weighing him.

The chairman said: "Won't you sit down, Captain Stranger?"

"I'll stand. . . . What do ye want?"

The board stirred, exchanging glances. The chairman cleared his throat, smiled grimly beneath his white mustache.

"You appear to be a man of direct speech, so I won't beat about the bush. You are a shipmaster ——"

"I was."

"You were a shipmaster, then, whose career has been—well, shall we say stormy?"

"Say what ye like."

"You have been in trouble with port authorities and governments over most of the world in your time. You lost your first ship under peculiar circumstances and were deprived of your certificate. You regained your ticket, but, excepting the coasting trade in the Orient under Chinese owners, you have since been unable to get another master's berth. That right?"

Accepting a surly grunt as reply, he continued:

"We are in critical times, captain. We need ships, and we need men to command them. No need to tell you of the inroads the submarine is making. You have been through the zone a few times as third mate of a munitions carrier, so you know. It is essential, as never before, that sailings, particularly of foodstuffs for the United Kingdom, go on. We have looked carefully into your record, and though it contains many unorthodox chapters, you are a seaman. In times like this it is folly to allow sentiment, and perhaps prejudice, to stand in the way of employing your knowledge and experience, and I might say, courage."

"Cut out the eyewash. Come down to cases!"

"Very well. We have a ship for which we have no master. We are prepared to offer you command of that vessel in a convoy which leaves tonight. It is a chance for you to get back on your feet again. What do you say?"

The big seaman shoved his hairy fists deeper in his pockets. His voice was the milder note of a hurricane:

"I say, ye're a pack o' liars!"

The board started, scraping back their chairs. The naval man jumped to his feet with doubled hands, but the chairman waved him back.

He spoke sharply, "Let me remind you, captain. You are not on the bridge of your ship now. I have spoken you fairly."

"Have ye? I'm no fool, ye unnerstand. My record stinks; I know that far better than you do. Whether it is all my own fault is neither here nor there, and I don't give a curse for any man's opinion. But granted ye need ships, and masters for 'em, there's not such a shortage o' ship's officers qualified to command that ye need come to a man o' my reputation, except as a last resort. It's all very well, putting your offer on a high, sanctimonious, moral plane, and all that. Actually, ye don't care whether I ever make good or not. Why should ye?" The chairman began to speak, but the seaman roared him down: "Don't play wi' me! What have ye got up your sleeves—a job nobody else'll tackle?"

The chairman nodded. "Just that!"

"What's the job?"

The chairman leaned forward; held the other's eyes.

"We want you to take command of the Termagant."

A wave of color deepened the seaman's mahogany skin. The veins stood in knots on his forehead and thick red neck. His great frame expanded terribly.

He said, "Her that was the old Zanzibar?"

"Yes."

In the silence the February sleet rattled against the window. The hot blood ebbed from Stranger's face. He said slowly:

"My answer is 'no!' A thousand times 'no!'"

The chairman looked up. He shrugged and spoke with calculated distinctness, "Very well, captain, if you are afraid ——"

The other's red face and redder hair blazed again.

"Afraid?" Abruptly the breath went out of him, like a pricked balloon. "You are right. Why shouldn't I be afraid? Ye know my past connection with her?"

"I've heard things."

The seaman's knuckles whitened. He said savagely:

"She's crammed full o' wickedness and has been from the day she was laid on the stocks. She stuck on the ways at her launching, and killed the man that tried to clear her. She sank a trawler wi' all hands off the Needles on her maiden voyage, and ended it by piling herself up on the Sumatra coast. She rotted there for three years under the sun, till she was salvaged by a gang o' Tasmanian blackbirders. That was a trade to her liking, the bad-tempered bloodsucker. Ye know what happened next, eh?"

He lowered his head and glared at the board. The naval man answered:

"She turned up a few years later running slaves from Abyssinia, across the Red Sea to the Arabian slave markets. The British sloop-of-war Pansy put a shot across her bows and sent a boarding party over. She rammed the boat and drowned the lot. The Admiralty hanged her master, of course; but he swore on the scaffold that the vessel swung against the helm and did it on her own account, or some such piffle."

"It was the truth!"

"Mmph! Then you got her."

"Then I got her. She'd been renamed Termagant by somebody who'd had a taste of her temper. I was young in them days, and I laughed when wiser men than me tried to scare me out o' taking her. My first command, d'ye see?"

The big man paused and wiped sweat out of his eyes.

"On the Australian coast she crab-walked off her course on a calm, starlit night that didn't break a ripple, and piled herself up on the Great Barrier Reef. Explain it how ye like. And because I thought she was done, and made a deal for her wi' some North Queensland blackguards that cheated me out o' the owner's dues, the Board o' Trade called it barratry, and I lost my blasted ticket! She's broke some good men's hearts and ruined their careers, same as she ruined mine. And now you've got her." He threw back his head and laughed savagely. "And ye want me to take command of her again, the twisty deep-water tart. Well, ye can go to hell!"

The chairman leaned forward once more, speaking in dead earnest:

"It may be the last chance that you will ever have, captain, to come back to command. Don't throw it away for a silly superstition. The vessel is only wood and steel. And I will promise you this: If you take the Termagant across, we will give you another and a better vessel. So don't be a fool."

The seaman thought, long and deeply, a gleam in his small eyes.

"If ye expect me to be grateful, I'm not. But I'll take her. It'll be her or me to a finish this time, if a U-boat don't throw a load into her frame and put her where she should ha' gone twenty year ago. Where is she lying?"

The naval officer answered him

"Down in the Pool. She is loaded with foodstuffs for the Humber, and is manned and ready for sea. There is a naval guns' crew aboard, and you will proceed at midnight tonight to the convoy rendezvous, the location of which will be given you before you sail. You've been through it before, so you know the ropes." He turned to the board. "Is that all, gentlemen?"

The chairman nodded

"That is all. They will give him his credentials and other papers in the outer office. Good-by, captain, and good luck!"

At the door the seaman turned, his great body filling the frame. He bent his shaggy glance on the silent board.

"Let me unnerstand ye, now. If I take her across I get another command?"

"That is correct."

"And if I don't succeed "

"You are through."

"Fair enough!" he said, and the pictures jumped on the walls as he closed the door.

Later in the day, when the procedure of port clearance had been complied with, Captain Stranger fought his way through the bitter February gale to the water front. The wind blew in from the Atlantic, wet with snow and particles of ice that stung his eyes as he raised his head to the forest of masts and funnels above the warehouses and dilapidated dwellings that rimmed the Pool. Inside his hard-case shell was a surge of elation. He was in command again after many bitter years; a master mariner, entitled to "sir" and the respect of subordinates, with his failures and follies wiped clear, and a chance to begin life afresh. Stubbornly he thrust the thought of the vessel into the background of his mind. He was concerned solely with his own rehabilitation. He was in command again. That was what mattered. Time enough at sea to worry about other things.

Over the railroad tracks the yellow lights of a lunch wagon shone warmly through the storm, reminding him that he had not eaten since morning. The steaming interior was comfortable, and appetizingly fragrant with coffee and bacon and hot rolls. He sat upon a stool at the counter and pleasantly relaxed. During the preparation of his meal he fell into a half reverie, sharply broken by overhearing the name of his ship. The waiter was carrying on desultory conversation with two customers. One was a sailor, short and broad, with tattooed hands. The other was a marine fireman, muscular and lean-hipped, the rims of ingrained coal dust around his eyes giving him somewhat the appearance of a hard-featured show girl.

The waiter polished a plate. "So you're gonna jump her, eh, buddies? What fer? The mate a hard case'"

"It ain't that; it's the ship herself. She's a kind of a hell wagon. She's hoodooed, that's what. She was tied up fer years because nobody'd sail in her. Then they dragged her out for convoy work"

"What's her name?"

"Termagant, they call her now. But she's the dirty old Zanzibar just the same; an' I'd sooner sign on wi' a foc'sle full o' cockeyed Finns than cross the Western Ocean in that package o' bad luck. The rest o' the crew's gonna beat it, too, soon's the mate goes in fer his supper. They're a lousy crowd, but she's too much for them. Do you know what they tell about her?"

Stranger finished his meal, watching them. And when they got up to leave, he arose and threw some change on the counter. At the door he blocked their way.

He said coldly, "Your jokers are going back to your ship."

They stepped back and looked ugly. The waiter slipped from behind the counter, rolling back his sleeves. He said:

"Hey, guy! What the hell's the idear, buttin' in on my customers?"

"You," said Stranger, not looking at him, "jump back o' that counter, wi' the rest o' the cockroaches. And don't you other two start anything, or I'll bend your dirty lugs together. I am Captain Stranger, master o' the Termagant; so get under way."

The age-old discipline of the sea was in his harsh voice. They obeyed meekly enough, trudging ahead of him

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Flame Belched Out of the Fast-Growing Darkness and the Vast Gray Shape of the Battle Cruiser Roared Down on Them at Nearly Thirty Knots

DESERT DUDES—By Hoffman Birney

Slick Rocks on the Way to Rainbow

FOR nine days a Fire Dance had been in progress at Dennihotso and we had driven there, two packed carloads of us, over the twenty-two miles of ruts, rock, and treacherous sand that is called a road in the Navajo country. All day we had listened to the barbaric liturgy chanted by the frenzied dancers to the steady, rhythmic boom of the tom-toms. There had been sand paintings, too, and we had won permission to enter the hogan and inspect the splendid specimens of that rapidly vanishing art—drawings of which every line and tiny figure carried its particular symbolism to the initiated, and executed entirely in varicolored sands.

Now we waited for the final act of the ceremony, when the naked priests would dash out of the hogan and, bronze bodies gleaming in the ruddy glare of their flaming torches, distribute the sacred fire to the cardinal points. Those priests were now out of sight in the sweat house—a dome-shaped, earth-plastered structure decorated with a rainbow sand painting in red, white and blue, the ends of the rainbow terminating in the rectangular head and ridiculously tiny feet of a *yei* figure. The clergy were undergoing their final purification and the sweat house was, at that moment, a holy of holies.

From the darkness that had dropped down like a soft purple garment came the guttural, clicking murmur of the Navajo tongue. At my side Mrs. John Wetherill—Ast'hon Sosi, the Slim Woman—was in a lengthy conversation with one of the Indians. I caught about one word in twenty of the rapid speech, but could detect no difference in inflection between the language as spoken by the white woman and the words of the grave-eyed Indian who knew no English. A rectangle of yellow light showed where a blanket had been draped over the low doorway of the medicine hogan, and from behind the screen we heard the soft, intermittent throb of a tom-tom, as though some priest were idly drumming or practicing while he waited for his companions to proceed with the ceremony.

The curtain was moved aside and the beat of the drum ceased. There was a moment of silence and then a sudden clamor of angry voices.

"Peliedni!" I heard. "American!" And then, explosively: *"Chindel Chindel"*

Too Close to Recognize Danger

THE word, literally translated, means a demon or something accursed, but upon the circumstances and the inflection depends any degree of profane vituperation. I looked at Vent Wade, my partner, but his brain worked more swiftly than mine and he had already leaped to his feet and was running toward the hogan. I followed and found a half dozen angry priests gripping a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Jones. He had been curious as to what was going on behind that drawn curtain and had calmly pushed the screen aside and walked in to investigate.

Old Nechene-bega, naked save for a loin cloth and moccasins, and terrible with paint, had his long fingers twisted in Jones' collar. Somewhere in the group I saw a knife flash in the firelight. It was—and I am not trying to exaggerate—a very critical situation. Dennihotso is a tiny trading post with a permanent white population of two. It is hundreds of miles from such evidences of civilization as policemen and the protection of the white man's law—and the Navajo takes his religion very seriously.

Wade pushed his way into the group. He had been born in Pueblo Bonito, had lisped Navajo before he spoke a word of English, and every Indian from Two Gray Hills to the Little Colorado knew him as "Asketoh-lacohn—the Boy from Sweetwater. His voice rose and fell in swift declamation. I caught the word *chindeago* and knew he was telling the Indians that Jones was a fool. He told them more. He told them that Jones was not only a fool and "sick in the head" but that his parents and grandparents before him had been fools and equally ignorant of sacerdotal etiquette. Finally he managed to loosen Nechene-bega's grip and to interpose his own body between Jones and the angry priests.

"Get him out of here, quick!" he snapped at me, and I towed the astonished and angry Jones to the automobile. He didn't know what it was all about and was really quite irritated when I flatly refused to permit him to return to the encampment and view the conclusion of the ceremony he had interrupted. Even today—and I saw him only a few weeks ago—he indignantly refuses to believe that less than the thickness of the old priest's knife blade stood between him and slow, solemn music.

Hotshot, a Piute

The experience of Jones is but a single incident, selected from many recollections, of the things that make life interesting for one who wrangles dudes through the Southwest.

Narrow Escapes

FOR several years past I have conducted small groups on various tours through Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, some of the trips winding up in Yosemite Park, far north to the Yellowstone, or in the wonderful canyon country of Southern Utah. Perhaps if I continue this avocation for another century or so I shall cease to marvel at what these tenderfeet will do, the trouble into which they can get, and the absolute dangers they so blithely and unconsciously avoid. As it is, each summer and each trip of each summer can be depended upon to supply its particular quota of thrills for the individual who guarantees to return his charges in good working order.

My guests, clients, customers—whatever one wishes to call them—are for the most part from the East and the Middle West, and the majority of them are experiencing for the first time a departure from the main highways and orthodox tourist routes.

Their ages range from sixteen to sixty. They are educated, cultured, well-bred, and usually fairly well-to-do individuals of the type one will meet on the porches of country clubs or see on the bridle paths of Central Park. They have the poise of breeding and of their class, and they can get into more outlandish predicaments than a fox-terrier puppy or a ten-year-old boy with a penchant for investigation of everything he encounters.

Somewhat akin to Jones was the youth who stood before the Wishing Shrine in the old Bario Libre, the Mexican quarter of Tucson. There's not much to see there—merely a low, crumbling, 'dobe wall behind the shelter of which seventy or a hundred candles burn as votive offerings for the repose of the soul of the murderer whose evil deed gave the location its name of *el lugar del muerto con la hacha*—the place of the murder with the ax—but the legend is interesting and remarkably effective when told at night before those many tiny, twinkling flames.

A small group of us were standing there. I was deep in the story and impressing on my beloved hearers the reverence with which the shrine was regarded by the Mexicans, when this youth stooped, picked up one of the candles and touched it to his cigarette. He desired to smoke, a light was at his feet; he thought no more of it than that.

As luck would have it, however, an old Mexican woman was at that moment approaching the shrine to place a candle there. She was escorted by four or five men, and to these she chattered swift and angry denunciation of the sacrilege. The Wishing Shrine stands in a vacant lot that is little more than a dump, and one of the men picked up a fragment of rock and sent it buzzing uncomfortably close to our ears. We retreated in more or less good order, and the youth only giggled at the joke and suggested that we obtain reënforcements and return and "clean up for the greasers."

The only thing upon which one can depend is that these tenderfeet can be depended upon for the unexpected. I have always believed that there is a time for everything, even for such emotions as fear, but these personally conducted pioneers never know when to be scared. There was a woman who screamed incessantly and hysterically for twelve miles of the Apache Trail between the Roosevelt Dam and Tortilla Flats. She wanted to get out and walk, she threatened to jump, and finally, after being forcibly restrained from leaping out, subsided in a whimpering heap on the floor of the car. The highway we were on, though it possesses some steep grades and sharp curves, is wide, hard-surfaced, smooth,

The Soaring North Abutment of Rainbow Bridge

and entirely free from danger for any driver except a drunken man or a fool.

Three days later, the same woman sat beside me while driving over the road from Cameron along the canyon of the Little Colorado to the Grand Canyon. A heavy rain had fallen the previous day, the narrow road was slippery and, at the shoulders, of about the consistency of cooked oatmeal. I was compelled to turn out to pass another car and for more than a hundred feet could feel the earth yielding beneath the car's weight and the entire roadbed slipping toward a drop of several hundred feet. All that saved us was that our speed—twenty miles an hour in second gear—carried us over the shifting surface. It was as ticklish a situation as one could imagine; no power on earth could prevent the car's turning turtle if it were carried to that steep descent, and I was in a cold sweat when I finally felt firmer ground beneath the wheels. Yet throughout the entire incident the lady gazed down that sharp slope and admired the somber depths of the canyon. She simply failed to recognize real danger.

There was a man who nearly pushed the floorboards through in descending Fish Creek Hill on that same Apache Trail. A few hours later, at high speed, the car struck a bed of soft sand in one of the dips so frequently encountered on Western roads. It went into a terrific and sickening skid and for an instant I thought it was going over. Wade, who was driving, managed to hold her until momentum had carried us through the sand and, on the hard road again, straightened out with little difficulty.

Expert Riders

"THOSE soft spots sure do twist you sometimes, don't they?" observed our passenger pleasantly, and proceeded to entertain me with a reminiscence of a skid that had befallen him on a back road in New Jersey.

Although I refer to these trips as automobile tours, there are frequent side excursions on horseback. Many of the greatest scenic wonders of the Southwest are accessible only by the patient, plodding, old-fashioned hay-burner. The gasoline highway has not yet penetrated to Havasu Canyon, to the great cliff houses of the Tsagi, or to that most sublime spectacle of all, the Rainbow Bridge. A feature, incidentally, that makes those places the more appreciated by those people who would listen, undisturbed, to the various languages that Nature speaks through her visible forms.

My dudes, almost without exception, tell me that they can ride or that they have ridden. Yet on two occasions I have seen them thrust a right foot into the left stirrup and swing gayly aboard, landing with their faces to the animal's tail. Don't ask me how they do it. I've tried to perform the feat myself and find it possible only through perfect balance, timing, and a close approach to acrobatics, but these cash customers succeeded with the ease and grace of circus athletes.

"I guess I got mixed up," was the only explanation one of them made when he found himself reversed in the saddle, and I could do no more than voice complete agreement.

Guiding the Helpless Tenderfoot

I DOUBT if one in a hundred of the tenderfeet who visit Western dude ranches or are convoyed on trips into the back country realizes how closely he is watched and how little he is allowed to do on his own initiative. One dares not permit them out of sight for an instant. They can get lost in an eighty-acre pasture and wander in circles for an hour before they find the fence and the gate through which they passed. They will miss a trail as plainly marked as a traveled highway and turn off on a bypath that even a cowpuncher would fail to notice. They will dismount from their horses, leave the reins crossed about the saddlehorn, and wonder why the animals have vanished when they return.

Tsagi Canyon, location of the great cliff dwellings of Kitsiel and Betata'kin, is a gorge scarcely more than a pistol shot across at its widest point. A stream that flows south toward the mouth of the canyon in Marsh Pass is an infallible index of direction. Despite this guide, I knew of one man being lost in the Tsagi as completely as though he had been dropped into the middle of the Sahara.

The same man figured in an incident that might have had tragic results. A party of students had been making an inspection of the ruins on the Mesa Verde in Southwestern Colorado. Our hero, who had been over the road many times, volunteered to guide them to the crossing of the San Juan at Mexican Hat and then to Kayenta. Between the trading post at Oljeto and his destination, some twenty-five miles away, he turned off on some sort of a bypath leading into Monument Valley. From the point where he left the beaten track he could see clearly the summit of Agathla Peak and the irregular line of Skeleton Mesa—landmarks so distinctive that one marvels how any man could escape them. Searchers located the party several days later, miles off the track, hopelessly lost, and suffering intensely from hunger and thirst.

When one guides a group of tenderfeet he must be prepared to refuse any and all offers of assistance, and such refusal of aid sincerely offered calls for the exercise of considerable diplomacy.

"I'll help with the horses," your dude will say upon arrival at the spot selected for the night's camp. Almost invariably he will remove the bridle before touching the saddle, the result being that the horse or mule throws up his head and trots away, giving somebody the job of running him down over rough country and roping him. They will feed horses before watering them, tie them in such fashion that the beast is certain to get his feet over the rope, and believe it or not—I have seen them lift a saddle and place it on a horse's back with the horn facing the animal's tail.

Bathing in a Pool in the Shadow of Rainbow Arch

More Than a Map Is Needed

THESE things are annoying, but when all is said and done they merely add zest to the life of one who wrangles dudes. Vastly different are the emotions with which one receives the suggestions of the individual who knows more than his guides and attempts to run the party.

Neither Wade nor myself will soon forget the gentleman who had read several volumes of travel through the region he was traversing and who was armed with a map purchased for fifty cents in a drug store in Kansas City. No one travels the Navajo country by map. Map distances are meaningless, and with the exception of Herbert Gregory's geological map of the region, no accurate chart exists. One travels by the country itself, following known trails and known landmarks, and guided always by weather conditions and reports received from those he encounters on the trail. This our guest could not comprehend. He had what he fondly imagined was a reliable map of the region, and when we camped at Oljeto at four in the afternoon and declined to go on to Kayenta until the next day, he was very angry. The map showed a road, he maintained, and he could not understand why Wade and I elected to take the word of an "ignorant Indian" that the water was too high in

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Eastward Through Rainbow to Navajo Mountain

THE HYPNOTIC WIDOW

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"NO," said Mr. Omar Gill, who is the third member of our little group of social outlaws, "I said once before I didn't like it, and I still don't like it, and so I won't do it."

"Food," suggested Harmony Childs, who regards himself as our leader and mental superior—"bread, butter and bits of meat, floating in soup."

Omar growled.

"Lodging," added Harmony—"roofs over the naked heads at night when the wind blows and the wintry snows are falling fast."

"It is now summer," Omar retorted. "You won't get many heavy snows this summer in South Bend."

"Raiment," added our self-appointed generalissimo—"garments to cover the human person, as provided by law. If you're so proud and choosy about a little job, how are we going to pay the bills?"

Omar paced gloomily to and fro like a dyspeptic tiger, and continued to voice his irritation with the business in hand. Omar is a little man, a plumpish type, with a red, fat face and innocent blue eyes. To me, he always seems like what a tadpole would turn out if it started to be a human being. He is an earnest, serious soul, never right about anything, rarely discouraged, and the weakest male in the world in his dealings with the fair sex. The fair sex has had the Indian sign on Omar Gill since his early childhood, and the mere sight of a skirt sends him into convulsive shivers. Harmony and I have rescued him from romantic debacles time and again, and the older he grows, the worse he gets.

"I don't mind fleecing people," Omar continued, standing in the middle of the hotel rug and making an oration. "I like to fleece people, especially rich old codgers that take chorus girls out to dinner. I dearly love to double-cross another crook who thinks he is double-crossing me, for then there is a dash of sporting in it. But I hate petty larceny, and this scheme of yours is petty larceny."

"I know it," Harmony admitted regretfully; "I'm ashamed of it myself. If I could blush, our typewriter dodge would make me blush, yet the fact remains that we are almost dead broke. We have had nothing but hard luck. We own one moth-eaten automobile in which no respectable person would be seen. Our hotel bill, such as it is, will soon be due. In view of these dismal notations, are you going to rent a typewriter tomorrow morning or not?"

Omar groaned and I felt it time to join the debate.

"We'll have to do it, Omar," I said. "This will probably be the last time. We'll swallow our pride just once more."

"You mean I'll swallow our pride," the little man mourned.

"And furthermore," Harmony said, rising to his feet, "I can promise you something good is going to break in this town. I've felt it in my bones. We're going to hit a gold mine right here in South Bend."

"You can have my share of any South Bend gold mines," Omar grunted, and presently went forth for a walk amid the interesting street scenes of the Indiana metropolis.

It was unceasing bad luck that finally landed us in South Bend, a continued series of misfortunes that hammered the bank roll down to a faint whisper, and shook Harmony's confidence in himself. In Cincinnati we sold a man seven thousand acres of rubber plantation in Panama and were about to cash in on the transaction when the man discovered there was (a) no rubber on the rubber plantation, and (b) no plantation. This forced us out of Cincinnati.

In Louisville we had some trouble with the police over a new gasoline for motor cars, invented by our own ingenious

Far, Far Down Within the Recesses of His Soul, Mrs. Phœbe Hendge Had Touched Some Hidden Spring, He Said, Releasing Unsuspected Forces

Harmony—a gasoline guaranteed to be non-explosive and safe for morons to play with, which it was. We had all but disposed of perpetual patent rights in this commercial necessity, when our usual foul luck stepped in and destroyed the deal, and the police appeared when it was learned that the gasoline was not only nonexplosive, but also non-everything else, down to and including total noninflammability if lighted with a match.

We drifted gloomily out of sight in our soiled sedan, which was the saddest, sourest-looking vehicle this side of Bagdad, Arizona. It did us no good socially or financially. Upon arriving in a new town, we sneaked shamefacedly along side streets, parked the offending auto in an obscure garage in the outskirts and walked to the hotel, carrying our simple baggage. It was indeed a trying period.

"We can at least depend on the typewriters," Harmony argued, spreading out the Sunday paper. "It's tough on Omar, but it won't last long."

He gave himself over to thoughtful scrutiny of obituary notices, sprawling on his stomach, and cutting an occasional bit from the column of mundane departures. It was his own invention, and as he said, he was not proud of it, and turned to it only in moments of distress. Yet it had never failed to produce food and lodging for the three of us, whatever the town, and the process was not involved. We merely walked out and rented a typewriter, or two typewriters, or as many typewriters as we required, which number would of course be dictated by the number of deceased gentlemen in the Sunday newspaper.

Now, a typewriter is about the only commodity of actual value that can be rented by anybody, without bonds, guaranties or collateral. In other words, they do not require bank references in a typewriter-rental agency or the names of two respectable voters. You merely stroll into a typewriter bazaar wearing a look of innocence, and say to the owner that you wish to rent one of his best typewriters. You give the merchant your name and address, and about four dollars cash, and the machine becomes your property for the period of one month. In some cases the rental is five, and in others it falls to three, and the odd thing about it is that there exists a nation-wide confidence in the integrity of a person who wishes to rent a typewriter. He seems poor, but honest—poor because he has no typewriter of his own, and honest because by renting the machine he points himself out as a person of industrious habits, who is about to perform honest labor. We never encountered trouble renting machines and were never in a position to give references.

Upon coming thus into temporary possession of one or more typewriters, it was our custom to select from the local newspaper an equivalent number of dead gentlemen, who were quite recently dead. Harmony thought it all out, showing you the sort of mind he inherited. The next step was to get out the diseased motor car, place a typewriter aboard and send Omar Gill calling upon the widow.

It was Omar's duty to inquire in a respectful voice if Mr. Jones was at home, to which query the grief-stricken widow naturally answered that Mr. Jones was not at home, and furthermore would not be at home any more, except among the angels. Whereupon Omar would look sympathetic and point down to the shining leather Mother Hubbard housing the machine, explaining to the red-eyed relict that here was Mr. Jones' typewriter, which he had bought and paid for, probably just prior to his fatal illness. This information usually produced an acquisitive gleam in the saddened eyes of the Widow Jones, who would promptly request that Joe's last purchase be carried inside.

"It is not quite paid for," Omar would inform her sadly at this point. "There is a small balance of thirty dollars due."

Sometimes we made this imaginary balance twenty-five, or even twenty. The inconsiderable sum due was rarely regarded as bad news, for no sensible widow would permit a handsome typewriter to escape, upon which her departed spouse had already paid with loving hands and without her knowledge, seventy or eighty dollars. The deal was generally consummated then and there, and our business agent came away with the cash, the books showing a modest profit of about 700 per cent.

On Monday morning Mr. Gill rented for three dollars a typewriter, placed it on the rear seat of our debauched

machine, and with Harmony driving, we sped along the pleasant boulevards of South Bend, steering for the recent home of one Mr. Wilbert Hendge, who, according to the Sunday paper, had just been buried, after an unsuccessful head-on collision with the hit-and-run driver of a truck. We found the place without trouble, a nice-looking cottage nestling among the trees, and Harmony stopped our rampant twin two and commanded Omar to get out and show a little life.

Harmony

Mr. Gill said nothing, gathered up the typewriter and proceeded along the shady walk to collect twenty-five dollars. Harmony lighted a cigarette and I stared at what scenery there was

Fifteen minutes later it dawned upon us that our business agent had been gone quite a while.

"What's keeping him?" Harmony wondered.

"Maybe having trouble," I suggested.

We indulged in further speculation, and Harmony was about to descend and investigate when Omar's form appeared among the trees. He was still lugging his metal burden. He advanced slowly down the walk and without a word deposited our rented typewriter in the car. Upon his plump countenance was a dazed expression.

"Drive on," he said.

"What was the matter in there?" Harmony asked, noting the change in Omar's manner.

"It was a queer experience," Omar replied in a hushed way.

"Anybody home?"

"Sure. The widow was home—her and her brother "

"All right," grumbled our leader. "Didn't they have enough sense to want a hundred-dollar machine for twenty-five?"

"Wasn't that," said Omar. "There is the strangest woman I ever met in my life."

At this remark Harmony and I stared at Omar in concert. Then Harmony looked at me, and I looked significantly at Harmony.

"So that's it," I said coldly.

"Certainly that's it," Harmony roared. "He's met another woman, he has. I suppose you find it hard to separate business and pleasure."

"Boys," said our little man, looking more solemn, "this is something you don't understand. Phœbe Hendge is the kind a person is honest with. If you saw her once, neither of you would try to sell her a bum typewriter or in any way act other than as an honorable man "

"Where's your diamond ring?" I asked suddenly, looking down at his hand, which was glitterless. It was his only possession, the gift of a prominent head waitress in Buffalo who had mistakenly concluded that Omar intended to marry her. He was proud of the bauble.

"I had to give it to the lady," he answered. "What else would I do, after telling her that her husband had paid in eighty dollars? The ring made up for the eighty. She didn't want a typewriter."

For a moment amazement left us numb.

"Well, Harmony," I said, turning to our chief, "the little business pal has gone off his trolley again."

"Is this a good-looking widow?" Harmony asked abruptly

"No," said Omar thoughtfully, "I wouldn't say so. It's not that she's pretty. It's sort of an inner light."

"Yeah, I know; you mean her soul is shining. How old is this dame?"

"Don't call her a dame," Omar begged. "She's quite young. But there is something about her that appeals to everything noble in a man. You couldn't look into those calm gray eyes and tell a lie."

Harmony replied that, man and boy, he had been looking into calm gray eyes for thirty years and getting away with it. "And you say she is not good-looking?"

"No," said Omar. "She seems to me like a bird with a broken wing."

Harmony shook his head and drove downtown, realizing that further conversation would be futile. We know Omar Gill well. When he goes overboard, you may as well let him drown. Gloomily we put away our used automobile and walked to the hotel, where in the course of time a bill would be presented—a bill which would probably embarrass us. Omar sank into a chair by the window in silent cogitation, thinking no doubt of Mrs. Phœbe Hendge, and Harmony remained in the lobby among the stuffed chairs, saying he preferred to be where he would not have to look at Omar

As it turned out, it was a fortunate move, for that afternoon, when Fate seemed to be scowling, Harmony encountered Mr. Harrison Dowd of Chicago, a serious-minded business man, owner of what was probably the most expensive and spectacular motor car that ever set tire within the city limits of South Bend. Mr. Childs had one look at the Dowd palanquin and decided it would do no harm to meet such a man, and as Harmony is a gifted and convincing talker, with a smell of money in the air, it was no time until he was calling Mr. Dowd by his first name and agreeing with him that South Bend was the world's best.

"Meet Mr. Dowd," he called out as I sauntered past, and I shook hands with my first wealthy man in months. "Mr. Dowd is an old South Bend boy, now living in Chicago."

"Great town," Dowd murmured.

"Yes," I agreed, "Chicago is the marvel of the times."

"Not Chicago. I mean South Bend. I was born in this town, and while business has called me elsewhere, I always

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By Mere Accident We Beheld Her Upon the Public Highway, Strolling With Our Deluded Partner

SHINDIG

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"So Long, Lily. Stay Heah an' Hope fo' de Best"

IN JAIL, along with other comforts, the Wildcat and Demmy found their old associate, Honeytone Boone. Without heeding Demmy's warning, the Wildcat forthwith affiliated with the Uplifter's latest project. "You is hereby made Deppity Imperial Manager of Events," Honeytone informed his complacent victim. "Begin yo' work as soon as you gits outen dis jail. Fust thing you does, Wilecat, when you begins to manage my Physical Agility Club, I wants you to mingle wid de breth'en an' claim how good a boxer you is. Tell 'bout de many times you has stayed triumfunt in de ring whilst yo' adve'sary took de count."

"Whut's de main objeck of dat, Honeytone?"

"Main objeck is dat us is got a boy oratin' 'round de club whut thinks he kin fight. Soon as I gits out of heah I aims to give him a li'l' occupation wid de gloves. Mighty big money in it."

"How you know whut dat boy kin do? He been fightin' 'round de place enny?"

"How you 'speck I knows whut he kin do? Ise seed him fight mo' dan a dozen times. I knows whut you kin do. Caress him wid yo' left like I seed you hit dat onfriendly Clarksdale boy, an' de fust ten numerals whut de referee orates gwine to be wuth big money to you."

"Whut dat boy's name whut kain't fight?"

"Name is Henry Clay. Comes f'm Yazoo City. Calls hisself de Yazoo Cyclone."

"I got a slight remembrance 'bout him. He wuz in de stevedo' crew as a tourist. Take th'ee like him to make a replacement troop fo' a dog robber. Bring him on. He started mighty good in de army, but he crippled hisself up on coonyak. Chances is he ain't rid de crest of no refo'm wave since dat time. Bring him on, an' six mo' like him, Honeytone, an' I beds him down on his six breth'en befo' de gong bangs on de fifth round."

"Wilecat, dat's de talk! Dat's de way I likes to heah you talk. You sees de side line of overhead proficks in dis Physical Agility Club, don't you? You is got de main point, ain't you? You knows dat de police stops enny prize fights whut ain't reg'lar in dis state, but dey kain't stop no li'l' private-club exhibition like you an' de Yazoo Cyclone gwine to mingle into. Clean up on him an' I feeds you anotheh victim de follerin' week. Lots of money in de members of de Physical Agility Club. Boy got to have hisself mighty e-leet social standin' befo' he kin git in. Got to be a high-class chauffoor, a fust-class Pullman man or belong to one of de learned perfessions such as de spinal engineers or de electro-denticians, else he gits blackballed so copious dat de ballot box looks like a double order of Concord grapes when de votin' ceases oveh his quiverin' remains. Ain't gwine to be no trouble 'bout money if you does yo' part. Six months as Deppity Imperial Manager of Events wid me, an' you rides on velvet fo' de balance of yo' life."

Relating the glittering prospectus to Demmy, "Gwine to ride on velvet, is you?" Demmy returned skeptically. "Lemme tell you one thing, Wilecat. You neveh rid no velvet yet whut wuzn't full of cinders. You bettah remember de advice broadgasted to de world by de Proficks of old: 'Take hold, lest ye fall.' Take a mighty tight hold too. You marches along wid Honeytone an' you begins to think you's a conquerin' hero, an' right den Ol' Man Trouble pulls de trigger on both bar'ls an' yo' tail feathers ornaments de landscape far an' near. Dat boy ain't quite as black as gunpowder, but he's twice as fatal."

"Wait till de money begins to roll in. Den you changes yo' song of woe. Beginnin' de day us gits offen dis ironclad side track an' rolls back on de main line, wuz my cash income raindrops you'd git drownded de fust day. Li'l' while mo' an' de wages begins."

On the day that the Wildcat and Demmy were released, "Mind whut I tells you," Honeytone Boone advised. "Git right oveh to de club an' hand dat cash order to de treasur'. He gives you yo' fust day's wages. I sees you nex' week. Do de best you kin till I gits dere. Interdooce yo'self as de Deppity Imperial Manager of Events, an' git to work. Do a li'l' boxin' wid de boys, but don't show no class wid yo' left an' don't mingle wid de Yazoo Cyclone. Save yo'self till I makes all de 'rangements. Stay away f'm ol' Yazoo complete."

"I stays away f'm him. I does whut you sez. Whut's de name of dat treasur' whut hands me my advance wages?"

"Name Rajah Liscum. Comes f'm de Alabama Liscums. He's a Pullman boy. Named hisself Rajah afteh his favorite car. Hand him dat papeh an' he issues yo' wages."

To Demmy, organizing the parade of freedom, "Fetch along dat mascot goat, Demmy, whilst us walks outen dis jail house. Don't want to be cluttered up wid Lily durin' my march to freedom. Double time an' come a-runnin'! Us got to git oveh to de club whilst I begins to manage it."

To the Wildcat's gratification and to Demmy's astonishment, the Physical Agility Club was a much more elaborate affair than they had imagined. To himself, Demmy had figured that it was a little old one-horse, one-room club, but here were six rooms on the ground floor of a two-story house, a gold sign over the front door, two pool tables, an assembly room with twenty-five filled chairs, and a lunch bar long enough to accommodate fifty able-bodied eaters.

"Dis a mighty big place to manage," the Wildcat observed to Demmy with some apprehension after the pair had been admitted. "Keep dat mascot goat behind you. Mebby dey don't like goats in dis club."

"Change de by-laws. You's de manager, ain't you? Step right out an' proclaim yo'self, Wilecat."

"Nemmine 'bout dat. Plenty time fo' proclaimin'. I takes it mighty easy to begin wid." To one of the members, "Brotheh, could you direck me to whah at I could find Rajah Liscum? He de treasur', ain't he?"

"Lots of folks been tryin' to find Rajah de last th'ee-fo' days. Boy wid a ham bill lookin' fo' him five minnits befo' you come. He jus' about leavin' Minneapolis, near as I kin recall his route. He's out wid a convention special. Due to be gone anotheh month, as I recollecks it."

"Who treasures 'round de place whilst he's A. W. O. L.?"

"Honeytone Boone gin'ally took care of de finance. Dat A.W.O.L. sounds nach'ral. Wuz you in de Great War?"

"Sho wuz, cumrade."

"Dere's a man oveh dere you be glad to 'filiate wid. Come along till I interdooces you. Name Henry Clay. He's a boxin' man. You's heerd of him, prob'ly. He fights by de name of Yazoo Cyclone."

"I knowed him in de war very briefly."

The Wildcat did his best to associate his memory of the gaunt and dwindled Henry Clay of the A. E. F. with the mammoth who presently confronted him.

"Well, well, Yazoo, I sho is glad to see you agin! You's took on flesh since us all fit de battle of Bo'deaux. Got mo' hefty, ain't you?"

"I'll say I is," the Yazoo Cyclone affirmed heartily. "Soon's I quit starvin' to death on dem Army rations I gained a hund'ed an' fo'ty pounds de fust two months. Ise back to my no'mal weight right now."

"Whut is de grand total of yo' weight right now?" the Wildcat asked with unfeigned interest.

"Tips de beam 'round two-fifty," the Yazoo Cyclone informed the seeker after knowledge.

"How tall is you?"

"Six foot six."

The Wildcat frowned at Demmy. "Git dat mascot goat away f'm in front of us folks, Demmy. Yazoo don't like no ol' goat clutterin' up his view." Then, to the heavyweight: "Honeytone Boone tol' me you wuz feelin' kind of peaked. I trust you is fully recovered."

"Neveh felt betteh in my life. . . . Lemme see, didn't I meet you in Bo'deaux one night? Don't I recolleck you

as de K. P. in dat labor battalion whah us replacements neveh got enuff to eat?"

"Sho you does. I wuz right dere, tryin' to git you boys mo' rations. I'd of done it, too, but some gin'ral kep' a deduckin' f'm de groc'ries ontil dey wuz hardly nuthin' left."

"I remembers! You went by de name of Wilecat oveh dere. You's de boy whut pushed me away f'm a big bowl of gravy one night when I had a piece of bread so hard I couldn't eat it. Craved to sop it in de gravy, but you an' de top sargent claimed de gravy wuz yo' pussonal 'quipment. Dat wuz you, wasn't it?"

"Naw suh, Yazoo. Dat wuz some otheh boy by de same name. Dat wasn't me. Did I have a bowl of gravy you'd be welcome to enny part of it. Mighty hard to recall de truth 'bout dat war. It's been so long ago." The Wildcat looked sideways at the bar. "Right now Ise got a mind to buy you de bes' drink dey got in dis place! Come oveh an' name yo' choice. You kin depend on me to divide de gravy wid you wheneveh Ise got it, Yazoo. Whut'll you have to drink? . . . Demmy, step up heah. Whut'll Yazoo an' you have to drink?"

"I takes a li'l' citrus tonic," the Yazoo Cyclone said

"Make mine de same," the momentary host requested. "Me an' Demmy takes some of dat citrus tonic."

Three copious shots of lemon extract promoted an affable reciprocity on the part of the Yazoo Cyclone. "No seconds in de A. E. F. when de ration call blew, but dey's plenty 'round heah. Have anotheh!"

"Sho will. Dat's mighty good citrus"

"Us uses nuthin' but de purest comforts in dis club. None but de best."

"Jus' charge dat to de Deppity Imperial Manager of Events," the Wildcat ordered, smiling pleasantly at the bartender.

The Yazoo Cyclone paid for his round with a five-dollar bill stripped from a heavy roll of currency. "Neveh seed no bank roll like dat in de A. E. F.," the Wildcat observed pleasantly.

"Dey's lots mo' whah dat come f'm," the Yazoo Cyclone returned. "I jus' visited de dice game in de back room. It's goin' mighty heavy. Plenty easy money back dere iffen de right freckles shows on de top side."

The Wildcat's eyes glistened. He pointed at the mascot goat a moment later, and whispered confidentially to Demmy: "Take him out an' pawn him! Pawn him sudden an' bring back de money! Us is got a chance to 'cumulate a fo'tune. You heerd whut dat Yazoo said? Hurry out wid dat goat an' pawn him to de fust place you comes to. Git me ennyhow five dollahs. I makes a start, an' if I makes a start nuthin' kin stop me! Hurry up, Demmy. I feels right an' de bones is frantic."

"Whah at's yo' li'l' podner gwine to?" the Yazoo Cyclone asked when the Wildcat had returned from launching Demmy on the goat-pawning expedition.

"He jus' gone out to 'range fo' some tender greens fo' dat mascot goat. Dat goat's health is mighty frajile lately. Goat's on a diet. Got to have copious greens, else he dwindles to nuthin' but skin an' hawns. Soon as Demmy gits back, Yazoo, I think I takes a r'ar at de clickers."

"You wins heavy if you wins at all. Mighty pond'rous game goin' on in dere. Half a dozen Pullman boys wid dey pay checks. Started in at Seattle an' dey been cleanin' de world on de way down de Coast. Two-th'ee of 'em had reaped mo' dan a hund'ed apiece when dey got heah. Kain't say how long dey gwine to last. I knocked two hund'ed loose offen one boy in ten minnits. Lay it down, an' let it lay till it builds up high enuff to fall oveh. Dat's de way I done it. Dat's de on'y way."

"You an' me is in complete 'greedment on dat subjeck, 'ceptin' I gin'ally drags down wid de third nach'ral."

"Dat's de safest in de long run," the Yazoo Cyclone agreed. "Heah's yo' podner. Fetch him along an' us spectates whilst you battles."

"Come along heah, Demmy," the Wildcat ordered. "Whut you do wid de goat?"

"Parked him out back of a groc'ry sto' wid fo' mo' goats. Man out dere raises goats fo' de market on de shopworn groc'ries."

"Dat's fine. Shake hands, boy; I congranulates you."

In Demmy's moist palm was a five-dollar bill. "Demmy, you done noble," the Wildcat commented, marching toward the battleground.

In the back room of the Physical Agility Club, during a lull in the crap game, "Folks an' breth'en, lemme interdooce you one an' all to de Wilecat," the Yazoo Cyclone announced. "Me an' him wuz podners in de war. F'm now on he aims to manage ——"

"Shoots five dollahs!" the momentary owner of the dice interrupted.

The chatter of the game assaulted the Wildcat's ears. He edged into the circle of devotees kneeling on the floor.

"Dis place vacump?" he asked pleasantly, addressing a brother to his left. He received no answer to his inquiry.

"Dis place vacump?" he repeated, addressing the carbon-colored crap shooter to his right.

"Looks vacump, 'ceptin' fo' a black speck," this individual returned, favoring the Wildcat with a glance of annoyance.

"Dem harsh words gwine to cost him money," the Wildcat predicted. That was no way to fraternalize with nobody. "I rides him when my time comes," the Wildcat resolved.

Presently, owning the dice, "Shoots five dollahs," the Wildcat announced pleasantly.

"Roll 'em, new man; you's faded," the surly brunet to the Wildcat's right replied.

"Hit 'em heavy, Wilecat! Don't fo'git yo' thumb twist." Demmy's hoarse whisper of advice was heard around the circle.

The Wildcat parked the twin dice in the moist palm of his right hand. He breathed a citrus-flavored breath of life upon his weapons. "Li'l' strangers, revive us ag'in. Fear no evil in de shade of yo' pappy's palm. Battle begun wid de openin' gun. Cube sugar, stay sweet! Bouncin' bones, feel de luck liniment. . . . Wham! An' dey's a th'ee-fo' on de gamblin' flo'. Hot dam, breth'en, Lady Luck met me at de gate! I lets it lay. Shoots de ten dollahs. Fade me, boy; you got de privilege." The Wildcat smiled grimly at the man to his right.

"Roll 'em. Wastin' time wid dat jitney money. Roll 'em; you's faded!" The surly opponent peeled a ten-dollar bill from what looked like a thousand-dollar roll.

"Li'l' beaver an' de big dam! Keep a-diggin', store teeth. Li'l' cash cubes, mind yo' manager. Pointed pills, bring me wealth an' stren'th. Set me free wid a fo'-th'ee! Six-ace, look me in de face. Six an' a five, stay alive. Five-two, come th'ough. Enny numbeh, baby bones, 'long as

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"Whut is de Grand Total of Yo' Weight Right Now?" the Wildcat Asked With Unfeigned Interest

SUN WORSHIP—By Floyd W. Parsons

WE LIVE in a world of vibrations—an endless realm of energy waves that make up the notes of the great ether-wave organ. One octave of these notes is visible to the naked eye, making it possible for us to see what is going on about us. This band of rays is often referred to as "white light." The other octaves of vibrations, which some call "black light," are beyond the range of human sight, although they produce a variety of effects upon our minds and bodies.

Here is a subject filled with romance—one that touches our lives in the most intimate way. It includes not only the radiations of natural light but those that are man-made. It is directly related to human health and industrial efficiency. It is tied up with Vitamin D, the bacteria-resisting power of blood, muscular energy, mental alertness, cancer, rickets, and the psychological effects of color.

It is to this amazing field of vibrations we must turn for answers to a multitude of questions. Why are desert snakes the most poisonous? What supplies the starting signal that causes birds to migrate? What makes blood red and the leaves of plants green? Why do certain people tan and others burn or freckle? Why do some bands of radiations possess curative powers, and other rays produce human reactions that are totally different?

An Observation Pullman Car Finished With Health Glass That Permits the Passage of Ultra-Violet Light

Natural sunlight is of first importance, and so far as it is concerned, our present civilization has run off the rails. Although much new knowledge has been acquired in recent years, public appreciation of the value of solar radiations is only just being reborn. This is lucky for humankind in view of the changed environment that compels most people to live and work indoors behind walls and windows that shut out the vital waves of sunlight.

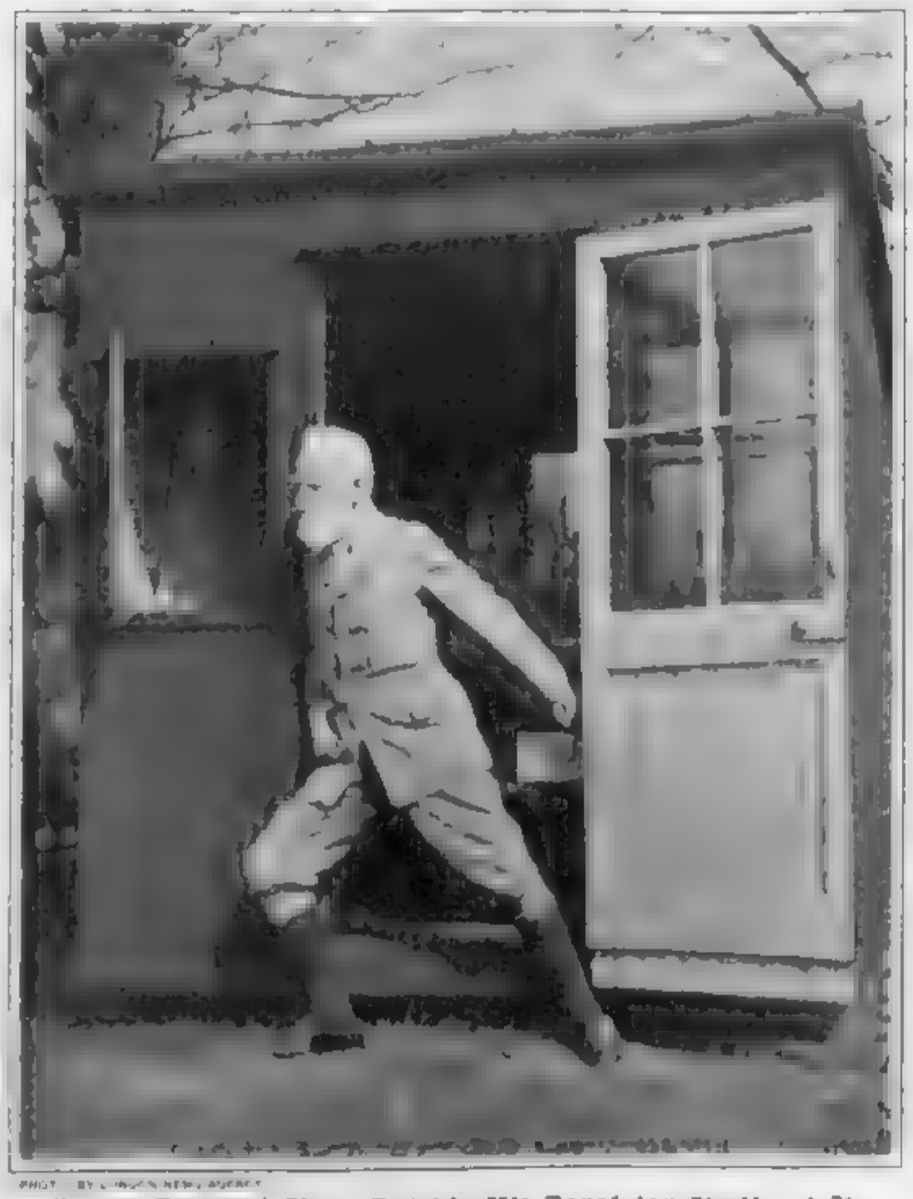
Things We Don't Know About Sunlight

WE NOW ask for proofs of many beliefs that the ancients accepted largely on faith. History tells of great temples built to the Sun God, and how these temples contained large galleries for nude sun bathing. Long before the birth of Christ, Herodotus was recommending sun baths for restoring muscular tone, and the theories of Hippocrates credited the sun with mental and physical healing powers.

And yet the chemical processes that occur in pigmented skin and sunlit blood are not only a hidden mystery to the average layman but are more or less of an unsolved puzzle to science. Not many understand why the same high-pitched rays of light that will cure morbid growths in living tissues may also cause cancer.

Few people have any definite conception of the difference between sunstroke and heatstroke; why the prolonged absence from sunlight, such as happens to Polar explorers, often causes the eyes of the men to become blue; why the actinic power of solar radiation diminishes rapidly as we descend to sea level; why the chemical activity of sunlight is even more important than its heat; and why the unskimmed light of the sun is safer and superior in healing power to any artificial kind of light radiations.

We have come to know that it is the light from the gaseous hydrogen, sodium, iron, magnesium and other elements composing the sun that really connects us with the rest of the universe. We have learned that plants live because of the invisible light of the sun as well as its heat; that it is the morning hours which are most valuable; that light radiations are bactericidal; that they enrich human blood in calcium, phosphorus, iron; and that they increase the resistance of the individual to disease by multiplying the number of white blood cells. But hundreds of other questions are still pressing for an answer.



George Bernard Shaw Outside His Revolving Studio at St. Lawrence, England. He Can Turn It to Keep Its Health-Glass Wall Facing the Sun

What we want are concrete facts concerning the effects of light radiations on the health of plant and animal life. How do these waves bring about chemical changes in human blood? What is their action in curing diseases of the skin, bones and teeth? How do they prevent infection and what is their reaction on muscles and nerves? In what way can we best secure and utilize the highly beneficial properties of the different light and color vibrations?

Vital Rays

RESEARCH concerning the effects of light on plant life has helped materially. Of particular interest is the discovery of the resemblance of the behavior of the chlorophyll in plants to the action of a similar pigment of red color which is found in the blood of animals. In other words, this strange something which, under sunlight, makes plants green has its counterpart in a pigment which makes blood red. Chlorophyll is a metallic derivative containing a large percentage of magnesium. The similar pigment which gives blood its red color is called hæmatin and is an iron derivative.

Shut off from solar radiations, plant life quickly loses its strength and succumbs to disease. Extensive tests with various kinds of plants have disclosed the remarkable body-building powers of ultra-violet and other light waves. One test carried on by investigators at the Massachusetts Agricultural College compared the development of vegetables grown under ordinary window glass which shuts out the vital rays, and reduces the intensity of the red rays, with that of similar vegetables under glass that permits the passage of a greater percentage of light vibrations. Radishes getting a substantial percentage of ultra-violet as well as more red rays were 69 per cent heavier than those shut off from these waves, while lettuce under the transmitting glass at the end of thirty-eight days showed more compact heads and was 76 per cent heavier.

Flowers grown under transmitting glass have shown a similar improvement. Orchids, which are delicate and require great care, do far better under a condition where the light is unskimmed. The owner of a Denver greenhouse found as a result of careful tests that dying rubber plants are revived and start a new growth when moved into more complete solar radiations. Experiments with polarized light disclosed that sprouting beans and sunflower seeds grow more rapidly under rays of this kind than under common light of the same brightness.

Science is seeking more and more ways to utilize the values in various octaves of light vibrations. One farmer carried on a series of experiments in which he exposed a number of pigs daily to the ultra-violet waves of a quartz lamp. At the end of ten weeks, the porkers that had been subjected to this ray treatment were not only fatter but were in better general condition than the untreated pigs, and therefore brought far higher prices. Two groups of twelve pullets were segregated for sixteen weeks. The first flock, kept under ordinary conditions, produced 124 eggs. The second flock, subjected to radiations for ten minutes each day, produced 497 eggs. Furthermore, the eggs from the pullets treated with rays contained more lime and calcium, making them a better food for human consumption.

Extended investigation carried on by research workers at the Mayo Clinic with groups of chickens proved conclusively that there is a material reduction in the rate of growth in fowls shut off from any portion of the visible and invisible light waves that are a part of ordinary sunshine. It was proved that the bands of visible and infra-red light are needed almost as much as the ultra-violet vibrations. This means that we approach nearest to the ideal condition for healthy plant and animal existence when these forms of life are exposed to unobstructed and unskimmed sunlight.

All of which means that we are coming rapidly to a time when light radiations will be a matter of vital concern to growers of foods and livestock. Intelligent people interested in the health of their families, and particularly of their growing children, will insist on having milk and eggs produced under housing conditions that do not exclude any large percentage of the ultra-violet and infra-red waves of sunlight. Where the natural energy vibrations are unobtainable, the grower will turn to artificial sources for vital light rays.

Making Mice of a Different Color

THE outcome of current studies in this field will doubtless be a radical change in human thought, dress and habits. Invisible vibrations of one kind or another are already serving not only the farmer but the lumberman, the metallurgist, the chemist, the physicist, the manufacturer and the theatrical producer.

In setting forth a few fundamental thoughts respecting this subject, let us start at the left side of the ether-wave organ and consider a few of the interesting applications of that octave of very short vibrations known as X rays. This type of radiation has miraculous powers to change the course of events in the development of living organisms, and to affect the descendants of many types of life to the last generation. Certain animals exposed to X rays lose the power of producing new individuals. Other experiments with this same type of vibration have resulted in speeding up the evolutionary processes of insects over a hundredfold. Brown mice have become white after being rayed, and white mice have become brown.

Strange indeed are some of the results of X-ray exposures. Everything depends on the length of the waves and the intensity of the radiations. Various liquids when radiated gain the property of polarizing light, tobacco plants show a stronger growth and produce more flowers, and human blood shows a rapid decrease in its powers of resistance to disease as the result of a decline in the number of blood-platelets. But X rays and the even shorter gamma rays of radium are given first place in the treatment of cancer and many skin diseases.

Combining a Sunbath and a Jazz-Band Performance at a Children's Home Near London

Sun Bathing at the Vosiau Thermal Springs in the Leitha Mountains, Austria

The notion of many that X-ray photography is applied only in medical and dental science is fallacious. X rays are increasingly being used to determine the internal structure of inanimate objects. Steel castings, aluminum castings, metal radio transmission tubes, a variety of other metal objects, and even trees and telegraph poles are now being subjected to X-ray examination. Such investigation has already become standard practice in many factories where it is essential to know the internal construction of opaque materials.

X-ray inspection of common products tends to bring about a definite improvement in the character of the efforts of craftsmen whose work comes to inspectors' hands completely hidden The discovery of defective parts before they are used not only safeguards life and property but protects the reputation of corporations

Racing Thoroughbreds at Leona Farms, Cary, Illinois, are Treated With Artificial Sun Baths During the Wintertime

Harnessing Light Rays to Help Industry

THE detection of knots, resin pockets, grub holes, and so on, is very important when wood is to be subjected to strain or is to be used in fine furniture. This method of investigation can be applied to hundreds of small articles, such as ball bearings, in the course of a single working day. Golf balls have been X-rayed to determine the symmetry and correct positioning of the hard rubber core. One rubber company has made examinations of its tires to determine the union between the rubber and the cord. This is done by filling the cords with lead salts which make them opaque to X rays. Fire-brick and clay fire pots for use in the glass industry may be examined for the detection of hidden cracks, flaws and metallic particles. Grinding wheels, metal tubing, rubber siphons and all kinds of concealed wiring offer opportunities for this interesting method of disclosing invisible defects.

We even find X rays now employed to detect the ash content of coal, for while the combustible portion of coal is transparent to this type of wave, the ash, which consists largely of calcium and iron salts, is opaque. Many instances might be cited where the saving from a single X-ray photo is wholly out of proportion to the cost of the picture. This is particularly true in places where the work is being done by expensive machine labor. I know of one examination costing $2.50 that saved $300 in workers' wages.

The average person today, however, is more interested in the next octave of invisible light waves, known as the ultra-violet. These radiations appear

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YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

V

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SHORTY lived in a small hotel not far from Times Square, on a side street. He had what the management called a suite of three rooms a living room, a bedroom that was really an alcove off the living room, and a bath. He had always lived there—which is to say that ever since his arrival in New York from Columbus, Ohio, four or five years ago, he had. The hotel had attracted him first because he had heard that it housed many show girls. This was still a feature. Shorty liked show girls, though the idea of them was no longer the mental dazzle it once had been.

He had moved several times, within the hotel. His earliest room had been a very dim and little single one on a court. It had had one window, through which it was possible to watch what went on in the kitchen of a restaurant in the next street. According to Shorty, his habit of wiping forks and spoons on his napkin before attacking his food dated from this era. He also insisted that his lack of stature was attributable directly to certain observations made by him by way of the window. His melancholy story was that he didn't eat for a year, and it stunted his growth. "Up till then," he was wont to say wistfully, "I was coming along quite well."

He had been, at the time, a staff man on the Bulletin, Toby's old paper. When he went over to the Gazette, at a slightly larger salary, he moved to a more spacious room that had two windows and a soothing view of the side of a cinema house. A year later he achieved a front room with a bath, having become a sports writer at eighty dollars a week. As soon as he reached one hundred and twenty-five he took the suite.

He could have moved twice since then—he had had two raises in three years—but he was satisfied. This was good enough. Indeed, some things about it were perfect. The big old-fashioned bay window, for instance. Where would you find another bay window like that one? Shorty asked you where.

When Ann First Went Away Toby Often Stared Into This Closet, Hovering Motionless for Minutes in the Doorway

Below the window—seven floors below—was a street of theaters, of small theatrical hotels, of eating places, of night clubs; of little shops where wigs were sold, and costumes for the stage or masquerade were sold or rented, and gowns were on display, and make-up kits, and lingerie—rose georgette crêpe trimmed with black lace and ribbons. A gaudy street. Electric letters glowed above its sidewalks in the evening, and gentlemen in opera hats helped ladies with corsages to alight from limousines with grace and safety. Thus the bay window was as a season box at a nightly pageant—a twentieth-century pageant, given to the hoot of horns. Shorty, who was rarely at home of evenings, almost never occupied his box, but he liked having it. He boasted, "You can see the clock on the Paramount Building from here."

He had made the rooms his. Piece by piece the hotel properties had been removed, supplanted by less conventional pieces of his purchasing, so that now only a chiffonier and the carpet and one chair remained of the original furnishings. Shorty's bed was a box spring, covered by day with a darkish cover and headed with several careless colored pillows. His desk was an enormous roll-top, very businesslike, very impressive, its pigeonholes crammed with old bills, receipts, telegrams and letters that somehow, despite their obvious age, looked important.

There was a couch in the living room—a deep one of worn red leather. A secondhand couch; it had once graced the lounge of a club. There were bookshelves which Shorty had had built and lacquered red. He had filled them, but now they were not very full. People never returned Shorty's books. When they found them in their own libraries they thought, "Whose? Oh, Shorty's," and with an air of "That's all right," tucked them back in.

There were the walls. These must be mentioned, for nowhere did the rooms forget that they were hotel rooms as they did here. Gone were the wall-paper roses, the pictures of (1) a maiden in a riding habit, patting the neck of a bright brown horse, (2) the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Plain-papered, the walls contained a thick array of photographs, framed for the most part in narrow red frames. Girls' photographs. Athletes' photographs. Fighters crouching ready to fight, ball players brandishing bats. For the maiden in the riding habit, Shorty had substituted Miss Dorothy Knapp of the Vanities in part of a leopard skin. Instead of the signing of the Declaration, there was Firpo, caught by the camera in the act of knocking Dempsey through the ropes.

Interspersed with the photographs were various pictures and sketches, including some that could only have come from Paris. Other things in frames were a map of Cabell's mythical land, a dinner menu scribbled with signatures and the original of a cartoon by Webster. Miscellaneous ornaments hung on the walls included a blown-up football autographed in ink by the celebrated Four Horsemen of Notre Dame; a girl's gold slipper; a 1920 Ohio license plate; a circle of champagne corks, in the center of which an abstinence pledge signed by Shorty at the age of eight was tacked; a pair of boxing gloves, and, depending from a wire in a corner, a human skull—called Madam—toward which Shorty gestured in proof of his contention that he had once spent seven weeks in medical school.

In the midst of this museum, behold the owner, solitary, on an evening a few days before Christmas. As has been said, he was seldom at home of evenings; even more rare were the evenings when he was at home alone. This had not happened in he didn't know when, Shorty was thinking. He was feeling pleased. It was a good thing—this staying in once in a while. He would do it often. If he did it often he would get things done.

The clock on the Paramount Building told him it was not quite eight. The evening stretched ahead of him, long and quiet. Removing his coat and vest and tie, unbuttoning his shirt at the neck and rolling the sleeves above his elbows, exchanging his shoes for comfortable if slightly unmanly slippers, knitted for him by Miss Lydia Ross—"my sainted aunt" to Shorty—he planned the evening He would pay bills. He would check over his bank statements for November, October and September; they were there in a pigeonhole of his desk in unopened envelopes. All that off his mind, he would write letters. He owed a great many. "I'm a rotten correspondent," he mused, with the complacency peculiar to that reflection.

There was, for example, his fan letter. He must answer that. He had carried it for weeks in an inside pocket, exhibiting it now and then, saying carelessly, "Here's a funny one I got the other day." Now he must acknowledge it. "On nice stationery," he thought. And down at the foot of the page, as if he had dictated it, he would type his own initials and then "SD"—which the recipient wouldn't know meant "Shorty did it"

He would write to his friends and his relatives, and to one or two of his girls. There was that little brunette in St. Petersburg—the little swimmer, Alma—Alma Richardson. Or Richards? No, Richardson. He would write her.

He'd be down in St. Pete again pretty soon. A vision of Miss Richardson rose in his mind—her very dark eyes and her *café-au-lait* sunburn, and her slight figure in its one-piece swimming suit of knitted silk with the red-and-white insignia on the front. She was cute, he recalled. She had a yellow roadster. Not a bad idea at all to drop her a line.

He went to his telephone and ordered to be brought up at once some postage stamps and a carton of cigarettes.

"Oh, and listen, Joe," he said to the bell captain, as an afterthought, "send me up a Chronicle-Press, will you, too?"

Ann's story from Hollywood. He had not yet seen it today

He seated himself at his mammoth desk, and for an interval wrote industriously in a scurrying hand. "Getting along great," he commended himself.

He lit a cigarette and rested a moment. Presently he began to pace about, his head lowered, his hands hooked by the thumbs onto his belt, his shoulders humped. In his preoccupation he passed the red couch several times before the copy of the Chronicle-Press which the boy had brought, lying folded there, insinuated itself into his awareness. He dropped to the couch then and unfolded the paper and opened it, flinging his arms now apart, now back; thinking fleetingly as he did so that you could snoot the tabloids—Shorty worked for a tabloid—but at least you had to admit they were easy to manage.

Ah! Here. Shorty folded back the paper and shook and straightened it and smoothed it, and folded it again, and then again, till it was small; a bundle hardly wider than Ann's double-column story, which now he raised and held at reading level. There was the familiar boxed head, They Tell Me ——, with Ann's name in facsimile of her writing underneath. There was the date line: "Hollywood, Cal., December 21." Which was yesterday.

Shorty read.

Out at the Balboa lot there is a little nameless lake which wasn't there last week and won't be there a month from now. Sparkling in the well-known sunshine like a sapphire—or I'd better say like a topaz, for it's yellow—this uncharted body of water lies, at present, in a dent in a field, just north of the studio cafeteria.

It is this water, squirted into the hollow with a fire hose and replenished of necessity every day, that you will see in almost every scene of Get Your Girl! Lilli La Rue's next starring picture for Balboa. Most of the action of Get Your Girl! takes place aboard a houseboat in various bays and streams in Florida. The cute little lake is going to be the various bays and streams. You wouldn't believe it; I didn't myself; but it's so.

I can tell you another. The scenario calls for a terrible storm during which the houseboat is blown out to sea. For that scene and ensuing scenes, the pond will double for the open ocean. The houseboat, which is already built, painted and launched, fitted luxuriously inside and out, has, instead of the usual moss and barnacles on the bottom, a pair of enormous rockers that rest on the mud under the shallow water. During the storm the boat is going to rock and pitch as violently as strong men stationed at both ends can make it. Very strong men, and plenty of them. You know those Florida storms!

Hugo Leighton, who is directing Get Your Girl! won't thank me for giving his cute little tricks away. But the whole arrangement for the filming of this picture is such an ingenious Hollywood device that the temptation to let you in on it is strong.

For example, on one shore of the lake a scaffolding has been erected and on the scaffolding a kind of monstrous painted billboard represents horizon, sky and distance. This is for the scenes when the houseboat is out of sight of land. Another section of the shore is to be the water's edge of a cove, with reeds and rushes growing thickly in it, and Florida foliage in the background. When I was out there this morning the Florida foliage hadn't appeared yet, but the reeds and rushes were arriving at the spot in a succession of wheelbarrows, and workers in overalls and rubber boots were sticking them, spear by spear, into the mud.

I boarded the houseboat ——

Shorty read to the final paragraph. He was not a movie fan; nevertheless, he had a triple interest in the story, reading it as a fellow reporter, as a friend of Ann's, and, especially, as a friend of Toby's. Well he knew that Toby fed upon this daily column, that it was the only word of Ann that came to him, his only means of knowing what she did and whom she saw, even of knowing how she was. Accordingly Shorty, who loved his friend, read with his mind on Toby, and was relieved when there was nothing that would stab him.

Today there was nothing. The story was noncommittal. Yesterday, writing of a glittering movie party she had attended, relating what one celebrated young Adonis said, and how another guided you in dancing, Ann had sounded buoyant, diverted; callously vivacious and gay. Even to Shorty, who knew better, it had seemed that she could not write so if her heart were heavy. He had thought, "Doesn't she care at all?" Thinking of Toby's rather terrible caring.

And there had been her columns written last week on the train. One of them—the one she had filed at Kansas City—had been an admiring interview with young Dwight Knowles, the novelist, who chanced to be a fellow passenger. Knowles was en route to Hollywood also, having a new contract—at a thousand dollars a week—to do original stories for the screen. This made him copy for Ann—legitimate copy. That she devoted one column to him was not strange, though Shorty thought that she was a little too generous with the bouquets. All that stuff about Knowles looking like one of his own heroes, for instance was that necessary? Who gave a hoot what he looked like? The guy was supposed to be read! Thus Shorty, loyal and disgruntled.

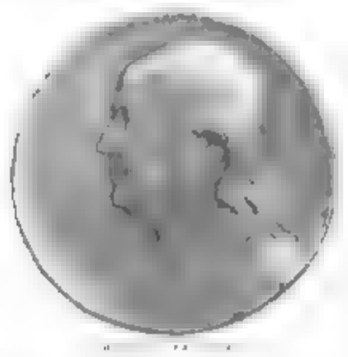
The column on the day following had been about something else, but it had contained a paragraph on Dwight Knowles at the end. Even this was understandable. Ann was naturally finding it difficult to fill her allotted space with cinema notes during a transcontinental trip. For this particular column, having said all she could think of to say on the subject at hand, she had needed a stick or two more; and casting about in her mind for material, she had hit upon the prediction made by Knowles to her about the talkie movies. Fair enough! What Shorty deplored was her reference to the observation platform, where, it appeared, the illustrious young man had voiced his remark "last evening after dinner." Toby's best friend thought that Ann might have left that out.

Then, the next day, Dwight Knowles had taken over the column. Under brief introductory lines by the columnist, he had written a light and facile, casually brilliant piece for her, "because," he explained in print, "she's reading galley proofs for me." Shorty, at this, had become enormously perturbed. The mutual liking, the *camaraderie*, between Ann and Knowles that it implied, in turn implied more and longer tête-à-têtes on the four-day train than he thought Ann had any business to be having. "Let alone writing home about!" fumed Shorty.

(Continued on Page 152)

The Sherman Sisters Were Cabaret Entertainers. They Not Only Danced But Sang. They Had Been in Revues

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 16, 1929

Why So Fast?

FREQUENTLY we are compelled to wonder at the urgency manifest in certain quarters to develop so many of the country's water-power sites. The more widespread use of power is, of course, a requisite of welfare and prosperity. This is particularly true of the rural sections, although it applies generally.

Despite the great importance of the power industry, it is only one of very many elements in national well-being. It has grown so rapidly, however, that no surprise need be felt if some of the men absorbed and fascinated by its onward sweep should regard the industry as almost an end in itself. Yet as far as power generated from water is concerned, it is only one aspect of a far larger and more vital problem—namely, the water problem as a whole. Unfortunately we have no national water policy or national water strategy, and until one begins to emerge it might be well to keep in mind that power from water is only a part, and a comparatively small part at that, of the larger question. Besides the obvious uses of water to maintain existence in all animal and vegetable life, we have its use in navigation and its dangers in flood.

Water is, so to speak, a single fluid, yet it may be used to generate power; it is frequently employed in large industrial operations; it is absolutely essential as a domestic supply and for navigation; it must be kept from flood; in the Far West there is its specialized use in reclamation and irrigation; and most of the major scenic and outdoor recreational areas of the country center around rivers and cataracts. In many cases it is the same source or the same supply of water that confers all the benefits upon man or causes all the troubles. It may seem at times to the practical minded that those who protest the development of a particular water-power site on the ground that scenic or wild-life values will be destroyed are petty in their objectives. But there are more far-reaching issues at stake in such protests than are implied in words such as "scenic" or "recreational." The real question is whether there is any far-sighted planning or water program involved, or, to express the idea in other words, whether all the values have been taken into consideration and properly balanced.

Such tremendous progress has been made in the use of coal and other fuels that we cannot but wonder at the passion to develop water power. The very companies that boast of their progress in steam generation seem determined to fasten upon and alienate every cataract. Possibly this may be shrewd strategy from the viewpoint of immediate private corporate warfare, but it is unnecessary and superfluous, to say the least, from the viewpoint of national policy and welfare. As Emerson remarked, "Why so hot, little man?"

The water will still be flowing and falling, at this point and that, a hundred or a thousand years from now. Perhaps in the distant future we will have exhausted our fuel. Perhaps no new source of energy will have been found, despite all the efforts of scientists. Then we shall use every drop of water, and the Yellowstone National Park will be a series of dams and reservoirs. But why the present zeal to harness and dam and grade and lower and raise and wholly industrialize every beautiful waterfall in the country, when, for all anyone knows, the advance in the state of the art may render many of these developments uneconomical in the course of a few years? Surely this is a reasonable query in view of past improvements in steam generation. Furthermore, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the general popular impression concerning the economy of water-power development is erroneous. The public seems to have a vague idea that because water is a free gift from heaven the development is necessarily economical. The capital required to build the necessary works is very great in many cases, and overhead charges, consequently, are large. Often steam plants are cheaper than water power. Clearly the country has made only a bare beginning toward a water policy.

Banking Changes

TO CARRY an idea or movement to excess is commonly asserted to be a characteristic of American life. We are accused, and indeed accuse ourselves, of rushing to extremes. Each new method or cause that comes along is carried too far, only to be followed by the next piece of intemperate enthusiasm. This general statement has no little application, we fear, to the swift alterations, amounting almost to revolution, which the banking system of the country has been undergoing in recent months. Group banking by means of holding companies, reaching great proportions in respect to capitalization and resources, and stretching across state lines, has suddenly become one of the foremost of the newer mechanisms in the field of business.

The merits and demerits of holding companies in respect to banking, and of group, chain and branch banking, constitute a complicated and much-debated subject. The severe restrictions upon branches in this as compared with other countries seems, in the present era of extraordinary financial expansion, to have stimulated the rapid and almost abrupt resort to group, chain and holding-company schemes as a substitute or economic subterfuge for the more direct method of outright branch operation. John W. Pole, Comptroller of the Currency, went on record before the American Bankers' Association, at their October convention, to the effect that the limits of branch banking should be extended, and he added that "the group can never be operated with the economy, the flexibility and singleness of policy which is possible under a branch system." Thus it may be said that the changes under way and the confusion involved have received official recognition from those in positions of governmental authority.

But entirely aside from the question of liberalizing the branch-banking laws, it should be observed that too sudden a change is likely to be accompanied by dangers. This point has been expressed admirably by Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., economist of one of the New York banks, when he stated that either the unit system, so long prevalent in this country, or the branch system of Europe can work well if the country is adjusted to it. But neither system could work well if suddenly adopted in a country which has long been accustomed to the other. The whole matter is one which should not be settled hastily or offhand. It is not a problem for sweeping generalization. It is a problem which requires the careful study of individual cases.

There is no advantage, as we see it, in eulogizing either the old unit system or the branch system. There are advantages in each. The peril in too fast a transformation lies in the speculative element. Holding companies and groups may be formed as a mere incident to a period of excited share speculation or because it is easy to do and easy to make money in the course of doing. Moreover, as Mr. Anderson remarks, the brilliant, able and upright promoter is not necessarily a capable administrator. In other words, the newer ideas in banking will prove sound in proportion as they show themselves serviceable to the business community dependent upon banks, and to the extent that they are based upon conservative stock valuations and a careful internal structure.

The Waterways Question

RENEWED interest in inland waterways leads us to raise the question of the pressing character or essential necessity of many of these proposed developments. At a recent convention of an association to promote waterways, Secretary of War Good spoke of the nation's need of all forms of transportation. But the point to raise is whether there is an urgency which requires the early expenditure of the impressive sums which these vast projects involve. It should be remembered that one reason why inland waterways on the colossal scale so intrigue the imagination and engage so many adherents is because the taxpayers in general are expected to foot the bill, rather than those who receive the direct benefit.

If national welfare requires subsidy of this kind, very well and good, but first of all, the country must be sure of the facts. Certainly there can be no disputing the fact that in recent years the railroads have been able to handle their task far more efficiently than in earlier times. In a detailed study of the proposed Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway by economists of the Brookings Institution, it is estimated that three double-track freight railroads between Boston and Chicago could be built for the cost of this waterway. It is said that an all-American route would cost even more.

That the traffic problems of the Middle West are serious is disputed by no one. The Panama Canal has been of disadvantage in certain ways to that great section, and many people feel that an ocean-going route from the Great Lakes down the St. Lawrence might prove useful. The subject is very complicated. If rates were substantially lowered, cheap manufactured goods from Europe and New England might injure the new Middle Western industrial growth. But it is chiefly wheat export that such a route is expected to facilitate. Aside from the fact that navigation is not open all the year, it is said that wheat territory tributary to the Great Lakes is declining instead of increasing as a surplus-export area. In the Far Western states of both this country and Canada exports are, of course, by way of the Pacific, and in the increasingly rich Southwest the Gulf ports are the natural outlets. Then, too, much of what Canada expects to export in the future will be by way of Hudson Bay rather than by any St. Lawrence waterway.

We do not wish to dogmatize on this intricate question. But we feel certain that the spending of vast sums for elaborate waterways is not for the immediate future. In New York State politicians and others still dispute as to whether the state barge-canal system, which has cost several hundred millions, has been of benefit. No one even raises the question of whether a trunk-line railroad of corresponding magnitude is of benefit. Yet the railroad is built by private capitalists instead of from the public treasury and, in addition, pays taxes into the treasury.

It is said that inland waterways are useful in keeping railroad rates down. But the Government directly controls railroad rates in minute detail, and an emergency reduction was made on wheat itself not long ago. We do not mean, of course, that heavy transportation should be confined necessarily to the railroads. That is absurd. Inland waterways may play a very important rôle in the future, especially if this country becomes as heavily populated as Europe. But everyone knows that the railroads can and probably will expand their capacity enormously in the near future, all without costing the taxpayer a penny.

A New Turn in Immigration

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

AS A DETERRENT, or tiring-out process, the national-origins plan of limiting immigration has made a good start. It is fitting snugly into the general scheme of the American Government to curtail the inflow of surplus foreigners. It is regarded by the aliens themselves, long checked at European ports of embarkation, as a final and convincing hint that the United States has never meant "maybe" about the immigrant-quota laws. Many of these halted aliens are scratching their names off the waiting lists or silently dropping out. They would rather go to work at home than wait from two to twenty or even thirty years in some countries to come to America.

This makes an entirely new story to tell about immigration. Consular reports on file at the State Department in Washington indicate that the registered demand for visas is subject to an increasing percentage of deduction. The forthcoming annual report of the Secretary of Labor will show that many immigrants failed to embark even after the coveted visa had been issued. Actual arrivals were fewer than the visas granted. Population experts at Washington, long familiar with the A B C's of immigration, now think they see the X Y Z's of the nation's greatest problem. Not that the millennium is in the offing, but because in simple fact there has appeared a marked and unmistakable inclination on the part of at least some of the peoples of the Old World to let the New World have its own way about this matter of selecting its immigrants—seeing that the New World has at last made up its mind.

A brief study of the consular reports since the national-origins clause began to be debated in Congress, and particularly since it was proclaimed as the law of the land, commencing last July first, will help us to envisage this psychological reaction of the restless peoples of Europe. In Poland, for instance, a man decided last July first to bring his family to America. He called, let us say, upon the American consul at Warsaw.

"How long will I have to wait for a sailing to New York?" asked the Pole.

"As an emigrant for permanent residence in the United States?" asked the consul.

"Yes, with my family."

A Long Wait

A SAD sort of little smile began to play around the consul's mouth, and the reply was something like this:

"Sorry, sir, but there are 56,286 applicants for the Polish quota ahead of you, and, under the new national-origins plan, effective today, the yearly allotment for Poland is only 6524. You, therefore, might have to wait nine years to get to America as an immigrant."

"Nine long years to get to America if I register today, July 1, 1929?" stammered the astounded Pole. "Why, we couldn't set sail before the summer of 1938. My wife and I would have outlived much of our earning capacity. Our children would have passed school age and become adults. . . . Have they cut down the quota?"

"No. On the contrary, in the case of Poland the national-origins plan has increased the annual quota by 500 or more. Under the Johnson Act, or 2 per cent law, the Polish quota was 5982. But that was temporary and this is permanent," explained the consul.

"Nine long years to get to America—that was temporary, this is permanent," mumbled the Pole in his native tongue, and then: "Guess we won't go to America. Too long to wait."

"Oh, I was just going to tell you," continued the consul, "that we could not enroll you anyhow. The registered demand for visas is so greatly in excess of the quotas in some countries that the State Department at Washington has ordered consulates to cease filing applications. Poland is one of those countries."

The Children's Playground at Ellis Island

The Alien Tide Turns

IN TURKEY there is a wait of thirty-three years or a mathematical possibility of such a delay for the America-bound emigrant. The registered demand for visas is 7407, and the national-origins quota is only 226 a year. A Turk who might register for the trip today, in the prime of life, would be lucky to be alive, and would certainly be limping with senility when his time came for sailing for America. In Turkey, too, the State Department has stopped filing applications. It grew absurd. Naturally, though, many will drop out.

Several countries with quotas of 100 a year have waiting lists of two or three thousand. Albania, for instance, is of the 100-a-year class, but has a registered demand for visas which totals 3272. That may mean a wait of thirty-two years for the Albanians. Bulgarians are twenty-five years ahead of their quota. Greeks who are registering this year may get to Uncle Sam's land by 1935, a wait of six years. And so it goes. The long wait is wearing the Old World out. The ebb of the alien tide is in sight.

In the table which the writer of this article has taken some pains to present for the reader's information, there will be some surprises for all students of the immigration problem. No doubt, some of the opponents of the national-origins clause who were of Irish descent and who made a strenuous fight to have it repealed or postponed when the matter was before Congress will be reconciled in a measure to see that our cousins of the Irish Free State are the least

The Detention Room at Ellis Island

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS spring of the year 1789. In his magnificent riverside château at St. Ouen, conveniently but two leagues from Paris, that amiably philanthropic patriarch, the Duc de Nivernais, entertained a distinguished company. That afternoon in the splendid geometrically precise gardens there had been a *fête champêtre*, and noble ladies had disguised themselves deliciously as milkmaids and shepherdesses to sing somewhat stilted verses, lauding virtue and the simple life, in answer to titled swains, amusingly *en Corydon*, who pleaded with them in antiphonic stanzas where "*appas*" and "*bras*," "*flamme*" and "*âme*," rimed fatally. Among the aristocratic spectators there had been whispered sarcasms that it was almost as old-fashioned and *ennuyeux* as Marie Antoinette's absurd playing at rusticity in her artificial village at the Petit Trianon. Those whispers, however, had been discreet, for the old duke, although like most cultured Frenchmen he shared the advanced opinions inherited from a previous generation of philosophers, certainly did not share the modish partisanship for the immensely wealthy Duc d'Orléans, fourth cousin of the king, of late taking time from his debaucheries to pose as a champion of liberty, and for years past indefatigable in a campaign of mockery and calumny against the queen he hated with a bitter personal hatred.

Now, after nightfall, they sat in the private theater of the château, the most elegant of audiences—berouged and enameled ladies glittering with diamonds from their piled-up white-powdered hair to their puffed-out panniers; their cavaliers scarcely less brilliant in brightly hued coats and knee breeches. Behind the candles of the footlights a clever amateur company, chosen from among themselves, was performing Le Mariage de Figaro, that boldly witty comedy which, prohibited for its subversive tendencies until five years ago, was still the rage for private theatricals in all circles, from the merely *bourgeois* to the most exclusive.

The play had arrived at Figaro's famous soliloquy in the fifth act:

"*Parce que vous êtes un grand seigneur, vous vous croyez un grand génie! . . . Qu'avez-vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître, et rien de plus! . . .*"

The audience burst into enthusiastic applause. Noble though all of them were, privileged beings exempt from taxation, of a blood mystically superior to all non-noble, who—like the Comte Almaviva denounced upon the stage—"for so many good things, had but given themselves the trouble to be born," they nevertheless delightedly acclaimed this attack upon their own order. It was the fashion, and more than the fashion, to do so. Imbued from childhood with the egalitarian theories of Rousseau, with the iconoclasms of Voltaire and the Encyclopédistes, they no longer believed in themselves, were all more or less genuinely fervent in the current philosophy which preached the essential equality of man, born naturally good, and depraved only by the injustices of civilization.

Now, imminently, excitingly, those injustices were about to be removed and society reconstructed—in a facile and dramatic transformation scene—according to the precepts of the philosophers. The millennium would begin next week. Faced with a permanent financial crisis, in great part a heritage from the war against England, the king had summoned for the beginning of May a meeting of the States-General, elected by an utterly novel universal suffrage, wherein the clergy, the nobles, and the non-noble Tiers État, hitherto ignored in the realm, would all be represented. Not for a hundred and seventy years, under the powerful autocracy of Louis XIV and the extravagant despotism of Louis XV, had the States-General been convened, and there was an infinity of abuses to redress. Moreover, the king, almost pathetically eager to be the benevolent father of his people, had invited every village in France to prepare a *cahier*, or document, of its grievances.

In July a Republican Young Woman Came From Caen to Deliver France From the Most Sanguinary of Her Tyrants

The entire country had gone mad with joy at this obvious beginning of a new era. If the villagers had in a multitude of cases but copied the draft *cahiers* sent to them by busy agents of the Duc d'Orléans, surprised sometimes to find unimagined grievances for complaint in addition to the oppressive burdens of an outworn feudal system, nevertheless peasant and *bourgeois* alike demanded the removal of the anomaly which decreed that one class of citizens held a monopoly of privilege in a monopoly of birth. And the nobles almost universally agreed with them, sentimentally enthusiastic in the great new dream of human perfection about to be realized in the world. Thus came it that the brilliant audience in the theater of the Duc de Nivernais applauded that revolutionary tirade of the audacious Beaumarchais so continuously that the actor on the stage had perforce to wait for their enthusiasm to exhaust itself.

That actor—in private life he was the young Comte Raoul de Saint-Vaast—had spoken his lines with the vehemence of intimate conviction. Like thousands of other generous-souled youths, noble and *bourgeois*, of his day, to whom the theories of Rousseau were gospel and the heroes of Republican Rome were almost divinities, he fervently hated tyranny and tyrants; in a sublime altruism dedicated himself to liberty, to a classic apotheosis of the civic virtues proper to an enlightened republic—a *res publica* in the Roman sense. That republic by no means excluded monarchy; indeed, it was whispered, in the highest circles as among the populace, that the philosophical Duc d'Orléans would make an admirable king if only the futile Louis XVI could be pushed aside.

Now, as he waited upon the stage, piquantly handsome in his bridal costume as the valet Figaro, he glanced down to the audience, made an almost imperceptible bow to the beautiful Marquise d'Audresson, one of the intimates of the Duc d'Orléans at the Palais Royal. She looked up to him and smiled, applauding him flatteringly. Then she turned to smile again at his own elder brother, the Marquis de Saint-Vaast, sitting somewhat grimly by her side. The young comte upon the stage suppressed an involuntary spasm of jealousy.

He loved that elder brother with all his heart, despite an irritating coldness toward his own ardent enthusiasms, but it was enough that one brother at a time should be fascinated by the lovely marquise. She smiled up to Figaro again. "Coquette!" he thought angrily, yet already mollified.

The play continued. The naughty Comte Almaviva was duly defeated at the conclusion of the sprightly intrigue. The curtain fell to renewed applause.

(Continued on Page 36

At your grocer's

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

Your family welcomes soup every day!

There's nothing like Campbell's,
So cheerful and gay;
Of course I advise you
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No work for you and a different soup every day! Soup so delicious that the family enjoys every spoonful! So much variety in the soups you serve that no one ever tires of them!

Variety. Tempting quality. Convenience. 21 different Campbell's Soups—each with its own individuality and appealing flavor. Already cooked—on your table in next to no time.

Think of it! Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. That's all! Nothing else for you to do except enjoy the soup! A deliciousness doubly welcome!

And when you want a luncheon or supper with fifteen different vegetables — serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's a meal in itself! 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

(Continued from Page 34

A little later the noble actors and actresses, divested of their paint and masquerade, rejoined the audience in the candle-lit salons whither it had dispersed.

The young Comte Raoul hesitated for a moment, his glance roving over the gossiping couples. Then he went straight across to where the Marquise d'Audresson sat in talk with his brother. She looked up, gave him a ravishing smile as he came near.

"I was reproaching your brother, Monsieur le Comte," she said sparklingly, "that he lets his junior show him the way. It is the sacred duty of us nobles to lead the people in this new era of brotherhood."

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast frowned.

"Indeed, madame, you are too kind in your concern for me," he said curtly. "As for leading the people in this new era, I have had the honor to be elected to the States-General to represent the nobles of my district, and I shall do my duty. And," he added significantly, "*en fait de Roi*, I take the liberty of preferring our good Louis to Monseigneur Son Altesse Sérénissime le Duc d'Orléans."

The charming eyes of the Marquise d'Audresson flashed dangerously for an instant, and then again she turned to the younger brother.

"Your senior is a crabbed old ogre," she laughed. "At the least he is terribly old-fashioned. But what can one expect from a man who buries himself obstinately with his peasants in the provinces? Let us hope that our air of Paris will civilize him a little!" She rose from her seat, dipped in a curtsy. "Monsieur le Marquis de Saint-Vaast, Son Altesse le Duc d'Orléans bade me tell you that always he will be rejoiced to see you at the Palais Royal, where his liberality has given me also an apartment. As for monsieur your cadet"—she turned her eyes on the comte—"already he knows where he is ever welcome."

They bowed low. She swept away, moved with another bright little laugh to join another party.

The two brothers looked at each other.

"Have a care, my good Raoul," smiled the elder, helping himself elegantly to a pinch of snuff from his diamonded box. "The friends of His Most Serene Highness play a dangerous game. Our good king seems to have forgotten the convenience of lettres de cachet, but one day he may remember it."

"Those instruments of an arbitrary tyranny will be swept away as soon as the States-General meet!" said the younger hotly. "All the *cahiers* demand it!"

The elder shrugged his shoulders, snapped down the lid of his snuffbox.

"Maybe," he concurred. "The scandal of condemnations for treason may, unfortunately, be necessitated. But the Bastille still stands, I believe, although somewhat neglected of late by our benevolent monarch. It has a long tradition of hospitality toward well-born persons with a taste for conspiracy."

The younger looked at him angrily. "Jacques! Do you mean to accuse Madame d'Audresson of conspiracy?"

The elder put away his snuffbox

"I accuse nobody of anything, my dear Raoul. I make merely a few general remarks for your benefit. And I take the liberty of not appreciating all the friends of the Duc d'Orléans. *Voilà tout!*" He smiled pleasantly. "There is nothing in that which can disturb our mutual affection, I trust."

The younger took a deep breath. At least, his brother was not a rival with him for the *beaux yeux* of Madame d'Audresson. That was something. Yet there was an edge of hostility in the tone which hurt him.

"Jacques," he said, "I would with all my soul that you were also a patriot!"

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast raised his eyebrows.

"Indeed!" he answered. "And who says that I am not? Permit me to remind you of the tradition of our family. It is something you will perhaps not find among your new friends—the *roturiers* and the *canaille*—nor among those who would exploit them."

The young man bit his lip, forced back the sharp retort that leaped up in him

"Jacques," he said, "such old-fashioned prejudices of rank are unworthy of you, who almost quixotically treat your poorest peasant as a man having rights to be respected. Be generous! Believe that we work only to strike the chains of servitude from the nation, that our cause is the cause of humanity."

The elder smiled impassibly. "I should like nothing better than to believe it, my dear Raoul. But this is scarcely a convenient occasion to convince me. . . . You will pardon me if I leave you to speak a few words to our host?"

The young comte watched him walk elegantly across the polished floor, engage in amiable conversation with the courtly old duke quizzing his guests through his lorgnette. His brother's cynical skepticism was a pain in him.

An orchestra struck up. The company cleared from the floor, began to advance again upon it in couples for the first minuet. He started forward, secured the Marquise d'Audresson as his partner.

As they touched hands, came close in the dance, she murmured to him, her bewitching eyes meltingly soft:

"*Cher comte*, I foresee the happiest of futures."

His heart throbbed violently at that idyllic prospect.

It was October, 1789. For five months France had been convulsed as never in history had any nation been convulsed. A long endemic scarcity had become an obsessional terror of famine. Hordes of strange and terrible brigands suddenly appeared in all the provinces, destroying grain convoys denounced as breadstuffs cornered by a court wickedly resolved to starve the people, murdering, oddly enough, precisely all those most conspicuous for philanthropy toward the poor; alleging orders "from the king"

(Continued on Page 197)

"What Would You Do if it Were Proved to You That Almost All Your Virtuous Republican Leaders Were in Fact Treacherous Scoundrels?"

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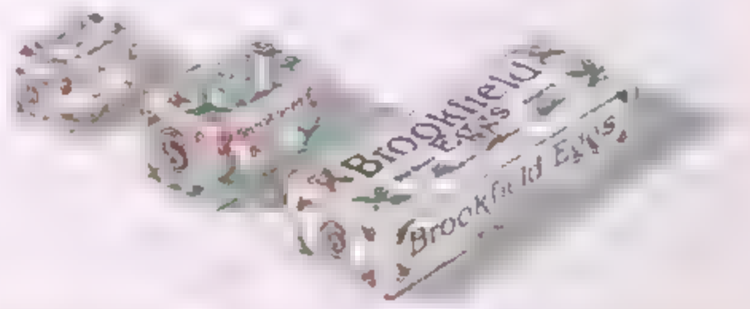
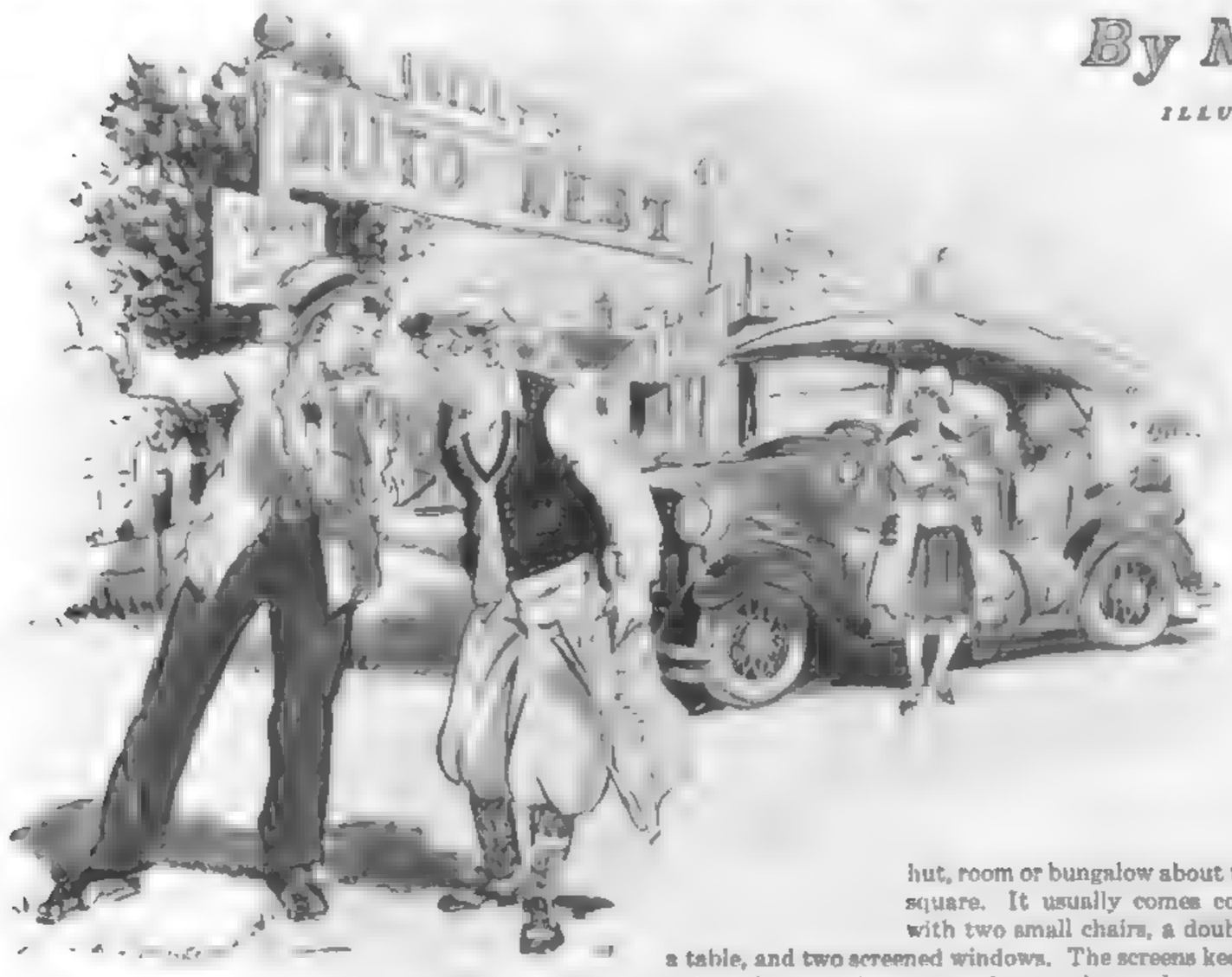


AN AUTOIST'S ALPHABET

By Myron M. Stearns

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Every Cabin is Taken! You Go to a Hotel

A IS for Absent-mindedness, leading through Accelerator to Accident. You learn to drive, you become expert, you grow confident. The sense of constant danger leaves you. Then, about to overtake another machine, pass an intersection, round a curve, descend a hill or cross a railroad track, you suddenly remember you left that letter lying on your desk. For the time being, the moment, the flash of an eye, you are not driving an automobile at all. You are looking for that letter, your mind on your desk. In that moment, if the machine ahead stops suddenly, you are too late to avoid a crash. A car coming down the side road, at that moment, smashes into you. A stalled truck, blocking half the road just beyond the curve, proves, in that moment, your undoing. The suddenly increased speed of your machine on the down grade, at that moment, takes the car out of your control. The only up train of the day, on the little branch railroad that crosses the highway just beyond, takes you, at that particular moment, Kerbang!

Friends kindly omit flowers.

Until last year fourteen out of every hundred grade-crossing accidents occurred not when a train hit an automobile but when an automobile ran into a train. Last year the number jumped to one in every four.

One man drove into the twenty-eighth car of a long freight train. On regaining consciousness his first words were: "Why didn't he blow his whistle?"

B stands for Brake, a cunning contrivance whereby you merely push the right foot when you want to slow down or stop. It sounds easy, and it is. Too easy. Most motorists come to rely on their brakes instead of their brains. This is a mistake. Every time you apply a brake hard you spend more money on tires. On long grades, by holding a brake on steadily in what is known as dragging, inexperienced drivers run the risk of burning out their bands, so that the brakes give out just when they are needed most—at the foot of the hill. More skillful drivers avoid this by descending long hills in second gear, and by using brakes only to snub, or bring the car to a safe speed, at the corners.

There are two brakes—a service brake, for use in emergencies; and an emergency brake, for use when the car is standing still. Abrupt application of these brakes is usually the sign of an amateur driver—either in your car or in the car ahead. The more experienced the motorist the more skillfully and the less frequently he uses his brakes.

C is for Cabin Camp, the halfway point between real Camping and real Comfort. A cabin is a wooden house, hut, room or bungalow about ten feet square. It usually comes complete with two small chairs, a double bed, a table, and two screened windows. The screens keep mosquitoes from getting out, so that you have a better chance to kill them before going to bed. In the good old days, half a dozen years ago, the bed had neither mattress nor bedding: you brought your own blankets. In our more effete days, however, it more often sports both—of a sort. This enables the camp proprietor to charge two dollars a night for each cabin. Say, at least double what any self-respecting hotel would feel justified in collecting for equally inadequate accommodations.

Cabin camps, however, have become so popular that on all the main transcontinental highways they are strung along by the score—each camp with its orderly row of cabins, like hencoops in a poultry yard. Tourists often drive into poultry yards by mistake, mistaking coops for cabins. Such cabins have two advantages over hotels: They give you much more of out-of-doors than a hotel can offer; consequently they preserve the congenial atmosphere of an outing. And in spite of the charge, they are cheaper. Hotels scorn such cheap layouts. Also, there is no bellhop to carry your baggage and collect tips, and you can cook your own meals in the camp kitchen. Even $5000-car tourists, on long trips, often put up at cabin camps. The roof at least keeps off the rain.

One peculiarity of these unique caravansaries is that they are thickest in the middle of the day. Along toward evening they get very scarce. After you are ready to stop, you drive on for miles before you come to one. Hungry and tired, you give thanks for even the most unsatisfactory bungalow.

Every cabin is taken! You go to a hotel.

D for Detour. Also for Damn.

Last year there were approximately 12,000 miles of detours in the United States—4000 of them for stone highway construction, and the other 8000 for improvement of surfaced roads, rebuilding of bridges, and so on. Nearly every mile represented irritation to autoists, and, in thousands of cases, needless waste of thousands of dollars. Probably more than $50,000,000 a year is wasted because of making cars detour over unnecessarily long distances, over unnecessarily rough roads, and for an unnecessarily long time. In 1922 Wisconsin took a count of cars at a hundred representative places in the state where roads were under construction, and found that during the year 1320 cars traveled 2.16 additional miles, on account of 159 detours, for 81.6 days. At ten cents a mile that represented nearly $3,700,000 spent on Wisconsin detours for extra mileage alone; not counting the fact that in extra gasoline in low gear, additional wear and tear on cars and tires, not to mention additional accidents, the cost of running automobiles over bad roads is often three times as much as on good highways. Today both Wisconsin and Minnesota put up maps on big wooden signs at each end of every detour, with an arrow marking the spot indicated by "You are here," and showing length of detour and alternate routes. They also put up clear signs on detours, four to every mile.

In 1924 H. F. Clemmer, chief engineer of the Illinois division of highways, estimated that $900,000 a year could be saved for autoists in Illinois by shortening the construction time on new roads by two weeks. Last year, on the Dixie Highway, in Cook County, Maj. George A. Quinlan used four additional sacks of cement for every twelve cubic feet of sand and twenty-one cubic feet of crushed rock in construction of a new roadway, so that the road could be opened three days after the paving was put in. The saving to motorists more than paid, it was estimated, for the extra cement.

Yet in most places you are still at the mercy of local road contractors, with no redress for lost time, ragged nerves, and a broken spring, except in your own vocabulary.

E stands for Experience. There is no substitute.

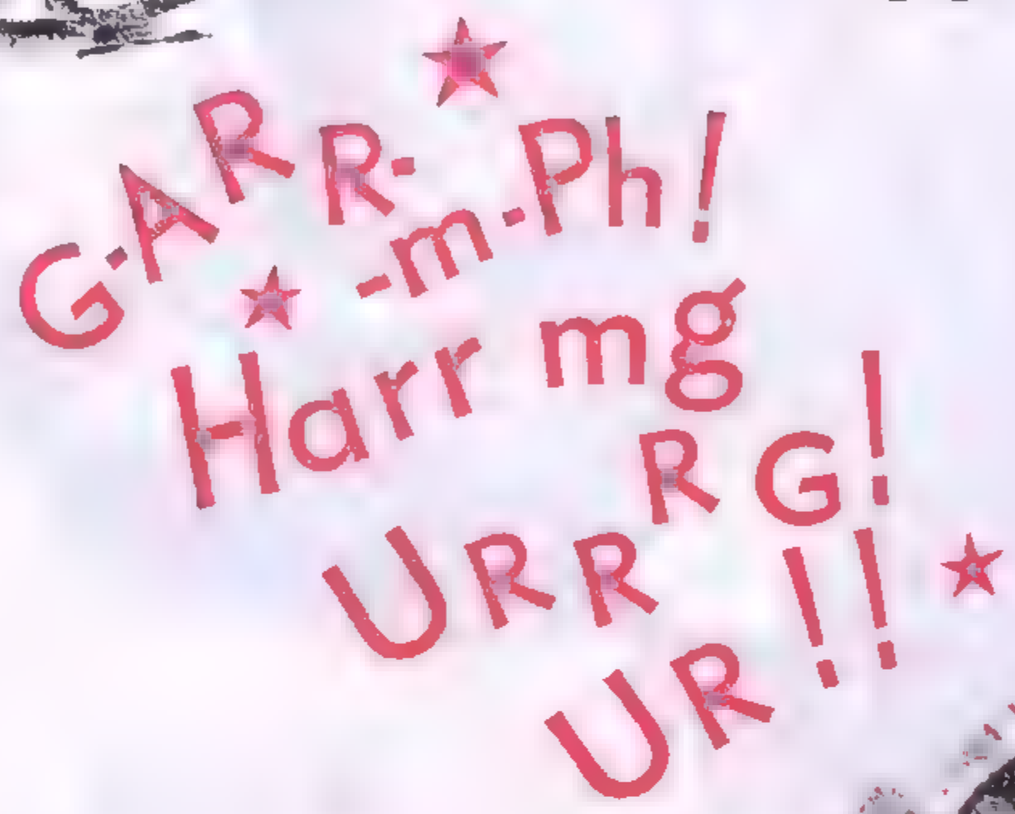
In a sudden emergency an experienced driver may automatically jam on his brakes, twist his wheels, skid his car, and avoid an accident. For an inexperienced driver, in the same predicament, this would be impossible. Neither the mind nor the hands and feet can work so quickly except through long practice.

High-school papers please copy.

F is for Fool. This lad we have always with us. One of his favorite stunts is to leave his car parked halfway out on a busy highway, while he changes a tire or picks an apple or eats his lunch. If two other cars happen to meet just there and need all the road, and smash fenders or turn over because they haven't got it, he's all puzzled and

Continued on Page 41

In Most Places You are Still at the Mercy of Local Road Contractors



Your starter warns you, "beware of cold-stiffened oil"

A cold-weather warning

This is the time of the year when cold-stiffened oil can quickly steal the first year feel in your engine. After your engine has been standing in the cold garage all night, much of the oil on the pistons and cylinder walls has drained down into the crankcase. How quickly the oil can reach them again depends on whether or not you use the correct grade of oil *for this time of the year.*

When your engine feels stiff in starting, remember that the load you so definitely notice on the starter is transferred to the engine as soon as it begins to turn over. With incorrect oil in the crankcase, the first few moments of starting and running give your engine more destructive wear than many miles of ordinary driving.

Find your car in the chart at the right, and *today* have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct grade of the New Mobiloil for cold weather use. Mobiloil engineers have studied every make and model of automobile engine in special cold weather laboratories and in northern countries. They were the first to point out the need for a special winter grade of oil, and the first to make it. Now these years of study and experience have resulted in the perfection of the new Mobiloil for cold weather use—better than ever before. The new Mobiloil Arctic flows easily in the coldest weather. It also maintains full lubricating value at the higher running temperatures, and *lasts for a longer time.*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
" 6-65 and other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A	A	BB	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Imperial 80 and Imperial " other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible] Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Model L					L	L	L	L
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon Model [illegible]	A	Arc						
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	BB	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Whippet	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.							B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

Change to the New Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant Now

You can further fortify your engine against the wear and strain of the cold winter months ahead by having your transmission and differential drained and refilled with the new Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. Many transmission and gear lubricants separate out in cold weather. Others tend to harden. The new Mobiloil "CW" always maintains its original composition and clings tenaciously to each gear tooth. This lightens the engine load and makes gear shifting easy in even the coldest weather.

the New Mobiloil

Marble itself is no lovelier than the Karnean Marbled patterns in Sealex Linoleums. The delicate veinings and rich colorings of rare marble are re-created in these magnificent floorings — no two tiles are alike. In the dining room is shown the "CRUSADER" pattern in Sealex Linoleum — No. 5092.

"SIERRA"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 3504

"MONTE CARLO"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 6062

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FASHION has placed her seal of approval upon the new decorative mode for colorful floors. The *fact* that in *Sealex Linoleums* one may choose floorings of beauty, charm and color, that also are practical, has transformed the *fad for color* into a widely accepted custom. This new trend is so deeply rooted in artistic correctness that it will be the foundation of smart home decoration for generations to come.

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Your pleasure in having these new-day floorings in your home can begin at once. Go to a good furniture, department, or linoleum store. Ask to see *Sealex Linoleums*—choose one for some particular room. Installation is a mere matter of *hours*—with little inconvenience to you or strain on your purse.

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(Continued from Page 38)

troubled and excited and sympathetic, but of course they can't blame him! Next time he stops right in the road, just beyond a curve, to examine a road map. Half a mile beyond he signals for a turn—just knocking the ashes off his cigar. The day after, he backs out of his own driveway or starts out from the curb or a filling station without looking to see whether or not anyone's coming, slow or fast.

On a Sunday morning, last July, one of these fools, in a roadster, was cutting in and out of a double line of traffic on a Maine highway, just outside of Portland. Passing a small sedan, he cut in quick to escape a head-on collision with the next car coming toward him. Too close. He caught the fender of the small sedan. A woman was driving it. The sedan swung toward the ditch, then out into the line of oncoming traffic. Result: A head-on collision with a big limousine, and the little sedan all smashed up. The woman killed, her husband, sitting beside her, also killed, and a friend in the tonneau crippled for life. But the fool drove right on, cutting in and out, quite unconnected with the tragedy that occurred behind him.

More and more, in some of the states, they are trying to eliminate the fools by stricter examinations for drivers' licenses. In a group of Northeastern states where examinations are required, automobile registration increased 179 per cent in seven years, and automobile accidents increased 171 per cent. In a group of Southeastern states, where license requirements are still lax, automobile registration increased 210 per cent during the same seven years, and auto accidents 259 per cent.

Probably the policy of holding drivers to stricter accountability for accidents, and gradually revoking the driving licenses of repeaters, will sooner or later cut down the 5 per cent of fool drivers who are responsible for nearly 90 per cent of the accidents.

G stands for Grade Crossing; which calls for three comments. The first is that the idea of doing away with grade crossings altogether, so fondly cherished by amateur accident eliminators, is pretty, but merely fanciful. So long as we have railroads there will be grade crossings.

Second, every year grade-crossing warnings are becoming more and more out of date.

Where such a warning is hidden by a curve it is often physically impossible, at the rate automobiles travel these days, to stop, even upside down, before reaching the track. Some grade crossings on country roads are still protected only by cross arms, set beside a track decades ago to warn buggy drivers. In other instances the warning signs are placed farther back, but are relatively inconspicuous, and still too near the track to give adequate warning to fast-moving cars.

The third point is that, in the matter of grade-crossing protection, the Western states, with high, swinging wigwags that warn of approaching trains, are far ahead of most of the Eastern states, where the variety of warnings are all much less conspicuous.

H is for Horn.

It is surprising how much the honk of an automobile horn reveals of the experience, skill, and intelligence of the honker.

A car comes up behind you on the highway. You are driving thirty. "Zonk!" says the car behind—not too long or insistent or loud; just right. Meaning: "My road gait is a little faster than yours, so, since there is a clear road ahead, if you don't mind, I'll go on past." Immediately he pulls alongside and rolls on past, giving you plenty of room, without hurrying.

But the greenhorn—that is another matter. He honks too soon, he honks too loud, and he honks too long. Almost instinctively you want to move over into the middle of the road, to show what you think of his arrogant or idiotic blatting. Even after the blare you can't be sure he'll go past you, or that you'll be safe if he does; he may lose his nerve and drop back, or scurry ahead and cut in, dangerously close.

In the city of Washington, a couple of years ago, indignant pedestrians, tired of being startled by the horns of dumb-bell drivers, finally instituted a less-horn campaign. Many signs were put up, reading: "Use brakes more and horns less."

Of course that comes right back to brains. "Use brains more and horns less" is the real idea.

I is for Intersection, the great killing ground of the broad highway. Nowadays a main thoroughfare is often quite as dangerous as a railway grade crossing.

In Rochester, New York, I was driving in a small car with the assistant superintendent of schools—a careful driver—when a delivery car darted at us out of a side street. As we were going only about fifteen miles an hour we stopped in time to avoid being annihilated. The boy driving the delivery truck was going so fast he couldn't stop. He swerved and went ahead of us, but clipped the corner of our machine as he did so. That started his car skidding. It turned halfway round, struck the curbstone broadside on, knocked off all four wheels, slithered across the sidewalk and came to rest leaning drunkenly against a brick church. The boy wasn't hurt. I suppose he's still driving delivery wagons.

In an effort to eliminate such performances many cities and some states have put through Boulevard Stop regulations that require all motorists to come to a full stop before crossing main highways. Although such rules mean, in the aggregate, a lot of time lost and unnecessary trouble taken when stops have to be made before crossing an empty road, they may be advisable until the time comes when all drivers learn to cross crossings carefully.

J stands for Jay-walker, all over the country. In several cities of the West and Pacific Coast—Fort Worth, Los Angeles, San Francisco and a long list of others—jay-walker laws compel pedestrians to observe traffic rules at street crossings and wait for the lights. In Chicago and New York the same thing has been attempted, but the pedestrians refuse to stay put. Perhaps they are more lawless than in the West. Or it may be merely that there are more of them. Last year more than 4000 persons were killed while crossing streets against the traffic. But, on the other hand, more than 2000 were killed while crossing with the lights set their way.

K may as well stand for Kineter, to remind us of the days, only thirty years ago, when automobiles were more to be stared at than airplanes are now. "Kineter," in 1895, was seriously considered as a suitable name for the new self-propelling contraptions that scared horses to death. "Motorcycle" was also debated, and later adopted for the speedy two-wheeled type of dingus that emits more noise for its size than anything else on the highway. So was "autogo." But "automobile" finally won out.

L is for Local Driver, a term employed by long-distance truckmen and bus drivers for unskilled and inexperienced motorists who make the roads around cities doubly dangerous. A local driver is usually unacquainted with the rules of the road, and has not yet learned that courtesy and a full observance of the other fellow's rights are as necessary for motorists on the highway as for pedestrians on the sidewalk. On a three-lane boulevard a local driver generally keeps well toward the center. He hates to drive close to the side of the road. He hates to let another machine pass. At crossings he will race for the intersection. He almost always swings too wide in avoiding obstacles, endangering other traffic. He will often take a chance on passing and cutting in, in crowded traffic, on hills, on curves or at intersections. His horn is his herald. He is a poor judge of speed.

See "Road Driver."

M stands for Momentum. The smallest touring car weighs nearly a ton. The average car weighs about a ton and a half. Limousines weigh as much as two and a half or three. Loaded trucks, using the same highways, sometimes weigh as much as fifteen tons, and often travel fast. A skillful driver knows and understands something of what such weight, traveling at high rates of speed, means. He will speed up his car at the foot of a hill to ease the strain on his motor in getting over the grade. He will pull off his power long before he comes to a curve, when he is rolling forty or more, in order to ease down to a safer speed without having to use his brakes. Droning along at sixty on a Texas highway—see S for "Speed"—a good driver will spot a mule team while it is still hardly more than a speck on the concrete ribbon ahead of him, and slow down bit by bit, getting more careful all the time. You never can tell what a mule is going to do next—or a mule driver, either. And if another machine should happen to come along and block the rest of the road at that particular point, momentum makes sixty miles a grand speed to be traveling anything else but.

A fool driver, on the other hand, usually knows so little about momentum that he's likely to keep right on into an intersection just because he has the right of way, even when there's another fool driver on a two-ton car coming along the other road fast enough to kill him. Why, he doesn't even know enough to use the momentum of his own flywheel; he makes his poor old motor keep slogging slowly along with the throttle wide open on a grade, long after he should have shifted gears!

N stands for "No Left Turn," "No Turn on Red," "No Parking," and similar nuisances; some necessary and others needless. In 1910 there was about one automobile for every two and a half miles of surfaced road in the country. By 1918 there were seventeen cars for every mile of surfaced road. Although we are now building more than 40,000 miles of good roads a year, the number of automobiles is increasing faster still. Last year there were about forty for each mile of surfaced road, and more than eighty for each mile of concrete. That means traffic-crowded streets in cities, where automobiles grow most thickly. To help matters out, all these don't turn, don't hurry, don't park, and don't argue with the traffic cop regulations have been put through. Often they are necessary and really help. But owing to the great American there-ought-to-be-a-law theory, some of the regulations merely make things more hectic. City fathers don't always remember that fool rules are worse than none at all. Besides that, although the Hoover Code is designed to make different cities agree on their traffic regulations, they don't.

In New York and Chicago you pull over to the left to make a left turn; in Washington you pull over to the right. Conflicting customs like that are hard on strangers and pedestrians.

O is for Overconfidence. Until a driver learns from experience to expect the unexpected, he is likely to be overcome when it happens. How could Jones know, after waiting so long for a freight train to pass, that there'd be an express coming along in the opposite direction on the other track the very next second?

In Pennsylvania, in 1927, 300,000 people applied for driving licenses. They all thought they knew enough about handling a car to be allowed on the highways. But 75,000 of them weren't able to pass a perfectly simple examination in actual operation. On later examinations, after they'd practiced a little more, all but 15,000 were given their licenses to handle in public a deadly weapon—the automobile.

P stands for "Proceed at your own risk"; a simple motto that enables local contractors and communities to shift the expense of maintaining a respectable gangway, during alterations, to the springs and shoulders of passing motorists. A great many counties and townships and parishes, as a matter of fact, can't really afford to keep up decent detours during periods of road construction. The use of roads by the general public has spread much more rapidly than the methods of paying for them. Although hundreds of city fellers now motor through Frog Center, Frog Center still has to build its own roads.

In 1926 Indiana had 4000 miles of state and Federal aid roads, 37,500 miles of county roads, and 40,000 miles of township roads.

In 1927, in Michigan, state, Federal aid, and county roads all together totaled 22,000 miles; township roads totaled 55,000 miles.

Q is for Questions, that you have to ask to find out where you are.

Tourists have learned to give thanks for the Federal-aid-highways system that now embraces clearly marked routes in nearly every state. But each incorporated city is still left to its own devices. Some put up good signs; others don't.

Just let a Westerner try to find his way from New York to Philadelphia, through Jersey City and Newark and Elizabeth! That'll teach him.

R is for Road Driver, the name long-distance haulers give the lad that knows his cucumbers.

"I can tell a road driver as far as I can see him," the driver of an express bus told me once. "How? Why, by the way he drives! Look at that boy ahead there. See him wabble around? See how far in on the road he is? See him cut in on that curve? Anybody can tell he's only a local driver!"

In knowledge of speed and momentum, perhaps more than any other one thing, road drivers excel. They know exactly how fast they can drive on a slippery pavement without danger of skidding. They know exactly how fast they can take any particular curve with safety. They know how rapidly they can pick up speed, how long it will take to pass a slower-moving car on an up grade, on a down grade, or on the level. They unconsciously estimate the speed of cars on the highways ahead of them—both those that are coming and those that are going—so that they know at a glance whether or not there is time enough to pass safely. If there isn't time enough to pass safely they know that, too, and make no move to attempt it.

"Every trip," an Illinois bus driver told me, "I see my passengers jump and dodge, in the mirror there, over and over again. But I haven't so much as scratched a fender in 300,000 miles. Lots of times they say, 'My! That was

(Continued on Page 145)

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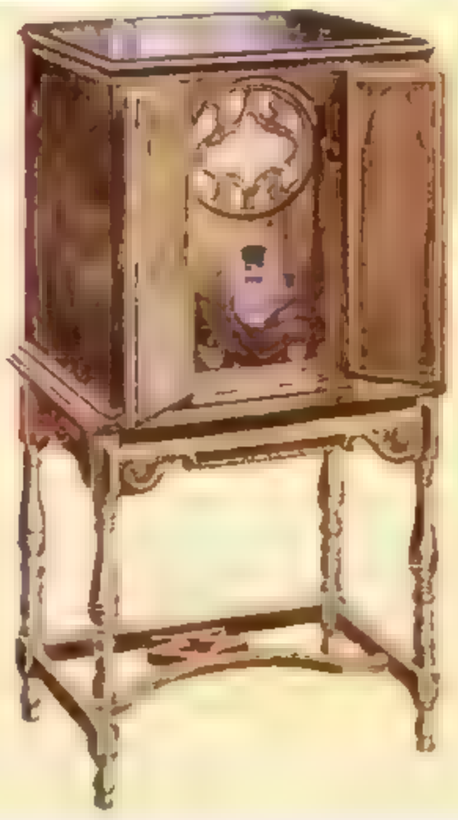

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

THE DEALER IN CERTAINTIES

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

No Words Were Spoken, But Suddenly the Ferret-Face Became Obsequious and Not Only Took Off His Spurs But Did So With a Show of Pleasure and Strapped Them on the Foreigner

SPRING had set in, so that the potted palms and tubbed orange trees in the patio of the Hotel Hispanico in Seville took on a suggestion of unnecessary political officeholders. For the same reason—the outside heat—the waterless fountain in the center grew to resemble a watchman asleep at his post. The tourists from the frozen north, who a few weeks before had sat at the little iron tables and imagined themselves in a warm climate, had left for cooler places.

Richard Starr, director and chief stockholder of Starr Pictures, Inc., lingered because he had not yet rediscovered the Spanish star he had found in a railway carriage at Utrera and mysteriously lost en route to Seville. He spent his time hopefully walking about the city. He was leaving the hotel, when he heard:

"Hey, there, Dick! Hold on!"

He turned, his hand outstretched in advance, because the voice was friendly and not because he recognized it.

He saw Brian Safford, the portrait painter, and said gratefully, "At last!"

"Oh, yes, you've been counting the minutes," jeered Brian, but shook hands warmly.

"Where from?" asked Starr.

"Granada, from Madrid, from Paris."

"From Madrid you logically should have come to Seville direct. Instead you detoured by Granada. There is only one explanation. I hope you will show me your sketches of her," said Starr.

"I was going to ask you to look at it. I made only one."

"As serious as that, eh?" Starr shook his head.

"Don't be clever," warned Brian. "Seen Granada yet?"

"No. I was on my way to get my railroad ticket when you stopped me," answered Starr.

"One-way ticket?"

"Brian, the lady in my case has been dead more than four hundred years. Her name was Isabella. To you, as to all other Americans, she is merely a bit of the stage setting used by one Christopher Columbus in his act."

"Oh, you're going to do a picture of Columbus? Good!"

"If I do I'll begin with the siege of Granada. There ought to be a picture there."

"There isn't a picture there, because there are ten. And moreover your story will have the competition of the views from the Alhambra, which are superb." Safford said it with the complacency of a chronic kill-joy.

"I feared that," Starr confessed. "But I have to test out my theories."

"Which dozen?" asked Brian.

"Trying to catch the spirit of the place with the camera."

"Can't be done. You ought to know it by this time."

"If painters can get it," insisted Starr, "I can."

"They are not cameras, but souls," Brian reminded him.

"Painters use pigments and brushes and a canvas. I use chemicals and lenses and also a flat surface. The man behind the camera is no worse than the man behind the brush."

"And selection and emphasis and reticence?" And Brian smiled triumphantly. "Remember Pompeii?"

Starr had expected much from that picture and had failed.

"My medium is less elastic," confessed Starr. "In Pompeii the air was thick with ghosts which somehow the lens filtered out. But then it isn't every human being, either, whose personality is transmissible. I'll keep on trying. So I am for the Alhambra. My failure won't be my fault."

"You'll do no pictures of it, but you'll come back with another adventure in your repertoire. You are not the Lucky Starr for nothing."

"Luck?" grumbled Starr. "I find stories because I never stop looking for them. I earn my adventures. They don't merely happen."

"Well, will you write me what doesn't merely happen to you in Granada?"

"I'll write to your New York address in September. By that time you will have either forgotten her or painted her."

The next day Starr left for Granada. When he arrived it was night. Rain was falling with an effect of being paid for it by the year. The air was uncomfortably cool. Beyond noting that the old-fashioned arc lights burned more purplishly than he had seen in America in years, and that by reason of the humidity he could not distinguish any characteristic city odor, Starr reached the hotel that Brian had recommended, without his usual valuable first impressions.

The doorkeeper, gorgeous in a livery of dark green with gold galloons, greeted him with a deference so exaggerated that Starr was certain a mistake had been made. Seeing his look, the man intelligently explained, in Spanish, "We expected the señor."

Dick shook his head.

"It is Mr. Starr, is it not?" insisted the *portero*.

"Yes; but who told you I was coming? I didn't know it myself until yesterday."

Dick, in accordance with his custom, looked for his real answer in the man's face.

"Twice Mr. Safford asked me if you had arrived. After the second asking, the hope."

He bowed again and in so doing managed to congratulate himself, the hotel and Granada. Gestures always and everywhere interested Starr. His dream was to establish a sort of universal sign language, an international code of pantomimic conventions.

"I also hope," Starr told the *portero*, and continued to watch the face fascinatedly, handicapped though it was by a mustache. From that throat came ringingly:

"In everything—always—command Fermin Palacios, your servant and God's!"

Starr, having received the worth of a hundred pesetas, gave him five and bade him:

"Continue to hope, Fermin."

The next morning, under clear skies, he went out of the hotel alone. This he accomplished by telling Fermin, "I do not wish a guide. These pesetas are for a week's silence."

He walked gloomily about the city. The books were all wrong: those written by artists not less than those written by Germans. This was not the Granada of any of them. It was the corpse of a city that, not having yet become a picturesque ruin, was without appeal to human sympathy. He was conscious of the parasitical quality of a tourist-sustained life—the resort atmosphere without the compensating comforts and cleanliness. It drowned the voices of the older houses. It immobilized the ghosts of the place. But, as always, looking for the unexpected with the certainty of finding it, he wandered about the streets alone. He was blond, clean-shaven, clear-skinned, tall and straight. In his tweeds and his cloth hat he announced his foreignness a league in advance. As a matter of fact, he spoke Spanish perfectly. He had very dark-blue eyes, which he

(Continued on Page 45)

"GET CAUGHT IN THE SKY WITH A FROZEN MOTOR?

NOT ME! NOT WHILE THERE'S EVEREADY PRESTONE!

CHARLES K. LANDER, Air Operations Manager of the Wichita Flying School, is author of that remark. He says, "We are using the perfect anti-freeze in our ships for the second season. We take every precaution possible to guarantee the safety of our students."

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(Continued from Page 43)

used not only to see but to listen with—which is not usual with blue eyes. He had the luck to possess a pleasant speaking voice and a knack of suddenly making it sound cold and disturbing. It served him to get snapshot effects from indiscreet persons whom he startled out of their set poses.

He wasted two days on Granada and on the third went to the Alhambra. As Brian Safford had foreseen, Starr could not pictorially centralize the interest, for there was not one stage but twenty. But worse than that, he could not get the subtler effects. The Sevilla of the Christians he could easily turn into the Ishibilyâh of the Moors; in certain quarters he had merely to glance down the street to see, coming out of guarded houses, men whose twin brothers he had watched in Tangier walking through the Bab-ed-Dakhl. But here, in the Alhambra, for all the volunteered help of tradition and association, he failed ignominiously every time he sought to repeople the gorgeous interiors. The revenants were not fourteenth-century Moors, but anachronistic Moslems—faint shadows that went through the elaborately meaningless ceremonies of a production. The unknown etiquette of the most fascinating court of Europe in the 1300's was beyond mental picturization by the highly sensitive director of Starr Pictures, Inc.

In the lassitude of his defeat, Starr allowed the efficient Fermin Palacios at the hotel to saddle him with a friend who had picked up—from curio dealers, he later confessed—an abundance of fascinating misinformation about Moorish architecture and decoration and the usual odds and ends of scandal about long-dead men and women. His name was Fernando Garcia, who lived to serve his God and his patron. He insisted upon speaking to Starr in an English that only his other Master could understand. He had learned it in the very shadow of the Alhambra from books and therefore pronounced it phonetically, as though he were reading aloud in Spanish.

"Is it because my own Spanish is so bad that you must speak to me in your unequaled English?" Starr asked him one day when the novelty had worn off.

"No, señor," Garcia answered diplomatically—that is, in Spanish. "Your Spanish is perfect. But by discoursing in a foreign language the erudition of the guide is incontrovertibly established and confidence in his guiding inevitably giants itself."

"And the fee also?"

"The fee, esteemed sir, being of infinitely less consequence than the destiny of a gnat in the moon could be to the Emperor of China on his thirty-seventh wedding night, I think only of the señor's diversion. Custom has established a minimum of two pesetas an hour for the lowest of the illiterate self-styled guides. But, Don Ricardo, I pray, deign to become aware of the views. The magnificence and the color splendor! Oh-h! Surely, great is God's kindness to us, His children!"

And Starr could not answer, for there they were: The red roofs of the white houses of Granada; the graduated greens of the *sega;* the warm browns of the exposed soil; the exquisite purples of the Sierra Nevada; and always the line of shimmering silver peaks against the azure incandescence of the sky. Leagues upon leagues of beauty, neither Spanish nor Moorish, neither exotic nor familiar; but exquisite, pervasive, myriad voiced, and with echoes!

Fernando Garcia, the specialist in erudite English, was wisely silent. The pay—by the hour—ceased upon their joint return to the hotel. Let the scenery soak into this American by the year; a double profit.

At last Starr broke the silence. "That is enough for one day for one man." He merely was thinking aloud.

But Fernando asserted with conviction, "The señor is descended from the noblest-born of the four evangelists."

"Meaning?"

"He speaks, by the right of an inherited habit, only gospel truths."

"Your discernment does you credit. And now, guide on."

"Whither?"

"Who am I to masticate your food for you?" said Starr. "But do not show me any more buildings here today."

"Art Thou the Romany Krai, Brother?" Asked Starr. The Man Did Not Answer

"No, señor. Suppose we visit the Albaicin."

He meant the gypsy quarter. Starr shook his head. He loved Lavengro and The Bible in Spain, but the Romany he had met in America had invariably disappointed him.

"No, señor?"

Fernando could not quite believe his ears. You saw it in his eyes.

"Gypsies are the same the world over. They cannot impart the charm of novelty to themselves," said Starr.

"These of the Albaicin do not live like people, but dwell in caves."

"That is a habit of many animals," Starr reminded him.

"And there is the dancing. The señor must have read certain romances of ardor in which gypsy dancing girls ——"

"They do not interest me."

"Assuredly not. The husbands are as jealous as Arabs. But that does not deprive their dances ——"

"It does for me," interrupted Starr. "I should prefer to learn *caló* from one of the men." He meant the language of the Spanish gypsies.

Fernando shook his head. Then he explained:

"They do not like to admit that there is a difference between themselves and humans. They ape us."

"Arrange it. Tomorrow I take my first lesson," Starr told him.

"Señor ——"

"And you will sit near us throughout the instructions." That meant time paid for by the hour.

"I shall ask their king," said Fernando.

"Do you know him well?" Starr asked it hopefully.

"I cannot say that he eats by my consent," Fernando answered. "But it is with him that I have to deal for the exhibitions for tourists. He supplies the dancers, the music, the site—everything."

"And commissions to the guides?"

"That may well be with the lower orders of so-called couriers." Fernando spoke with much dignity.

"It is, of course, to the inferior classes that I referred. What manner of man is he?"

"Who? The king of the gypsies?"

"Yes."

"Fat, but very clever. He does not speak."

Fernando was not certain that Starr would believe him.

"Do you mean that he is a mute?"

"Had I so meant, I would have called him unfortunate."

"How do you discover what price to pay him?" asked Starr.

"Oh, for the pesetas he uses his voice. For other things—not a sound! Since he also knows how to read and write, it is intentionally that he does not talk."

"And that is a sign of wisdom?" asked Starr.

"Señor, consider that gypsies always have lived by their cheating and that no man can cheat without talking, and then imagine what brains that man must have to rule them without opening his mouth. They obey this king as they never obeyed another. His relatives say that he is able to learn what people think by simply looking at them. Since there is no need to ask questions in order to obtain answers, the need to talk evaporates. Thus he is very rich."

"What does he do with his money?"

"He is very wise, I told you." Fernando had written the complete biography.

"And therefore?" Starr felt he was getting his pesetas' worth.

"That he does not tell. He has his fixed hours of business—from eight to twelve—when he may be found just outside the main door of the cathedral. No rent to pay and all the tourists go there. He grants consultations and arranges for entertainments. Should you care to see him, señor ——"

"Halt this side of folly, Fernando," interrupted Starr. "Tell him that your client has spoken to gypsy kings in various parts of the world and now wishes to learn *caló!* He must show me only what I have never before seen or heard of. Warn him that I have traveled many leagues and have commanded many men. The years and the sights have given me ten ears and twenty eyes. Tell him this to save me time and him the disappointment of an unfilled pocket."

Fernando, who had listened with breathless interest, said with a new respect, "I shall so tell him, señor."

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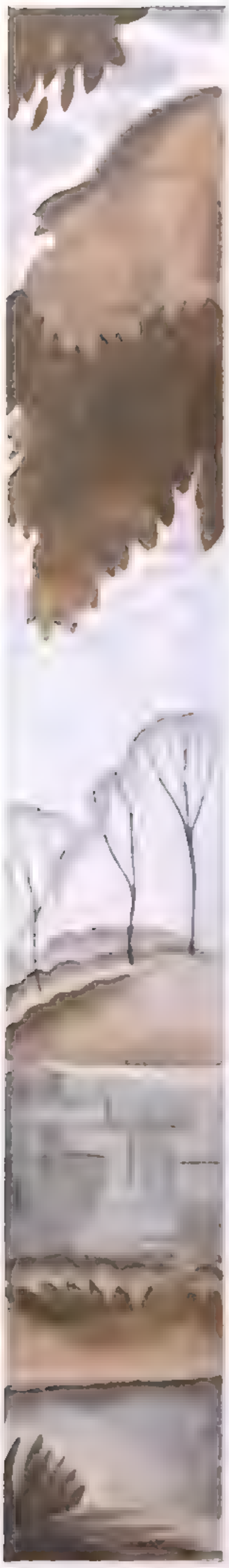

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"The upholstery in my Oldsmobile has stood up very well. I enjoy driving my car anywhere because it handles so easily, and has sufficient power and ample speed. I have found, also, that Oldsmobile has almost all the mechanical features that are advertised in higher priced cars."—*Stamford, Conn.*

"I was once an automobile salesman myself, so I know quite a bit about cars from my own personal experience. Oldsmobile combines power, speed, beauty of line, comfort and dependability with wonderful results. Everybody around here has nothing but praise for the Oldsmobile."—*Burlington, Vt.*

"I don't know much about mechanical features, but Oldsmobile's must be all right because they never cause trouble. Oldsmobile has just the features that I like, a big motor, sturdy frame, good four-wheel brakes, hydraulic shock absorbers, easy steering and an adjustable front seat."—*Davenport, Iowa*

"So many of my friends drove Oldsmobiles that I got infected by their enthusiasm and bought one myself. I'm patting myself on the back for using good judgment because Oldsmobile surely represents honest value. The adjustable front seat and steering wheel add a lot to driving comfort."—*Kingston, N. Y.*

"My Oldsmobile is a fine performer. Nobody gets away from me at the traffic lights or on the road. My particular compliments on the positive starter, and low upkeep. There's one other thing—Oldsmobile stays on the road when you want to step along!"—*Akron, Ohio.*

When I bought my Oldsmobile I compared it carefully with three other makes of automobiles which I thought well of. I found it superior to the others in every respect. So my decision was really made for me almost automatically. There was no other car for me at less at near the price."—*Spokane, Wash.*

"My engine is as smooth now, after better than 10,000 miles of hard driving, as it was at 10. Oldsmobile is one car that doesn't have a lot of unnecessary frills, it is one of the few cars with tires large enough in proportion to weight it is quiet, powerful, and has excellent hill-climbing ability."—*Worcester, Mass.*

"My Oldsmobile impresses me as a really modern car. It handles so easily in traffic, gives quick response to the accelerator, is easy to stop, and comfortable to ride in. It's also very quiet at high speeds and its roadability is unusual—due, I suppose, to its low center of gravity."—*Gloversville, N. Y.*

"My next car will be another Oldsmobile because of the excellent service this one has given me at minimum expense. I'm sold on Oldsmobile's handling ease, riding comfort, and general all-around performance on any road. It's the best automobile for the price."
—*Mt. Pleasant, Pa.*

Oldsmobile is not only my favorite but my wife's as well. It is a car that she can handle easily, and she likes its good looking and comfortable Fisher Body. I honestly believe it is the best car for the money. I say this on the strength of my experience and that of three friends.
—*Lansing, Mich.*

"I haven't had to think about mechanical details since I bought my Oldsmobile. I especially appreciate Oldsmobile's smart Fisher Body and complete equipment."
—*Aberdeen, S. D.*

THE SHYSTER

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

II

THE trip to San Antonio was exciting to me, because I had so seldom ridden in passenger coaches, being more familiar with cattle trains. I kept the trainmen busy chasing me indoors. But after a day or two there, I decided to move on to the eastern part of the state, where I thought I might find it easier to make a start.

When I arrived at my destination I picked up my little package, still done up in the oat sack with rawhide thongs, and walked out to the sidewalk, looking for a likely person in not too big a hurry, whom I could question. Everyone rushed away, however, with an astounding lack of interest in the mysteries of the big building where the trains stopped. It even had a restaurant in it. Presently the only man standing idly at ease near me was a policeman.

"Friend," I said to him, "where does a fellow go to get a street-car job?" I had not forgotten my tutor's advice.

The policeman smiled cordially and answered: "To the car sheds." Never having heard of car sheds I thought at first that he had said: "To the cow sheds." "You get on any street car going that way," he continued, pointing the direction, "and tell the conductor where you're going. He'll give you a transfer and tell you where to change."

It sounded doubtful to me, but the man seemed to know what he was talking about so I took a chance, wondering, meanwhile, why the cars would be put under sheds at night—if it was at night—or any other time, for that matter, since they spent such a large part of their lives running through the streets in whatever weather happened to be happening. Knowing the propensity of cow hands for telling wild yarns to tenderfeet, I had no great faith in these car sheds—city people might have some tall yarns of their own—but I took a chance, and after a twenty-minute ride the sheds loomed up unmistakably. I entered them to inquire for "Gus," as the conductor had advised.

Gus made a record of my name, age, previous address and other items that seemed to interest him. I promised him my present address as soon as I should acquire one. He said prospects were good, the waiting list not being very long at the time, and I would probably be called within a week to begin a course of instruction.

That was news indeed. Having looked at a street car, I stood ready to give him odds that I could run one right then; and as for collecting fares, I couldn't understand how anyone would require training for that simple task unless he happened to be unacquainted with United States money. The possibility that all of these people were kidding me hadn't yet disappeared. I decided to loiter around for an hour or so and size up the situation.

Across the street from the car sheds there was a lunch counter, and, being hungry, it caught my eye. Also several men in the traction company's blue uniform were seated on stools in front of the counter. I strolled over and joined them.

The man behind the counter was a shrewd-looking citizen, and he smiled all the time. I enjoyed watching him study me while he dished up the plate of baked beans I ordered.

"Get a job?" he asked abruptly as he set the plate before me.

"Not yet," I answered.

"You will." That was encouraging. "Somebody's always quitting. They don't stay long."

"Is it a bum outfit?" I queried.

"Naw. They're all right. But lots of the boys just lean up against 'em till they can get what they want. I bet you come to do something else besides street-carring, eh?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm going to study law."

"Get a Job?" He Asked Abruptly as He Set the Plate Before Me. "Not Yet," I Answered

"That so?" I nodded. "In somebody's office?" he asked. Evidently I was not the first person of his acquaintance to follow this procedure. Again I nodded.

"What office?" he demanded.

However, I didn't mind his persistence. I was lonesome. "I don't know yet," I answered.

"Why don't you go to Judge Brinstead?" he asked. "He's the salt of the earth. They don't make 'em any finer. You go and see him. I'll give you a note to him."

Something about this situation began to interest me. Why should this man care where I studied? And why prod me with questions? These weren't idle questions, and he was no mere gossiping fool, either. I wondered, also, how a man running a two-by-four lunch counter out on the edge of town would happen to know anything about Judge Brinstead. How would they become acquainted? He seemed eager to let me know that they were acquainted. Why? After a moment's deliberation I decided to investigate this matter, and by way of starting I let him write a penciled note of introduction. All he could do was give my name, but I had an afternoon to kill so why not go ahead and see what would happen? The matter of where I should sleep that night hadn't yet occurred to me; a boy accustomed to sleeping on the ground easily forgets such a detail.

I boarded a street car, rode to my destination, and then climbed one flight of stairs in a musty old office building that had no elevator. The firm name, Brinstead, Smith, Brinstead, Blake and Rutherford, was blazoned in large black letters on the frosted glass of an old-fashioned double door, such as I haven't seen now for many years. I knocked, but no one answered, so I opened the door and walked in. Evidently this was the waiting room, but there was no one in it. After proceeding three steps toward another door on which was printed "Thomas Brinstead" I nearly tripped over a low wooden railing. This contraption interested me more than anything else I had seen that day. Why anyone should have bothered to put it there was more than I could guess; a boy could have stepped over it easily. Nevertheless, there was actually a gate in it. Just to be polite I tried to open it, but I couldn't find the latch.

While I hesitated about stepping over it a smart-looking girl came out of one of the private offices and asked: "Did you wish to see someone?"

"Yes," I said. "I want to see Judge Brinstead."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No."

"What did you wish to see him about?"

"I m a country boy studying law," I answered. That didn't seem to be sufficient so I added: "I heard he was a lawyer so I wanted to meet him." Even this didn't seem to be enough. She stood there as though I had not finished speaking. "I want to ask him something important," I continued, improvising desperately.

"Are you applying for a position?"

I grabbed at the suggestion. "Yes, that's it. I'm looking for a job."

Now we seemed to have reached a point of understanding. She hurried into Judge Brinstead's private office, returned, worked the combination of that trick latch, opened the funny little gate and said: "Come right this way."

I was grinning, because even this girl had to stoop down to open the toy gate. It was all I could do to keep from laughing aloud. Before I could straighten my face she flung open the door of the private office and to my amazement I saw Judge Brinstead seated in a high-backed, revolving office chair, with his feet propped on the flat-top desk. Evidently he hadn't been busy at all.

He was a tall, slender man between fifty and sixty years of age and wore a scraggly short white beard like a farmer's. The top of his head was bald and pink, with a fringe of white hair around the edges, and his sharp little blue eyes were those of the born humorist. You could see at once that he gazed at a world so thoroughly amusing he could have laughed at it all day long—that is, if he had been given to laughing. The born humorist of his type doesn't often laugh out loud.

"Hello, young man," he drawled, without rising or removing his feet from the desk. "What's on your mind? What are you grinning about?"

"I was grinning at that field-mouse fence out there," I answered, pointing over my shoulder with my thumb.

He chuckled. "Ain't that a hell of a fence?" he agreed. "Somebody'll sneeze out there some day and knock it down. You didn't fall over it, did you?"

(Continued on Page 51)

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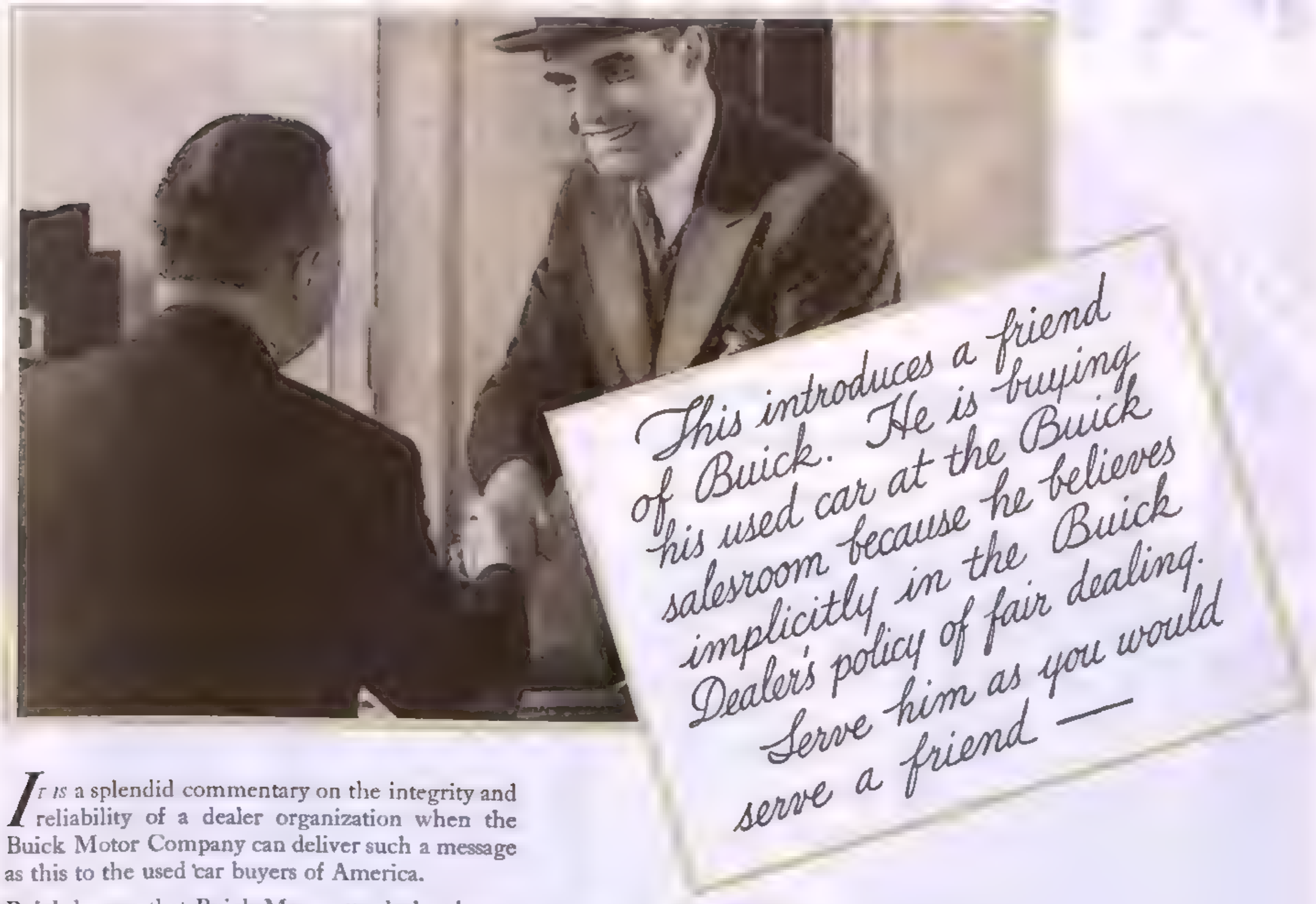
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PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

(Continued from Page 48)

"No, but I like to did," I answered, falling into the manner of speech of a cow hand simply because his farmerish drawl made it seem right to do so.

He chuckled again, barely audibly, and yet the impression was as though he were laughing noisily.

"What's your name?"

"Boyd McLean."

"Boyd McLean, eh? Well, sit down." I pulled a chair closer to the desk and sat down

"What have you got in that oat sack?"

"My clothes "

"Shucks! I thought it'd be a couple of rabbits or coons or maybe a mess of squirrel. Let me see that bundle." I handed it to him and he examined the knots in the rawhide thongs long and carefully, even tried to untie one.

"From the cow country, eh?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir."

"When'd you get in?"

"This morning."

"Well, tell me all about yourself." Never was a question more welcome; I had begun to fear that we might never come to this subject.

"I'm just a country boy," I began earnestly. "My father is a cow hand, and I've worked on the ranch since I was fourteen, but I've always wanted to be a lawyer. I studied some back home and I graduated from high school, too, and then I went down to the state university to study some more."

"Where the devil did you get the money?" he interrupted.

"I was working my way," I told him. "I got a job delivering milk. It was a good job—paid better than any I ever had before—but I don't think they'd have let me stay in the university on account of not having enough credits."

"What's that?" he interrupted again, and this time scowling. "Not enough credit? Why didn't you pay up?"

"Credits," I repeated, pronouncing the *s* very carefully. "You've got to have credits in history and literature and mathematics and a lot of other things that don't have a thing to do with law."

"Oh!" The old rascal was playing innocent and I didn't see through it.

"Well," I resumed, "I could see that I was going to waste a lot of time and then probably get chucked out to boot so I quit and came down here. I want to study in your office."

"Why in my office?"

"Because you're a good lawyer."

"How do you know that?"

"Everybody knows that."

"Good! I'm glad to hear it. Go on."

"I want to make myself useful here so you'll feel like helping me a little when I need to ask questions."

"In short, you want a job, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what pay do you think you ought to receive?"

"None. I'm going to get a job conductoring on a street car afternoons and nights to pay for my bread and meat, but my mornings will be free."

"And in between times you'll work for me for nothing, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you aware of the fact that there are things you can do around here, and that if I accept you I'll ask you to do these things?"

"I'm pleased to hear it. I was afraid you might not need anything I could do."

"How's that?" He seemed to be honestly astounded.

"I say," I repeated, "I'm pleased to hear it. I'll do anything you'll let me, from sweep the floor to look up citations."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Judge Brinstead exclaimed. "Miracles still happen. I thought your breed had died out years ago. I swear I still think you're kidding me. What did you say your name is?"

"Boyd McLean."

"Well, Boyd, what's your address? Here, I mean."

"I haven't got one yet "

"You mean you don't know where you're going to sleep tonight?"

"No, sir."

He opened a drawer of his desk, drew out a sheet of paper, and began writing, while I waited. Presently he handed me the sheet and I read:

MR. AND MRS. RALPH SNODGRASS,

CITY.

Dear Friends: Give this boy room and board. He is a friend of mine and I will stand good for him

Yours truly

TOM BRINSTEAD.

While I read this astounding page he addressed the envelope. I didn't know whether I appreciated his friendly action or not. The familiarity with which he addressed these people, signing himself Tom, suggested all sorts of alarming possibilities as to what they would charge. I pictured impoverished aristocrats in a big house with tall white columns from which the paint was peeling. If I had considered it safe to do so I think I would have returned the letter, but he went right ahead folding it, tucked it into the envelope on which he had written the address, and then handed it to me, remarking cheerily:

"That'll take care of you. You'll have to fool away some time with a training crew before you draw any pay from that street-car job, and anyway they'll put you on the extra list at first. You're probably broke right now. Eh?"

"Just about," I admitted.

"How much money have you got?"

"Seven dollars and sixty cents."

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"No, But I Like to Did," I Answered, Falling Into the Manner of Speech of a Cow Hand Simply Because His Farmerish Drawl Made It Seem Right to Do So

A BREAK FOR THESPIS

By Violette Kimball Dunn

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

NANCY turned down the alley to the stage door with a lot of things on her mind—thoughts upon thoughts bubbling up and colliding. She sighed as she automatically evaded two garbage cans and an ash barrel, and wished she had an orderly mind. She knew people whose thoughts seemed to proceed in order, like applicants for a job to a manager's office, to be disposed of and replaced. Life would be simple with a mind like that—or at least simpler. She picked the stage door from five vague outlines of other doors. She would have known it even without the apologetic light above. She pushed, and was bumped smartly on the forehead. "Dumb," she thought; "they always work the way you think they don't." She pulled the broken knob. It gave suddenly, and she slipped off the step, regained her footing and walked in. The crowded atmosphere, which was dirt, grease paint, scenery and lack of ventilation compounded, rushed out and the door swung shut. The smell of drama is the same in Oshkosh or New York. Nancy thought it was terrible, but if anybody had said so, she would have contradicted hotly, with the tenacity that keeps the under dog in the game.

She stopped at the letter rack and ran through the emasculated bunch of soiled envelopes. The action was mechanical. She knew there had been no mail delivery since the matinée. The rest of the company knew it too, but they would all perform the same rite. She walked past two dressing rooms on the stage level. Light flowed past the half-shut door of one. From the tail of her eye she could catch the aura of blond fluff which was the hair of the leading woman. Nancy wondered if she would be a leading woman quicker if she combed her own sleek waves on end. She must try it sometime. She wondered what it would feel like to be a leading woman. To have a husband in Wall Street. Not to have to work. To dress on the stage, with everybody stepping lively.

A vicious little thought popped up and stung her. She would never get a break! She squashed it quickly and, without turning a fraction, still managed to see that the door of the other room was shut. No light from under the sill. None through the cracked panels. Hunter Perry had not come in. Probably having dinner with his mother's friends. Hunter and his mother! She had never seen anything like it. She turned into the wooden stairway. The stairs were long and steep. They had to be climbed four times an evening. Three changes were too much, unless one dressed on the stage level. Nancy hoped her next part would need only one dress. That is, if she ever got another part. "Of course I shall," she told herself; "I always have." Nancy had been an actress since she was three.

She turned into a long hall and unlocked a narrow door at the end. She fumbled about for the switch, and a long shelf, two broken chairs and a washbowl flew into visibility. She and her wardrobe trunk, her dresses and her make-up taxed the hospitality of the small room, like unwanted guests at a party. Some dressing rooms welcomed one, and some didn't. Well, she didn't want the old room any more than it wanted her, she thought smartly, and knew she lied. For this was closing night. The show was over. In the two weeks they had been out she had saved seventy-five dollars. She knew just how far it would take her. Her decent little mind revolted at the play, which was slime and muck where it wasn't unmentionable. Even Nancy could remember when some plays were clean; but a job was a job. It was all very puzzling. She slipped out of her coat and threw her hat on the make-up shelf. Then she picked it up and hung it carefully on a nail. Hats were going to be scarce. From down the hall came the click of a key. Old Mrs. Parsons was coming in. She must go and see if there were any errands to be run. Nancy felt poignantly about old age, although she didn't know it. She only knew that instinct moved her protectively toward these sturdy ancients of the drama. Presently she would go. But not until the old lady had hidden away the bright wig with which she defied managers, and put on the gray her part called for. Also, there must be time to put on her negligee. She was very particular about that. Knowing the game so well, Nancy could see in the mottled blue satin tide marks of the stock productions that had washed over it. But it was cut as closely to the fashion as a much-made-over garment can be, and it was dripping with beaded lace. "What more," it seemed to ask, "can be expected of a negligee?" Nancy opened her door, went down the hall and knocked.

"It's just me," she called.

"Come in—come in, my dear," said Mrs. Parsons.

Nancy went in.

"Sit down, if you can find a place," added the old lady. "When I was a leading woman I didn't know there were such rooms. Now I'm middle-aged, they never give me anything else."

"Stage managers are mostly pigs," said Nancy. Funny old darling! Middle-aged!

Mrs. Parsons was nearer seventy than she'd ever be again. The old lady tied a band of white cotton neatly around her wig and began to make up her face. If she made up her face and then put on her wig in the natural order of things, someone would be sure to run in. She had no notion of exposing her scalp's scanty crop of hair. Nancy half perched on the edge of the shelf.

"Sit down," repeated Mrs. Parsons.

"I can't. I'm late now. I just ran in for a second."

"I hate closing nights," said the old lady. "But what could they expect? Nobody ever thought the play would come into New York."

"I did," said Nancy sadly. "I thought it was just rotten enough."

"You've got to have something besides rot," said Mrs. Parsons astutely. "It isn't a play."

"I suppose not," said Nancy. "I never know when they're plays and when they're junk."

"Wait till you've been at it fort—twenty years. Not but what I hope you'll have better sense. Marry a rich man and get out. The chances I threw away!" Mrs. Parsons sighed for her army with banners. Nancy could see the procession—broken-hearted hordes. Stockbrokers—she always thought of rich men as stockbrokers—and what not, their lives in splinters because Mrs. Parsons wouldn't leave the stage and marry them. Mrs. Parsons was still talking:

"Not but what I'll get something else right away," she said.

"I wish I thought I would," said Nancy. The old school still flies its flags with breezy white lies. The new goes in for truth—not especially for the sake of truth, but because frankness is so much less bother. Nancy listened sometimes to old Mrs. Parsons swapping fibs with just as old Mr. Shelton, and wondered at the pains they took. She felt toward both like a mother with overimaginative children. There was no harm in their fabrications if everybody understood. But sometimes people didn't.

"Don't worry; you'll get something fast enough," Mrs. Parsons told her, "with your face and your talent. But you want to be careful. You don't want to get talked about. I'm just telling you for your own good."

"Talked about?" said Nancy. She rather wished she would be talked about, just a little. But she didn't say so.

"That's what I said," answered the old lady crisply. "I saw you out again today with Ted Shelton. You passed right by the hotel. He's a bad man with women. If the company gets talking, it will be all over Broadway."

Nancy bit her lips into gravity. It's hard to believe in the potential deviltry of a lonely old man with no job in sight and a drink demon at his elbow.

"It's the anniversary of the week he lost his wife," she said gently. "That's why I went." "And broke a date with Hunter to do it," she told herself; "and when will I ever get another?" A leading man sleuthed by his mother.

(Continued on Page 54)

"You've Got to Have Something Besides Rot," Said Mrs. Parsons Astutely. "It Isn't a Play"

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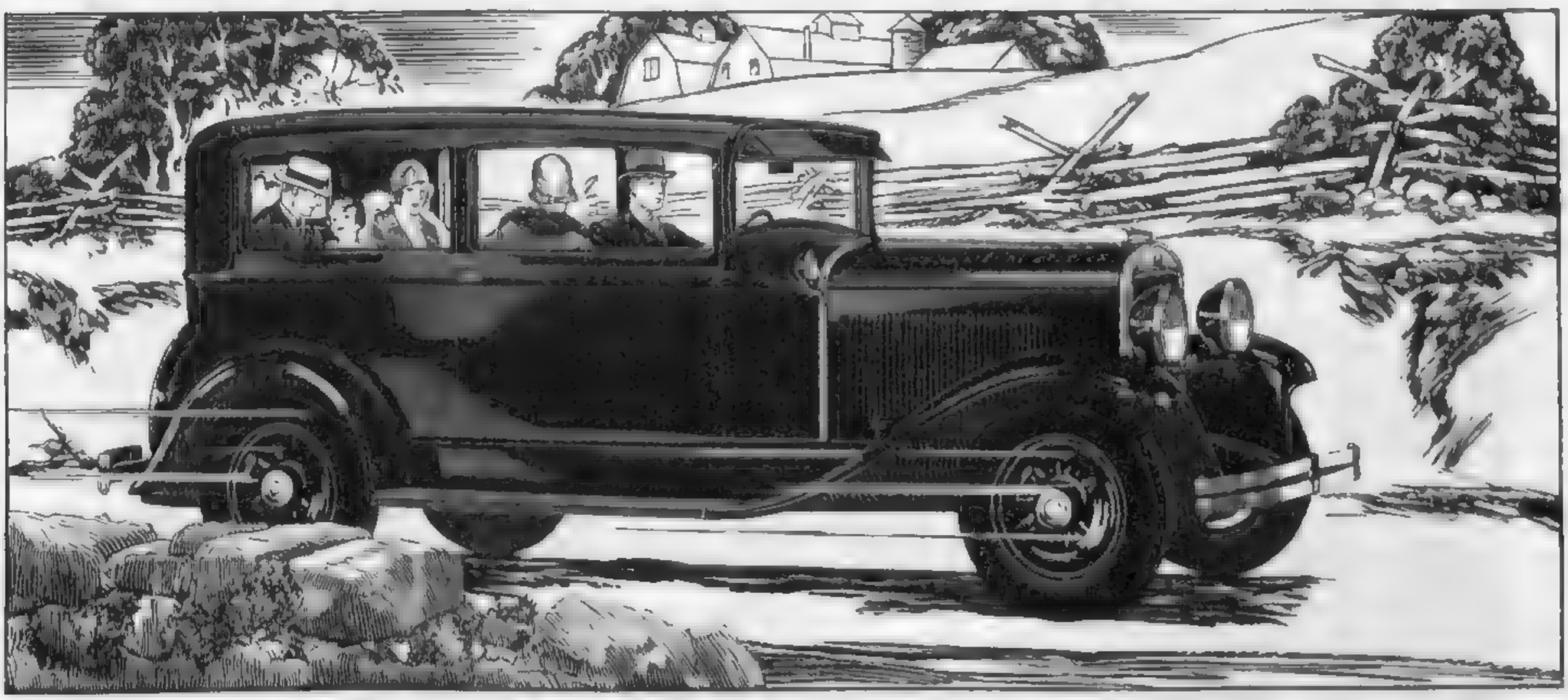

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F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 52)

As if it wasn't hard enough to get him alone for ten minutes!

"Well, who's to blame that he lost her?" demanded Mrs. Parsons. "He drank her into it, just as sure as he'll drink himself after her."

"Maybe that doesn't make it any easier for him," suggested Nancy.

"I dare say you're right," agreed Mrs. Parsons. "It doesn't do to be too hard on people. You have a lovely nature, Nancy. You deserve to get on. We'll both get something good. I wish I thought Ted would. The old fool is getting on. It's not so easy when you're his age."

Mrs. Parsons untied the band from her forehead and got up. The outlines of the corset to which she still clung stolidly made ridges in her satin slip. She took a gray chiffon dress from a sheet hung along the wall.

"I'm not sorry to see the last of this thing," she said.

"I think it's lovely," said Nancy. "Why don't you like it?"

"Too old for me, and too long—flopping around my ankles," said Mrs. Parsons promptly. "I don't know why they want me to look like my grandmother." Nancy kissed her.

"I must run," she said. "I've stayed here gossiping until I'm late. Don't you worry about the dress. You'd be fascinating in anything." The old lady bridled, but didn't deny it. Nancy ran along to her cubicle and began to make up.

The stage was a furnace. At the matinée it had been freezing. Somebody in the audience had complained, and this was what they did. "Never mind the actor," thought Nancy rebelliously; "he only puts the play over." She dried her face carefully and patted in a little more powder. Somebody said there was a New York manager out in front. Somebody always said there was a New York manager out in front. There never was, but there always might be. He might be looking for a slim beauty. Not that Nancy rated herself that high. "Her type" was the way she put it. Flores Vilmore, the leading woman, was out of the running. She had a wonderful engagement to begin rehearsing Monday. In fact, they said she closed the present show by giving in her notice the first night. But then "they" always found mysterious reasons for closing, instead of just the play being no good. Anybody could see that this was one of those.

"What would it be like—a rich husband and a wonderful job?" Nancy asked herself. She wondered suddenly how much money Hunter had saved, and turned scarlet under her make-up. Hunter's mother was the only woman who knew. Or would know, unless Hunter woke up. She sighed. How did one wake men up? Leading men had always made Nancy rather tired before. They were either pretty boys with no brains or conceited idiots who thought every woman was crazy about them. Their hands were white and their nails shone. She sometimes wished she knew a mechanic, just for a change. But Hunter—Hunter was different. He was lean and brown. His hands were long and strong. His good looks seemed an accident, and not his fault. Backstage, where they didn't allow even mothers, he was all male. You knew, if there was a sinking ship, Hunter would be putting women and children into boats. If it was a burning house instead, Hunter would be plunging through the flames to rescue them.

It was only with his mother that he changed—became inert, spineless, all deference, hardly alive. Rehearsing four weeks and playing two, you know people pretty well. Nancy had been fresh and prickly at first, as she always was with new leading men. He never seemed to mind, but went about his business as if it was a business. And he could act! His mother had met him after the very first rehearsal—a plump, gray-haired woman of middle height. Nancy had looked and envied. She could just remember her own mother. But a mother who appeared the next day, and the next, and kept on appearing—it was funny. Funny—strange, she corrected herself. Nancy's education had been picked up here and there, and she always corrected herself, when she knew what to correct. Then one day she came face to face with Mrs. Perry. Something dank and clammy touched her spine and trickled down. Steel-blue eyes and grim jaw. Not a mother at all. That was the day it began to be strange. Then Nancy got to be pals with old Mrs. Parsons. Mrs. Parsons, it appeared, had known Hunter since he played his first part. Nancy tried to find out things.

"It's peachy to see a man and his mother like that, isn't it?" she asked at rehearsal one day.

"Humph," snorted Mrs. Parsons.

Nancy tried again. "It's funny he isn't known on Broadway, isn't it?" she suggested.

"How can a man be known on Broadway when he's buried in a stock company?" asked the old lady sourly.

"But they say managers are always looking for good leading men," persisted Nancy. "I wonder why he buries himself in stock?"

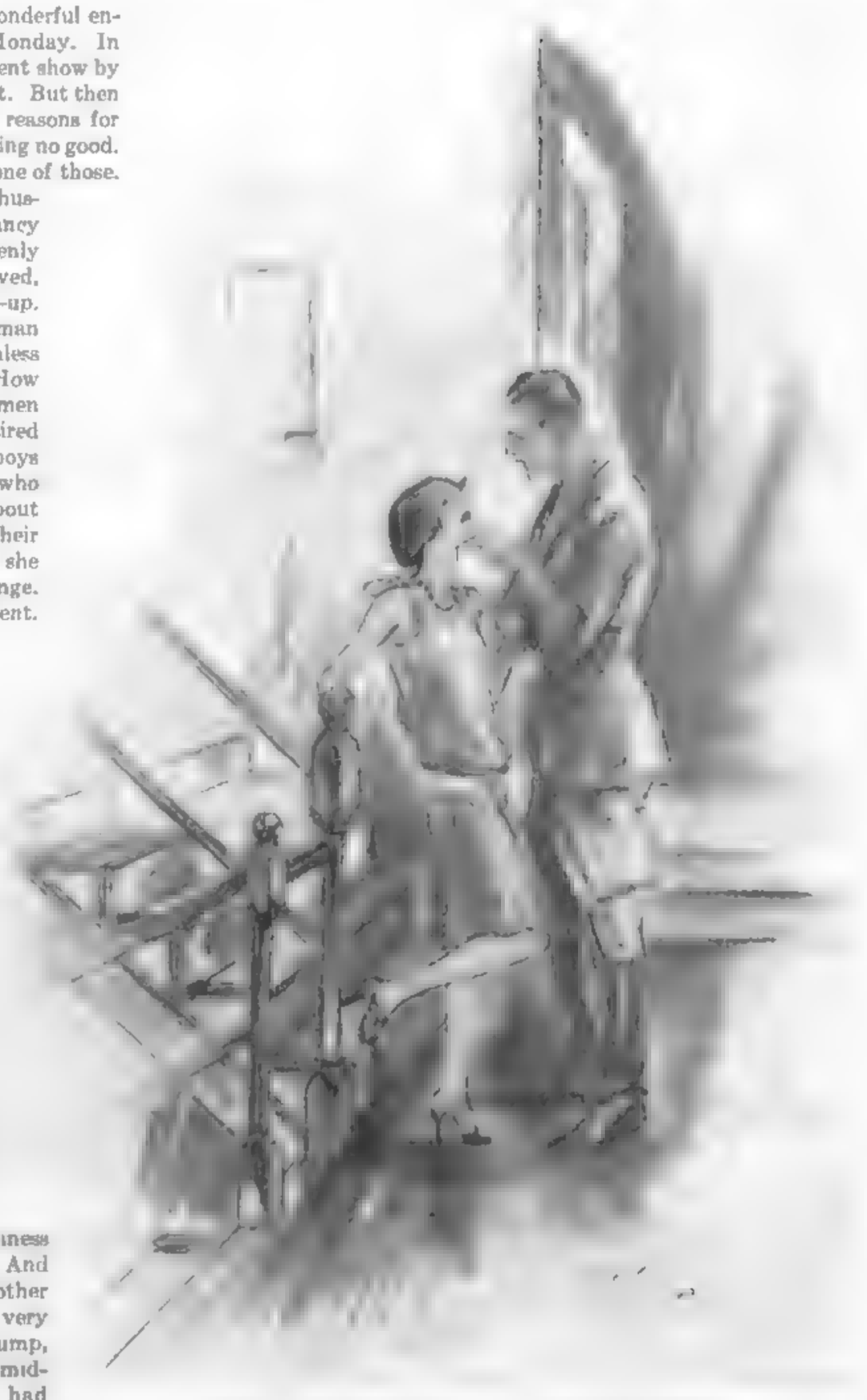
"Because he gets an enormous salary."

"I should think he'd rather take less on Broadway," said Nancy.

They were going round and round, getting nowhere at all.

"So he would," said the old lady, "if he had a chance. . . . You'd better go; they're getting near you."

So Nancy had rushed to her entrance. They were nowhere near her at all.



"What Did They Do to It?" He Asked Gently

Now the curtain came down on the second act. There was a feeble plash of hands from out front—not enough even for one call. Nancy turned to climb the stairs for another change. If she waited just a second Hunter would pass on his way to his dressing room. They always got in a word here. Somehow she couldn't bear to wait tonight. It came over her, with dreadful sinking, that this was the last time. She turned blindly away. Idiot! If he should see her cry. A hand was on her shoulder. She knew it from all the hands in the world, although it had never touched her before.

"What's the idea—running off?" asked Hunter. She turned her head away brusquely.

"Have to—change," she said in jerks. He turned her around and lifted up her face. Tears ran over her make-up. She let them run. If she wiped them away she'd have to make up all over again, and there wasn't time.

"What did they do to it?" he asked gently. Nancy choked. Hunter put his arm around her.

"He does it to old Mrs. Parsons—it doesn't mean a thing," she kept repeating to herself. He still stood there, holding her. It was plain she would have to answer.

"N-nothing. It's just—very sad—a closing night—isn't it?" she said. Hunter didn't answer. She glanced up at him through long wet blobs of lashes. He was staring at a piece of scenery, and seemed to have forgotten her and his arm and everything.

"I—I think ——" she added. He started and looked down at her—a hurt, sick sort of look. Nancy forgot herself. She blazed to leap into battle to avenge the look.

"It's a devil of a lot worse than that," he said grimly.

"What ——" she began.

"Nothing you—that is—well, just leave it at nothing," he said.

His arm still held her. Although it was hard, it was like a cushion. It seemed to shut everything out. Nancy,

(Continued on Page 70)

Nancy Had Been an Actress Since She Was Three

Proof of Value

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—100% increase the first five months of this year compared to last.

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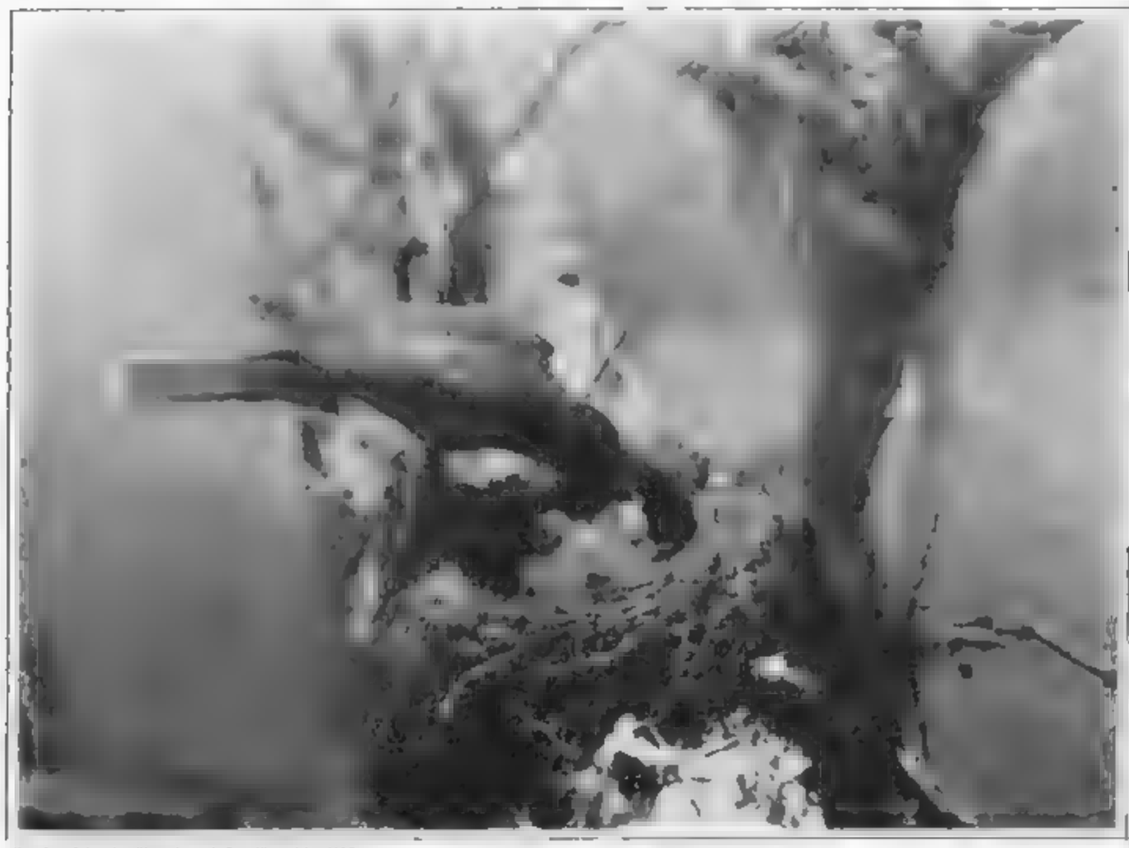
CITY BIRDS—By Boyden Sparkes



A Kingbird Feeding its Young

A Male Kingbird and its Young

BIRD secrets are becoming increasingly difficult for birds to keep. Only a few years ago one of the deepest of avian mysteries was solved by a party of Arctic explorers. When they stumbled on some awkward fledglings, eyes of white men saw for the first time the nesting place of the blue goose and the long-hidden goal of the flocks of heavy birds that flap themselves northward each spring was revealed as Baffin Land. This year a numbered metal band on the leg of a robin caught in Pachuca, a mining town near Mexico City, betrayed him as a gringo bird, native of Crystal Bay, Minnesota. This information is preparation for another betrayal—of the nighthawk.

People of Carolina and Virginia who see flocks of nighthawks flitting on long slender wings to the North about the time the mountain laurel is bursting into peppermint-striped blooms need wonder no longer as to what fairer mating land these birds are flying. Ornithologists have been aware of that destination for several years, but only a few among the millions who observe the flights of birds are ornithologists. Only a few, therefore, know that the goal of many migrating nighthawks is the city.

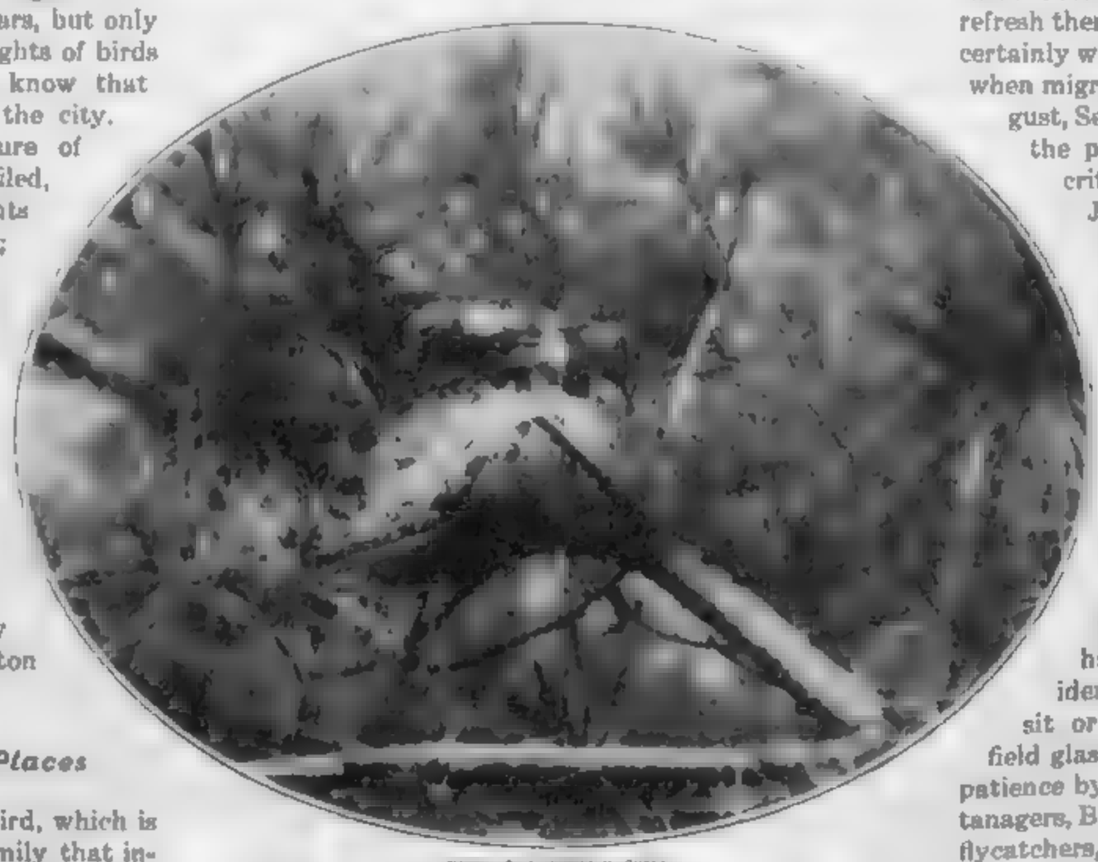
Ten thousand city blocks is the measure of Brooklyn. Seen from the air, its closely piled, honeycomb structure of factories, apartments and small houses appears as a desert of roofs; a desert in which the oases are parks and thin green pencilings are streets bordered by trees and small grass plots. For most of the hundreds of species of migrating birds those roofs are seen as a dreadful hazard, to be crossed as quickly as desperate wings may take them; but for the nighthawks that winter in the South they are what Baffin Land is for the blue goose. They are a secure nesting place. Not the waste space of flat, pebbled roofs in Brooklyn alone is so regarded, but the roofs of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newark, Boston and other cities.

Roofs That Make Good Nesting Places

FOR countless generations this wild city bird, which is not a hawk at all but a member of the family that includes the whippoorwill and the European nightjar, was accustomed to lay its gray-spotted eggs on exposed rock surfaces in the sun of treeless meadows and bare ground in open spaces. Myriads of its kind still resort to country regions, but nowadays the nighthawk is as common in the city as anywhere in the country. The flat city roofs are an acceptable nesting place. Indeed, they are an excellent nesting place, since most roofs are retreats kept safe from prowling cats, and marauding blue jays—old enemies of the nighthawk tribe—confine their egg hunts to the country.

At twilight, in the city, when the air is a confusion of sound caused by radio loud-speakers, talking machines, the noise of automobile engines and the clack of human voices, idle people sometimes detect another note. It sounds as if some inept person had plucked a string of a guitar or cello. It is caused by these birds as their white-barred wings beat against the air in swift, irregular flight intended to impress their acquaintances. In darts after mosquitoes and other insects required in prodigious numbers for the satisfaction of helpless young feathered appetites at home on some near-by roof their flight is noiseless. The nighthawk sometimes voices a harsh note, but the sound which makes country boys, dwelling under the roofs of city apartment houses, mournful and homesick is the vibrant music of its swift wings.

Like the nighthawks, the chimney swifts, within the past hundred years, have been adjusting themselves to city life. Formerly they found shelter in hollow trees, so ornithologists say, but the brick towers that men erect to make drafts for furnace fires changed the habits of the



A Black-Throated Green Warbler on its Nest

breed completely. They dare not resort to chimneys when smoke is pouring from them, but they do not seem to mind the soot of cold ones. In Washington in recent times there was one tall stack into which thousands of these sharp-clawed flyers could be seen funneling night after night. Inside, they cling to the wall as comfortably as other birds perch on a limb. Certainly they, too, are city birds.

Just as the crowds on Fifth Avenue, Michigan Avenue and other urban centers are richly mixed with out-of-town visitors, so there are resorts in all our cities for out-of-town birds. In New York there is a two-acre spot in Central Park which is as important to these travelers as Roosevelt Field is to human flyers or Grand Central Terminal to ordinary human migrants. This spot, a place of brambles, grass, shrubs and trees, is called the Ramble. Observers have identified one hundred and eighty-six species of birds as regular or occasional users of that bird airport. On a single day in a recent year a curious mixture of humanity, drawn there by a common affection for birds, was rewarded by thrilling glimpses of sixty-six species, of which all but six were transients. An anthropologist in Grand Central would have fewer occasions to make jottings in a notebook than would an ornithologist in Central Park's Ramble.

An Audience for the Birds

IF ANY bird—a secretary bird, if that were possible—should take notes on the human species which gather there to refresh themselves by gazing at the birds as the birds refresh themselves by resting weary wings and dining, that certainly would be an interesting record. On some morning when migrations are in progress in April and May or August, September and October such a bird might record the presence of J. Brooks Atkinson, the dramatic critic of the New York Times; Samuel Scoville, Jr., Philadelphia lawyer; Ludlow Griscom, Dr. E. R. P. Janvrin, Dr. F. M. Chapman, Dr. James P. Chapman and F. E. Watson of the American Museum of Natural History, Miss Anne A. Crolius, governesses, nursemaids, children, policemen, peanut venders, and other species. Theodore Roosevelt, before he became President, was familiar with the pathways in the Ramble, and it has had other habitués of prominence.

What watchers there may see any day during the months mentioned are creatures ten times as thrilling to anyone who can name them. The plumage of a rose-breasted grosbeak has richer tints for the eyes of anyone who can identify him. In the Ramble the observers who sit or stand during patient hours with camera or field glass ready to focus on flashing wings muster their patience by reminders of past rewards; glimpses of scarlet tanagers, Baltimore orioles, blue jays, wood peewees, crested flycatchers, downy woodpeckers, belted kingfishers, red-eyed vireos, numerous varieties of warblers and sparrows, long-eared owls, occasional hawks and very occasional mockingbirds are the currency with which they are paid for their time.

Curiously enough, this natural shelter in the very heart of the world's greatest concentration of humanity is recognized by bird lovers as one of the best of all spots to study bird migrations. The reason for this is explained in a handbook by Ludlow Griscom, Birds of the New York City Region, published by the American Museum of Natural History. It is, he says, the oasis in which the birds must alight, as day breaks, to rest and feed after miles of flight across housetops which only nighthawks find inviting.

(Continued on Page 58)

You are paying for a Packard

Why not own one?

Just because the first cost of one automobile is lower than another it does not follow that operating and upkeep costs are lower. And the fact that a car costs twice as much at first does not mean that final cost is twice as great—it is *no greater* if the car is driven twice as long. Apply these facts to your present motoring costs and you will very likely find that you can enjoy the luxury of Packard transportation at no increase in expense.

CLEVELAND OWNERS FIND IT TRUE

Most operating and upkeep expenses differ but little as between a Packard Standard Eight and any car down to half its price. Gas, oil, tires and garaging cost virtually the same for either car, any place in the United States.

Repair expense for the Packard is naturally *less.* Packard's advanced motor and centralized chassis lubrication systems protect built-in precision—make frequent repair work unnecessary. Yet when repairs *are* needed they are quickly and economically made, due to Packard's simplicity of design.

The items of license and insurance, despite the higher value of the Packard, differ but little in the various states and cities.

In Cleveland, for example, license cost is the same, while the usual coverage for fire and theft, collision, property damage and personal liability runs but a few dollars more per year. The higher fire and theft rate for lower-priced cars accounts in great part for the fact that the total difference is so small.

Depreciation, *the one big item of ownership cost,* does not penalize the Packard owner in Cleveland. Cleveland figures prove that the average life of Packard cars turned in to Packard dealers is *nearly half again greater* than that of the lower-priced cars turned in.

Cleveland motorists, like motorists in every city, have discovered that Packard transportation costs no more. There, *seven out of ten* purchasers of Packard Standard Eights turn in other makes of cars to join the Packard family. And once a Packard owner, always a Packard owner—for in Cleveland, according to records, only four percent of Packard owners have ever turned to other makes.

Why not look into the costs of Packard ownership in your city and compare them with your present motoring expenses? Your Packard dealer will gladly assist you. You probably will find, as so many motorists have, that the luxury, the distinction and the satisfaction of Packard transportation may be yours at no greater expenditure.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT · MICHIGAN

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Continued from Page 56

This, then, is the reason that so many channels of bird flight intersect in a couple of acres where generations of birds have learned they will find only defenders. Imagine, though, the embarrassment of a Philadelphia vireo which was the first of its kind in forty years to visit the Ramble In two days of a New York visit it found itself the focal point of thirty pairs of eyes. Lindbergh on a honeymoon wassubjected to no more annoying attentions. As it flew from hawthorn bush to bramble and from bramble to tree, this bird was followed by a gallery of admirers as tense and full of whispers as that which closes about Bobby Jones on almost any putting green

There is no denying that the rare bird offers the greatest thrill to the city huntsmen who wish only to look at him, quite as other collectors are thrilled most by the rarities in their fields of interest. So it is that amateurs in this field gaze with a deeper respect upon Ludlow Griscom because, once posted in an apartment window, on a foggy night in late July of 1913, his ears detected a faint cry coming from high up above the roofs of New York. The respect is due him because he recognized that cry as the call of an upland plover lost, as any aviator can be lost, in the murkiness of fog.

Upland plover may be too shy to descend within the limits of a city, either in park or cemetery, but there are more interesting birds that are beginning to respond to the fascination of city life. In recent times a duck hawk has been reported living in the vicinity of Wall Street, where he swoops down on pigeons from a skyscraper perch. During the nesting season the bird, presumably, has an eerie hidden somewhere along the top of the Palisades of the Hudson River. This individual, whose hooked bill, villainous black mustaches and conspicuous yellow feet are studied by stock traders past whose windows he flies, is not unique in his attachment to the soft living offered by the city. One of his kind established itself last March in Washington somewhere in the vicinity of the Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue. He, too, has been making a living catching pigeons.

Feeding Pigeons in Central Park, New York

The Strict Etiquette of Duck Hawks

IN BOSTON another lately inhabited the tower of the customhouse, attracted by a wealth of starlings. Philadelphia in recent years has had such a resident. His perch for a long time was the brim of the hat of the bronze statue of William Penn on the City Hall; a vantage point more than five hundred feet above the street. Pigeons, too, were his means of living.

Probably there are other cities of the United States to which duck hawks have been attracted by pigeons. No matter how many invade the cities, though, it is safe to predict there will never be an observer to report any departure from ethical behavior on the part of these falcons who in ancient times were the associates of nobles and kings

One of the swiftest in flight of birdkind -the duck hawk -will not kill his game sitting, but takes it on the wing. The truth is, he does not know any other way to kill. Certain species of owl are similarly inhibited at mealtimes, but if a victim clings too long to a safe perch the owl will settle down beside the fearful creature and nudge it until it is forced to fly, whereupon, legal forms having been fulfilled, the owl strikes. New York's duck hawk has thus kept faith with his ancestors. He lets his victims choose their moment to begin the race with death.

Those starlings that lured the Boston duck hawk to the city are themselves a species of city bird, but they are rather recent immigrants. In the late 80's three starlings were brought from Europe and released in Central Park. Two survived and it is believed they raised a brood of young ones. The Mayflower of the starling tribe in America, however, was a ship which brought sixty of these prolific creatures from Europe in 1890 on the order of a resident of New York. All of them were liberated in Central Park soon afterward. The following year forty more were given the freedom of the city. The progeny of these one hundred and two birds are now established in America in colonies that range wider each year, and their behavior has been the subject of a study made by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey. The conclusion of that study was that the starling is a valuable addition to American bird life.

For six years after their successful introduction in Central Park the starlings did not breed beyond the limits of New York City. Then, in 1902, residents of Norwalk, Connecticut, noticed flocks of strange birds. They were starlings. At first not even the oldest inhabitant could identify them. Additional confusion was caused by the variation in the plumage of the individuals. Young birds plainly trying their wings for the first time were olive brown. The adults were green and bronze and, because of white tips on their feathers, speckled. As winter came on and these white tips wore off, what appeared to be an entirely different species, a darker bird, remained. In that same year other starlings were observed in Trevose, Pennsylvania. In 1908, starlings were discovered in Providence, Rhode Island, and in Philadelphia. In 1913, pioneers among them had reached new territory marked on the north by Hadley, Massachusetts, and on the southwest by West Chester, Pennsylvania. By November, 1917, starlings were seen for the first time by persons in the east-central part of Ohio, in West Virginia and in Georgia.

Already these birds have established themselves in the Mississippi Valley; they have reached Kansas, and certainly will not stop their invasion this side of Hollywood. They are industrious creatures, as anyone will testify who has seen them strutting a zigzag course along the ground in suburban areas, pausing only to spear a worm, a beetle or a caterpillar. Each adult pair raises several broods a year from clutches of pale-blue eggs numbering from three to six. They are not migrants in the manner of robins, but use their wings, when family cares are over for the season, as we mortals use our automobiles. The starling in the post-breeding season goes touring.

A Young Belted Kingfisher

A "Bird City" in One of Chicago's Parks

A Bird Congress

A TRUCULENT creature, the starling has made many enemies because of his aggressions against flickers, bluebirds, wrens and robins. This behavior, it seems, is due to a bird-housing problem. The wintering flocks of starlings mate in April and then in pairs wander off in search of nesting sites. They are willing to nest anywhere from two to forty feet above ground, but if the place which seems best suited to their needs is already occupied by the nest of a pair of birds they can whip, why, then the starlings express their sentiments in harsh voices and proceed to pick a fight.

Because the starlings are accustomed to nesting around houses, complaints against them began to pile up in Washington. When a pair of these birds uses the same nesting site for several years in succession as much as a half bushel of nesting material may be accumulated by them in a cornice, in the hollow of a big tree or under the eaves of a house.

On the Mall in Washington, D. C., where grackles had roosted for years, there appeared, late in 1917, about three hundred starlings. It was after the breeding season. In the black branches of trees denuded of leaves by October winds nightly there gathered a great mixed flock of birds, all of them full of conversation. Congregated there were eight thousand purple martins, a thousand grackles, a few swallows and the starlings. If you had passed close to that roost you might have supposed that there were present also peewees, bluebirds and bobwhites, because the starlings are extraordinary mimics. What had been left unsaid when comparative silence settled on that roost at

(Continued on Page 74)

Cliff Swallows and Their Nests

Roosevelt

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A CAR FOR ALL

FELLOWS OF INFINITE JEST

By John E. Hazzard and Robert Gordon Anderson

WHERE do good stories come from? No one knows. On trains, in grills, club lobbies, at benefits, banquets, balls—yes, "on the air" and up in the air, in aeroplanes, we've collared our national story-tellers and boldly asked, "Where did you get that?"

And all have shrugged their shoulders. "I don't know. Just picked it up somewhere." Occasionally a very candid man would say, "Oh, old Judge Gilhooley of Massapequa told me that one." But none would confess, "My great-great-great-granduncle, the famous Judge Hickory Hiccough, heard that from Jonah's own lips." None could or would trace a story to its real source.

Lillian Russell

As for inventing them, not one of those we buttonholed would own to it—that is, to wholly building them up to the ridgepole from the ground floor or foundation idea. Dick Davis—Richard Harding—years ago put it about right. It was when he was courting Bessie McCoy, fresh from her previous success in the Yama Yama Girl; and a more picturesque couple you never saw than Davis, with his fine figure and Gibson profile, and the elfin Bessie, who was the first of the musical *comédiennes* to know that graceful dancing implies a use of the hands and arms as well as the feet.

I was playing in the same piece and often had supper with them. One night Davis, who, with all his grandeur, always held out the helping hand, invited a young song writer, who had just come on from Detroit and was trying to break in the game, to come to our table. The youngster, Gene Buck, who later made a fortune with his songs, lost his eyesight and all his money and later fought his way back to health and fortune again as a producer, was anxious to learn how to write novels. And Davis gave him a tip.

"So, Gene," he said that night, "you want to make a writer. Well, here's the whole trick: You can't tell an old story in an old way or a new story in a new way. Folks will be bored with the first, and won't get the second; at least for some time. The thing to do is to tell an old story in a new way or a new story in an old way."

A Courageous Man on a Story Hunt

THE author of Soldiers of Fortune was speaking of fiction then, but with the short witty story the same rule holds. Then he added: "But that's a darned hard job, for where are you going to find anything new?"

To paraphrase another prince of good fellows, now dead and gone—Eugene Field—stories, like babies, just come out of the everywhere into the hear.

Now, story-telling is one of the chief by-products of the stage. At all those banquets and benefits, every hour of the day or night, you have to tell them, unless you're cast for the Third Gravedigger, to soothe a restless audience, charm an irate cast, or, for that matter, a hard-boiled manager to get a job or your play produced. And to gather enough stories for all occasions and all sorts and conditions of men you must do your shopping early, from the cradle learn to be clubby.

I began this clubby habit, this shopping, the picking them out of the everywhere and putting them into the hear, very early. In my teens, firemen, policemen on the beat, circus men at the old Madison Square Garden, race-track touts served as Britannicas. That chief of the Finest, William H. Devery, delivered some from his old Pump on Twenty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue, New York, where he used to sit in the sun; and even the Italian pushcart men proved fruitful sources.

Those I plucked I made pay. Some I told to the junior partners in the inner office—I was in dry goods and corduroys then; the dry goods I tried to sell for Mayor William L. Strong, who owned the house; the corduroys I wore, knee high—and the stories got me a raise from two dollars and fifty cents a week to three, then to five. Also they got me two-fifty a night, after hours, at the American Foresters' and the Elks', when I told them in a hired dress suit, a donated silk hat—from the junior partners—and the mayor's brass paper fasteners for shirt studs. And still I make them pay; I hope they're doing it right now.

One of the best and most profitable stories I retrieved in the tyro days I got—and this, mark you, is a word very much to the wise—by calling on two girls—two very pretty girls.

Their father was a hodcarrier who had made a fortune and had put in the old house between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues—called a "dump" in those gracious days—rose-shaded lamps, roses in the carpets, and a gas-log fire. You could hardly see the chairs for the tidies, and as for the girls, they were real swell.

For these calls I bought a morning coat, known as a cutaway then, and a real kelly, or iron hat, with a very wide brim, and fifteen cents worth of sweet peas tied up in a bit of oiled paper. This was rash—and I cite it simply to show how not only diligence and patience are required to collect stories but sometimes a rare sort of courage, as I found out when I heard one of three toughs gathered about one of those fruitful Italian stands observe, "Pipe this comin' along!" At the same time three hands simultaneously reached behind for that uncooked boiled-dinner assorted.

Wilton Lackaye as "Svengali"

My first impulse was not an uncommon one. Then I thought of my coat. Facing them I could duck and dodge. Turning to the rear meant only disaster. So bravely I walked on, to be rewarded, for when I came abreast, one of them said:

"Aw, leave him alone. He's a friend of Kelly's." Kelly being to the leader of the ward, forty-second assistant politician.

The Formula for Monologues

THE girl did not like my floral tribute, having received from Harry Hill, the famous café owner over on Houston Street, a large and very white Easter lily; exactly of the sort I had thought, a few moments before, I would be wearing in my hands. At the same time I attempted to hold hers, and she, withdrawing it, proudly gave me one of my first and best lines.

"Stop!" said she. "Familiarity breeds despise!"

The vaudeville houses, were also good hunting grounds. When they started vaudeville, or variety, as billed then,

Maurice Barrymore as "Captain Swift"

they tried to win customers by placing free tickets in all the neighborhood mail boxes. These we boys would fish out with hatpins, when our own gave out, and enter with the first curtain at eleven A.M. and stay till dinnertime at six or seven. The chasers old man Proctor put on to empty the house did no good, so great was our enthusiasm; and I can still see a woman with six cockatoos they sent on one day every three-quarters of an hour. Bad as her act was we applauded her so much that she thought she was at last a hit.

Monologues were all the rage in those days. There were about six hundred monologists, three hundred of them named Kelly. But Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man, was the favorite. He needed no dressing room: just walked in from the street in an old Prince Albert coat, his spectacles being his only make-up.

Kelly and all the others of his brotherhood had an unvarying formula for opening their singles. "I attended a party last night," it began, "and a lot of us were sitting around the table drinking beer. The first to get up was an Irishman"—they were always first in those halcyon days—"and he told this story." Then the story. "The next to get up was a German;" and then it might be a Jew, or possibly an

(Continued on Page 62)

S·A·F·E

Passenger transports should take no chances! . . . The S-A-F-E uses three-motored Fords to insure a wide margin of safety

SOUTHWEST of St. Louis and Kansas City is a great region that probably expresses American modernism more accurately than any other. It is rich. It is decidedly virile. It is one of the most alert regions in the world. It is logical, therefore, that this region should be the scene of one of the most pronounced and successful developments of commercial transport aviation. . . .

Colonel Halliburton, who established the Southwest Air Fast Express, has already in operation a fleet of nine tri-motored, 14-passenger, all-metal Ford planes. The S-A-F-E is right up to the minute in every phase of modern transport. Company limousines and five special aerocars transport passengers direct to and from downtown districts and the transport planes. Scheduled connections are made with all important trains.

St. Louis . . . Springfield . . . Tulsa . . . Kansas City . . . Coffeyville . . . Oklahoma City . . . Fort Worth . . . Dallas . . . Wichita Falls . . . Sweetwater! All these are connected by schedules designed to work in conjunction with the railroads . . . *so that far distant sections of the country are brought within twenty-four hours plane-train ride of each other.*

The safety factor, as much as anything else, determined Col. Halliburton in the choice of Ford tri-motored transports . . . since three engines provide the necessary margin of safety in carrying passengers. *From the inauguration of service on April 2nd over 2500 miles have been flown daily.*

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Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport

Features of Ford Plane

All-metal (corrugated aluminum alloys)—for strength, uniformity of material, durability, economy of maintenance, and structural safety.

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Speed range—55 to 135 m.p.h. Cruising radius, 580-650 miles.

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High wing monoplane (single, stream-lined, cantilever wing) for strength, speed, inherent stability, visibility, clean design . .

17 *capacity* (including pilot's dual-control cabin)—Buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, etc

Durability—Uniform all metal construction is insurance against deterioration.

Price, $12,000 to $55,000 (standard equipped at Dearborn)—Exceptionally low because of multiple-unit on-line production methods.

With great distances to be traversed . . . scattered points of rich productiveness to be visited . . . the Southwest is ideal for air transportation

(Continued from Page 60)

Indian or a Dutchman. Scotland had not yet been discovered.

Many of these fellows were funny off-stage as well as on. The famous Jim Thornton, for instance, seeing an actor friend on Broadway one day looking for work, asked sympathetically:

"Harry, can you play a Mexican?"

"Yes," said Harry with undisguised eagerness.

"Then roll me a cigarette!"

And Thornton had the pleasant habit of walking up to one of the Broadway squad, since known as the traffic squad, and asking in his dignified ministerial way:

"My friend, can you tell me where I'll find a policeman?"

It usually went pretty well, but one day it didn't when one of the Finest, feeling not so fine, hit poor Jim and knocked him out cold, right in the middle of Broadway. The crowd gathered, and after a few minutes Jim came to, opened his eyes, looked up at the policeman and said, "But you didn't answer my question."

Using Clubs to Collect Humor

AS I GREW older I continued the clubby habit. When playing in farce or musical comedy on the road, I began to be invited to clubs, sweller places than the old Foresters' and Elks' on Eleventh Avenue and Cranford, New Jersey; and now not as a paid entertainer but a more or less honored guest.

Gradually I accumulated many decks of guest cards. And at the University Club in Chicago, or the C. A. C., and especially in Room Six, a club within a club, where George Ade and John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, and other famous men used to gather, I would tell a few and collect more.

It was the same at the University Club in Indianapolis. I would hearken to Ade again, the novelist, Meredith Nicholson, Hewitt Howland, the club president and editor, and Booth Tarkington, one of the best of all; and at the Racquet in Philadelphia, the Bohemia in California, and the Pendennis, in Louisville, champion story-tellers were always to be found.

I told these stories not only in friendly circles but to the dress circles of Mr. Keith, and got good money by it. So, though most clubs are expensive institutions, I made mine pay, and, in addition, had a glorious alibi for the lady who presides over the home circle.

The habit finally became so ingrained that when I played Pittsburgh and frequently dined of nights at the Schenley or Fort Pitt or Henry, with Alexander Moore, later ambassador to Spain and husband of Lillian Russell, the order should be reversed—we used to saunter over to the telegraph stands and tell funny stories to Lillian by wire, in long night letters.

Those who have not been backstage much perhaps do not know that there are three attitudes the actor can take with respect to his audience. In straight drama the fourth wall stands between him and the audience. The actor must never appear to be thinking of the folks on the other side of that invisible barrier, must only address the folks of the cast. In musical comedy and revue he tries a compromise—now addressing himself to the people on the stage, then to those in the audience, taking them in on a story, song or quip, swinging adroitly first to one, then the other.

In vaudeville you must face the audience direct, get down in the footlight trough or stand on the orchestra leader's head and fire it at them front face; the last method, of course, being extreme and only tried by the most uneasy and nervous of our modern funny men, but the rule of direct address holding in all singles.

In preparing for vaudeville singles, or monologues, each has his own system. I collected the good stories from all sources, then would try them out when I started on tour, watching my audience carefully, dropping out the gags and stories that did not go so well, substituting others, switching them around with an eye for an exit laugh. Also I experimented a little with detail, building up the stories with more characterization or atmosphere, or shortening them; changing the dialect, reversing phrases where I found I had the cart part of the sentence before the horse; pressing—that is, laying the stress on this line instead of that—and timing or pacing it all carefully.

It was a little harder for me than for some of the headliners who played continuously in vaudeville and were able to arrive, after a time, at a set arrangement that would go for several seasons, while I only played in between seasons in the legitimate, and so had to be experimenting constantly.

One month I started out with an opening I thought showed a particularly good finesse. It began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will try to entertain you with a few stories. Some of them vill be goot, zome bad." Then the lingo of this introduction, all preamble, ran to Irish, Yiddish, negro, Swedish—in all, five dialects—all subtly accompanying the announcement of what I was intending to do. If it was subtle, it was too much so; the audience didn't get it at all, and I had to drop overboard this child of my brain.

The tryouts were always very trying, coming on Monday matinées; and I'll never forget the hardest of all, at Hammerstein's old Victoria at Forty-second Street and Broadway, where the Rialto now stands. The elder Hammerstein was sitting on the steps leading from the stage into the orchestra aisles, with plug hat on, but never a smile; the audience was composed chiefly of song pluggers and agents, all hard-boiled and only there to see one particular act; and gradually I felt myself dying. To make it worse, I had neglected to hire the usual claque to cheer for me, and there was not a sign of a smile or a ripple of applause. As a last hope I pinned my faith on a certain German story, and was about to swing into this, with my one eye on old Oscar and his plug hat, the other on the agents, when who should stroll out into the wings and seat himself there but Sam Bernard, the best of all German dialecticians. And the story I had selected as a life raft was German!

It was my desperation, I guess, that saved me, for I did not get the invisible hook from old Oscar, but played the week through; and Sam afterward became one of my best friends, and when either of us happened to be in an audience before which the other was playing, the one on the stage would interpolate an allusion intelligible only to the other in the orchestra seat, who would almost fall out into the aisle, laughing, to the bewilderment of the rest of the spectators.

Several tricks can help out a dying monologist or for that matter the failing actor. A bribed stage hand can start clapping in the wings. That is contagious. Or he can start the curtain shaking. That, too, is effective; for, seeing it, the audience, expecting that the curtain is going up, even though they have not liked the act, are hypnotized by suggestion into applause. Then there is bow music.

I had never heard of this until I struck Rochester, where the orchestra leader asked me, "Ain't you got any bow music?"

"What d'y' mean—bow music?"

"Why, music playing for you to bow."

"Good Lord, man, I don't get any bows!"

None the less I had to submit to the graft and pay him for composing, or rather putting down in musical notation, a few bars he had "remembered." I was much greener than the pair before me on the bill—acrobats—who were told by the manager to cut their act from eighteen minutes to nine.

"Can't do it," they said. "We bow for five minutes."

In crediting sources we overlooked the jokesmiths. You can go out and buy jokes from them. For from five to fifteen hundred dollars they will write you an act full of wheezes and anecdotes guaranteed to play half an hour. If you get three minutes of actual playing time when you have boiled it down, you have got your money's worth.

Where do these fellows live? That's the trouble. Up in the Roaring Forties of New York City—which, if you've ever traveled them and heard the song pluggers' notes coming out of every fourth and fifth story window, you'd swear should be called the Piano Forties—or in some theatrical boarding house with their trousers under the mattress. At least so I've been told. No one, you see, would be willing to admit he made up jokes for a living; he might be asked: "Tell me one." Still, having so many guest cards to clubs I haven't needed to call in a jokesmith.

Funny Stories Filed Away

I HAVE known, though, fellows who kept scrapbooks of stories and jokes. Henry Blossom, the author of Checkers and twenty other famous hits, used to have them beautifully arranged as burglar jokes, stenogs, steeplejacks, mothers-in-law, marital battles, and so on. And Harry B. Smith, who wrote acres of librettos for Reginald De Koven and other composers, also had his humor on tap in files. But don't for one moment think these fellows weren't original. They could roll their own. When they did appropriate an old one they showed the fine Italian hand that Shakspere did when he touched up old tales from the Danish or from Boccaccio. Anyway, chestnuts you know are common property.

Of course lines are apt to be more spontaneous than stories. Certainly Augustus Thomas, the playwright's, humor was all his own when he was asked by an actor at a rehearsal, "Gus, I'd like a funny line here," and he shot back: "For instance." And Joe Frisco's, the famous vaudeville headliner and wit, when asked at the billiard table, "How are you, Joe?" "Very clever," said Joe, as he made his shot.

John Drew, too, was original and responsible for many a line, in his courteous way. And what a wonderful place his home at Easthampton, Long Island, was for collecting lines and stories!

On the long veranda, Sunday afternoons, we would gather—about fifty of us in all—Ethel, Bee, his daughter; playwrights like Edward Sheldon, author of Romance and Salvation Nell; a distinguished traveler like Somerset Maugham; perhaps, Finley Dunne of Dooley fame; with Mrs. John Drew the younger, wife of the Iron Squire, as we called him, presiding over the tea and cakes in her sweet, gracious way.

The Squire himself, though sometimes laconic, was an excellent conversationalist—he could speak five languages—and never have I seen anyone who better personified the term "old-fashioned courtesy." He would stroll down the village street, bowing to shopkeeper and blacksmith, pausing now and then to pat a child's head or kiss a woman's hand. But don't get the wrong picture there. John Drew was one of the few in this land who could kiss a woman's hand without appearing ridiculous. With him it was a really beautiful ceremony.

When you first were entertained at the Drew home you were given one of the fine guest rooms looking out over the lovely Long Island Sound and shore. When they knew you well you were put up in a room near the top called "the friar's cell." It was a mark of distinction.

Making Conversation to Fit the Joke

THE Squire had about fifty straw hats with hatbands. He rather liked you to wear one of his. "Have a hat," he would say when you started out with him on one of those strolls on which he would discourse delightfully and which was sure to be punctuated every hundred feet or so with one of his characteristically witty stories or retorts. But never must you pick up the hat with the band of the Meadowbrook Club. It was reserved for the Squire.

Almost the last time I saw him before he died, we had one of these strolls out into the country, past windmills, silos, duck ponds and plowed fields. Each served as cue for his comments—even the plowed fields. We came to one, and stopping, he pointed with his cane at it.

"What's that, Blizzard?" he asked—he always called me Blizzard. "They must be making a tennis court."

"You know it couldn't be that," I replied. "It's too large. They're planting something."

"Planting what?" came back in his characteristic grunt.

"Why, what farmers plant. You know—grain, rye."

"Rye! Let's wait."

It almost seemed as if he had planted something, thought that one up, then egged me on to play him a straight. People do that, you know. Oscar Wilde and Jimmy Whistler, Sydney Smith, in bygone days; Maurice Barrymore, Herford, Collier, and many another since, have deliberately manipulated a conversation, guided a half hour's dialogue so that they could spring the latest they had thought up.

Brian Hughes, New York's practical joker, used to do that, too, very elaborately, with his jokes. It took him a long time to take the old car horse, rejuvenate it on his farm, enter it at the horse show with a pedigree that included a sire named Electricity, a dam named Metropolitan—after the street railway where the horse had worked—and win a blue ribbon with him. Also to bury that stuffed figure with one boot out of a snowdrift at Central Park and call out the whole street-cleaning department and thousands of lookers-on to dig for the corpse. To say nothing of having his coachman run down the steps of the Metropolitan Art Museum with a rolled-up canvas under his arm—the canvas, of course, worth nothing—and he after him, crying, "Stop thief!" Not to overlook, either, that pasteboard box which the same coachman—it was fun working for Brian—carried out of Tiffany's front door, only to have it break and shower bits of colored glass on the sidewalk so they had to call out the reserves. Yes, it took him some time to think all those things up.

But to return to those files that Henry Blossom kept. I'd classify them, if I had any, by and large, this way: Narrative, descriptive, topical, firecracker, race, personality stories and downright lies.

The name of the first is sufficient definition. A narrative story is really a little playlet and has suspense properly built up and careful characterization and dialogue.

Jacob Wendell, younger brother of Barrett, the famous critic, was one of the best hands at this sort of tale. He had a masterpiece, for instance, about a Southern judge who had been up all night playing poker, had lost, and came next morning to the bench, with a hang-over, to sentence a Mexican for murder. He did not look at his prisoner, but waved out of the window, and said:

"Look—look out of the window, Jesus Fernandez Juarez. Cast your eyes on the luxuriant foliage. See how the sun gilds all the meadows. It is September—the beautiful September, Jesus Fernandez Juarez. But soon it will be gone. Ah! But then will come the beautiful October ——" and so on, on he went, rounding out the year gloriously

Continued on Page 66

Quickly . . .
This Foam Penetrates

into every tiny tooth crevice and washes out decaying impurities— thus Colgate's cleans teeth better*

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property ("low surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to permanently correct an acid condition of the mouth—things *no* toothpaste can do. Colgate *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Millions of sensible people have realized that Colgate's is more than an approved surface polisher; that it is one dentifrice which successfully washes away all those decaying food particles and mucin deposits lurking in the tiny crevices which brushing doesn't reach.

Millions of people have been impressed by the fact that more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other leading dentifrice

Also Colgate's has won friends because of its economical price—a 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at 25¢.

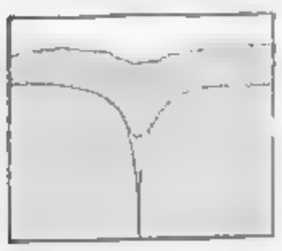
This great value is due to volume production Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

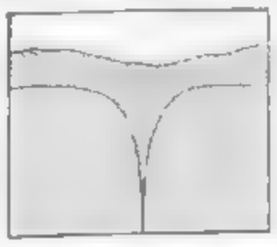
Why not accept this widespread acknowledgment of Colgate's as doubly superior?

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't. *Really* clean teeth help to protect against premature decay.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start





Greatly [illegible] Colgate's [illegible] New York [illegible] this [illegible] with [illegible] How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy

The diagram [illegible] how Colgate's [illegible] leaving [illegible] brush [illegible] down into the crevice, cleaning it completely [illegible] the tooth brush [illegible]

COLGATE [illegible] 1935, P. O. Box 375 [illegible] New York City, [illegible] tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with [illegible] How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy

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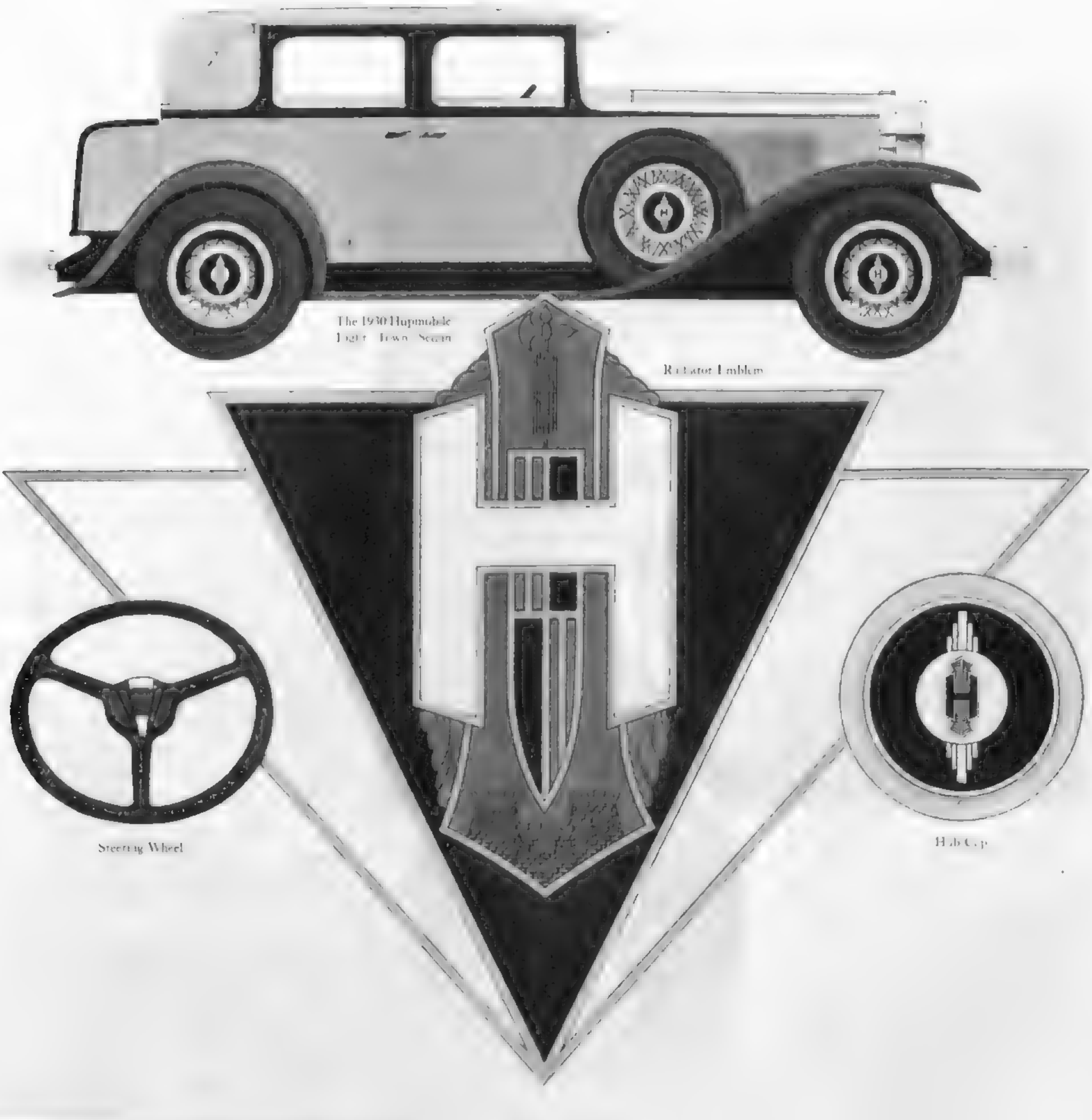


The 1930 Hupmobile
Light Town Sedan

Radiator Emblem

Steering Wheel

Hub Cap

BEAUTY

100 HORSEPOWER *and* 80 *miles per hour sheathed in the smartness of an original decorative idea . . . the first motor car ever designed to carry a single style motif inside . . . outside . . . throughout the car.*

Revolutionary in its lower price, its extreme comfort and spaciousness, its velvet-smooth performance . . . Yes . . . And revolutionary in body design as well.

For in this new and original motor car, a single modern style motif is used throughout the car.

Never before has a single decorative design been used to create a perfect and harmonious ensemble, inside and out.

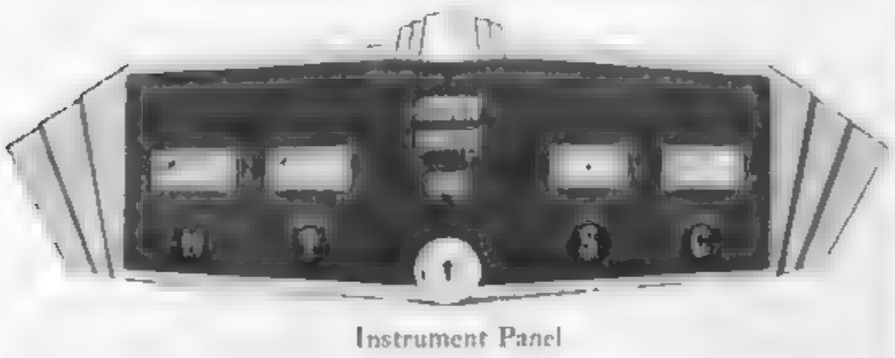
For the first time, lamps match instrument board. Radiator cap matches door-handles. The triangular peak in the visor is repeated in the top and back of the body. And again and again in the bumper plates, the emblem, the tops of the lamps, and horn button. Even the little robe-carrier attachments, the ends of the foot rests, and the face of the rear light carry the same motif. The inside lights chime with the cap to the gasoline tank. And the decoration on the window sills combines flawlessly with the smoking set!

Not a discordant note is struck. Not a single fitment is out of key. Not a disturbing element is visible. From radiator to tail light, from top deck to tires . . . this new Hupmobile is *planned* to harmonize in a single chord of beauty.

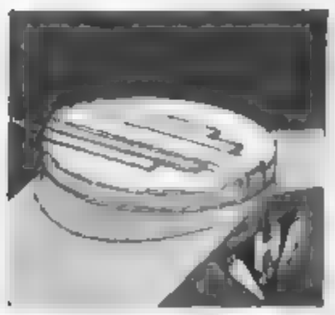
For power and speed that give unparalleled performance, for notably luxurious riding, for extraordinary smoothness, and for an ideal of harmonized beauty never seen before in any motor car . . . visit your Hupmobile dealer today.

BODY TYPES—*5 Passenger 4-door Sedan $1595...4-door Town Sedan $1715, including 5 disc wheels and custom built trunk . . . 2 Passenger Coupe with rumble seat $1595 . . . 2 Passenger Cabriolet (collapsible top) with rumble seat $1670 . . . 7 Passenger De Luxe Sport Phaeton $1695, including 5 disc wheels.* Custom Equipment . . . *available for all models, at amazingly slight extra cost. All prices f. o. b. factory.* C-164

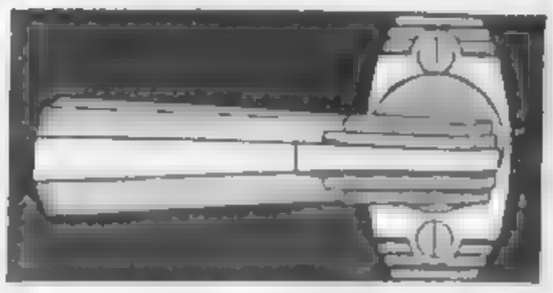
THE·NEW·1930·HUPMOBILE·EIGHT



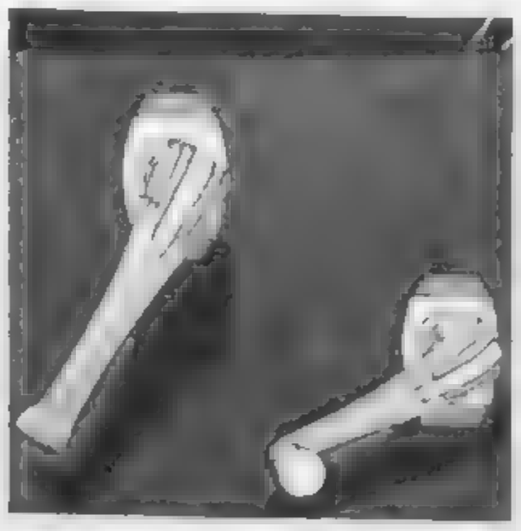
Instrument Panel



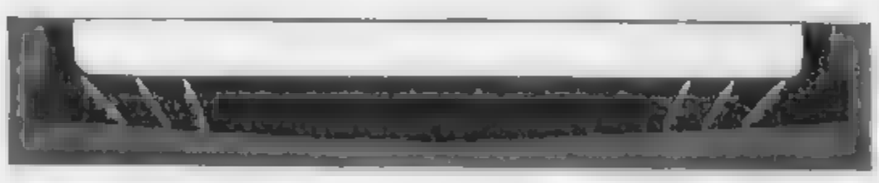
Radiator Cap



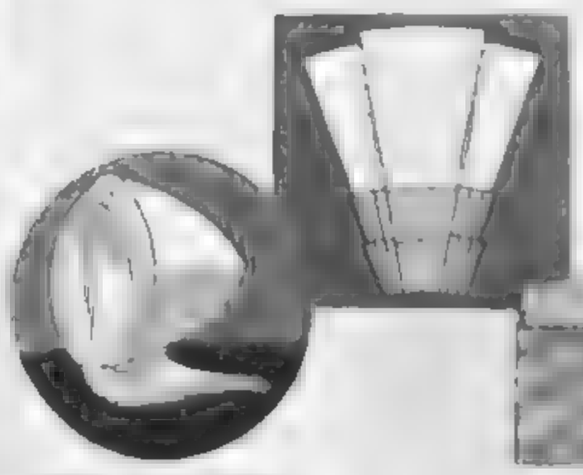
Outside Door-Handle



Inside Door-Handles



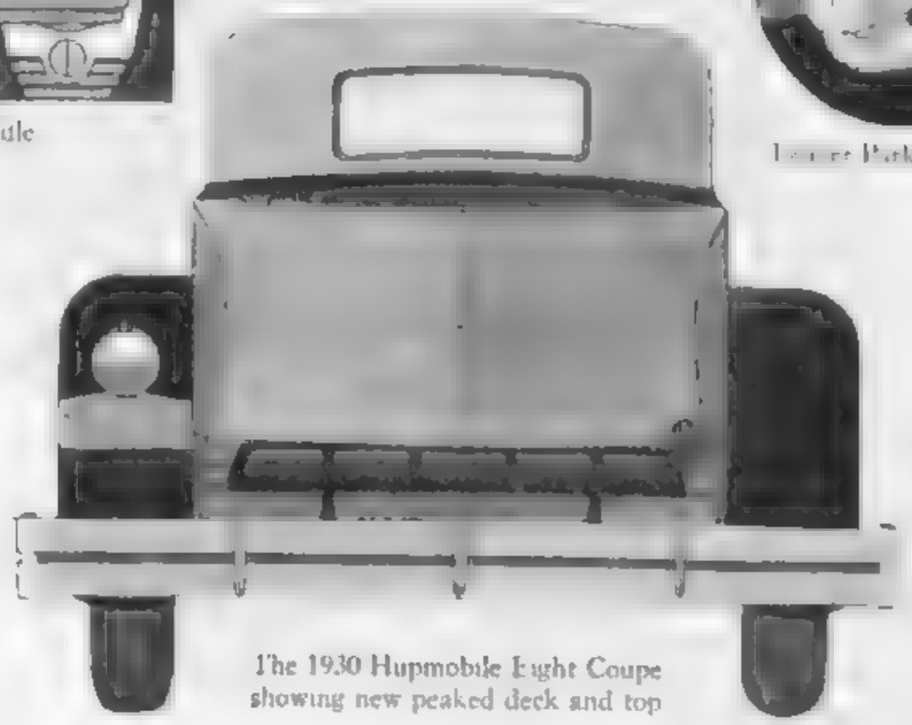
Inside Door Molding



Inside Light

Interior Parking Light

Smoking Set



The 1930 Hupmobile Eight Coupe showing new peaked deck and top

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

("Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free")

UNIVERSAL was the first to commit itself to the policy of continuing to produce silent, as well as talking, pictures. While there is no denying the popularity of talking pictures, the fact remains that hundreds of small theatres are not equipped to show them. They must continue to show the silent pictures and we propose to help them save their business careers. It is expensive, of course, but these theatres have stood by us for 20 years and we have no right, or desire, to neglect them. We are making a remarkable line of talking pictures for the current season, and for practically all of them there will be a silent version as well.

—C. L.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT continues as the exponent of romance in "*The Mississippi Gambler*," a picturesque story of love versus gambling and love lock horns and the latter wins. Opposite SCHILDKRAUT is JOAN BENNETT. Others in the cast are the grand old man of the screen, ALEC FRANCIS, also LOIS HARLAN and EARL METCALFE. GEORGE AGNEW.

Merna Kennedy in "Harmon Was Right"

The Chicago Daily Times says of "*The Drake Case*": "... a most successful combination of gripping interest, flawless acting and marvelous speaking voices. Your guessing machinery will have to do a lot of work. If you want to take in a good movie, here's one."

Be on the lookout for the GLEASONS in "*The Shannons of Broadway*," also "*Skinner Steps Out*" featuring GLENN TRYON and MERNA KENNEDY. This is an adaptation from Henry Irving Dodge's famous story about the young suburban husband who made a million dollars out of advertising. It will give you a number of laughs. A William Craft Production.

James Gleason in "The Shannons of Broadway"

Great success rides on the wings of "*Show Boat*," "*Broadway*" and "*College Love*," all star productions both silent and talking. Watch for them in your vicinity.

All hail HOOT GIBSON! I just saw his first talking picture, "*The Long, Long Trail*." GIBSON in this picture, is a revelation. I have seen him in many a thrilling situation in the silent GIBSONS but I never expected that he or any Western star could do the things that he does with the addition of dialog. His voice is just what you hope a cowboy's voice would be. I want to keep my enthusiasm about the new GIBSONS within bounds until you see for yourself that "*The Long, Long Trail*" will stand up as entertainment with any talking picture made.

Margaret Livingston in "Tonight at Twelve"

Now that I am home again I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your letters while I was abroad. In these I hope I can tell you many interesting things to tell you in the near future. Watch this column carefully.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 62)

until the next September, bringing in the name of the prisoner artistically and effectively after every few phrases, and heightening the suspense until you thought the prisoner was surely to be pardoned, when Wendell would wind up after his most beautiful description: "But you, you Mexican son of a chihuahua—you will not be here! You hang a week from Thursday!"

That story had everything—suspense, surprise, characterization, dialogue, description—and with his gifts Wendell could string it out to a week from Thursday and never tire the hearer.

The topical story is like the topical song. It comes today and goes tomorrow, with the event, phase or movement it satirizes. A few live, but not many. Today prohibition furnishes most of this type, where only yesterday it was woman suffrage or bloomers and dress reform. On every hand they are picking them, twisting old ones and adapting them to the requirements; and real experiences give birth to some that are almost, if not entirely, new.

Old Jokes With New Twists

George Cohan came back only the other day from Chicago, with an experience he uses as a story. When he was there he was asked if he would like to make the acquaintance of a real gunman of the Scarface brand. He was, of course, delighted, and repaired at the appointed hour in the small hours to a room in a luxurious hotel. Soon there was a knock at the door; the heroic villain slouched in and George was presented, trying in his well-known, chatty way to make pleasant conversation. But all the gunman did was to look George over in a way that might be called—yes, "sinister" is a very good word.

When the gunman left, his host seemed tickled. Slapping Cohan on the shoulder, he exclaimed in delight, "He liked you, George! He liked you!"

"Liked me!" repeated George! "Why, he never even spoke to me!"

"I tell you he liked you!" yelled the other; still more tickled and with more delighted slaps of the shoulder.

"How do you know he liked me?" George, now thoroughly bewildered, asked.

"Why, he didn't kill you, did he?" returned the other.

Race and personality stories are own cousins, the former turning on a real or reputed trait of a people, the latter on a characteristic of a well-known individual.

With Scotch stories, as with the old wheezes about the Nutmeg State, the trait at the core is economy in dollars; though it is a little unfair, perhaps, since—though possibly you've never thought of it—the real reason why these people are sparing with their pennies—and many of them are as generous as any race in the world—is that they had for centuries to wrest a living from rocky and arid soil. Still, the illusion keeps up. A story with this theme would fall flat if you told it about a Welshman. By the same token, a story of the brickbat or "Is this a private fight?" order would not go so well if told about a Swede. But you can apply stories told about Hebrews twenty years ago to the Scotch. All you have to do is to change locale, props and dialect a bit, just as you can trot out almost any old chestnut, after a few seasons or so, in a new Easter bonnet and spring ensemble.

It is to the credit of these two races which are discussed so much—the Scotch and the Jews—that they are the only two who are willing to tell stories on themselves. Did you ever hear an Englishman tell one involving his alleged lack of humor or an American about making the eagle scream? Not often, anyway.

Harry Lauder, by the way, is the one that should be tried for high treason, if ever the Gaelic worm does turn. It was he who deliberately, but with the best of good humor, pinned the label of economical on his fellow Scot. Americans had never thought of taking up that before. It was all really nothing but clever ballyhoo.

Downright lies, romancing tales, are worthwhile if skillfully done, and at this indoor sport Baron Munchausen still holds the belt, while Benvenuto Cellini can run him a close second when he wants to enter the race.

Fishermen sometimes have these famous men faded. The only trouble is that their stories lack variety and the saving grace of modesty. I have tried to dig up a few, but I never can remember them. Perhaps that is because I am no true fisherman, telling all my stories beforehand, while I am fishing, and so getting no fish to tell stories about afterward.

The firecracker sort is the swiftly told one that sizzles with action, has no characterization, description or dialect to speak of, and depends not so much on clever telling as on the cracker in the tail.

But you could go on indefinitely with the subdivisions—drunk stories, alibi, bath or uncleanliness stories, usually applied to Russians and Finns which is again a blanket, and therefore unjust indictment and those about ministers, Sunday-school scholars, truants, deaf mutes—you'd be surprised at the number of these—and mothers-in-law—but we had best stop the list right here.

It's fun sometimes to trace them in their different forms and variations. Try it sometime with, say, the-alibi-for-the-wife grade. It's ten to one, if you have a good nose for it, you can collect in a week five hundred lodge, sick friend, stenographer, and "I'm here at the office, dearie." "When did you put the orchestra in?" versions.

Then try the no-lady assortment. There's the starter: "That ain't no lady; it's my wife!"; the "Ladies and gentlemen and others" of the toastmaster; the masked-ball version—"What shall I wear?" "Go disguised as a gentleman!"—and the two ladies approached by the major domo—"What characters do you represent?" "No particular characters." And the announcement: "Two ladies of no particular character!"

And so on up to the more subtle retort of Paul Armstrong, the playwright, when he told one of the cast:

"I think it will get a laugh if you shoot your cuffs at that line, Harry"—shooting the cuffs being the jerk which brings the cuff to the proper level below the coat sleeve.

But Harry objected: "No gentleman shoots his cuffs, Mr. Armstrong."

Then Paul: "You mustn't believe all you hear, Harry."

In this league you ought to bat well above five hundred.

Many of these jokes you can find in the torn old pages of Joe Miller, who lived in the seventeen hundreds and whose jokes and stories were issued under his name for several generations after his death. He, by the way, was an actor, too, playing at the old Drury Lane not so many years after Nell Gwynne.

Flint and Steel

But it is all right to appropriate an old Joe Miller—the synonym for chestnut—if you twist it deftly and apply it to modern conditions. Hosts of librettists and revue playwrights do that for the stage, and many famous wits in private life. Wilton Lackaye, the original Svengali and one of the brightest who ever matched lines around a table, made an old Joe serve his purpose when a pest accosted a friend of his at the New Willard and was properly rebuffed.

"Why," said the pest to Lackaye's friend, "you came from nothing! Your father was only a tailor when mine was a doctor."

"Perhaps," responded Lackaye, "but his father's mistakes came back to him."

In the old lines of the Drury Lane actor, the principals are doctor and lawyer, and the mistakes are six feet in the air and six feet underground. But Lackaye gave the old jest the fine finishing touch we spoke of, which Shakspere gave to the old Danish and Italian tales from which he borrowed.

And what a magnificent straight the man played for him! That is part of a wit's secret—the audience: having someone play, consciously or unconsciously, a good straight for you. Humor, after all, is only a matter of flint and steel—steal, especially, I hear someone complaining among the wise-cracking brethren.

But passing up that, I never can forget the time a gushing hostess met me at the door with: "Come right in. We're just dying to be entertained." Then, turning to the guests and gushing some more: "Mr. Hazzard is so funny!" Well, maybe I have been, though it's a horrible thing to admit. At any rate, I've been paid for it on the stage. But that night I wasn't funny.

So audiences, formal or informal, differ vastly. You have to study them carefully when you expect to tell them stories as well as when you romp before them as a comedian on the stage. You can't tell whom you're going to hit. Again, sometimes you're surprised that what one might consider would hurt goes over with a bang.

Six Ways Not to Start a Story

When passing through Saranac I was asked to tell stories in a tubercular sanatorium. One of my best at the time involved coughing, and I mentioned this to the doctor in charge, observing that of course I would leave it out. "Don't," he said. "They'll like it." And they did, laughing at it more than at any other I told.

During the war we told many at many benefits. Indeed, those benefits came so thick and fast that when anyone approached us with: "Mr. Smith, I want to see you," we didn't let them finish; we just said, "Yes, when is it?" Which got me in trouble one night, for after I had spoken of the heroism and suffering in the trenches of the beneficiaries of that benefit, the said beneficiaries turned out to be Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske's cats and dogs at the Bide-a-Wee Home.

Scarcely more appreciative was the murderer in the Ohio pen who listened all the way through without smile or comment, except at the end, when he sepulchrally bawled, "And they're hanging me next Monday!" What could he have meant?

A much more courteous audience was President Wilson, who, after I had told my best at the New Amsterdam, and incidentally sold a million's worth of Liberty bonds to financial plants in the audience, was extremely patient with my late, though still living, wife. When we were presented I apologized for her tardiness with the old alibi: "She was late because I wasn't at home to hook her up in her dress."

"That's all right," the President said. "I have to hook my wife up, too, every night."

Still, it's not all in the audience, though. Three-quarters of the secret, as it is in getting lines over the footlights, is "the way I said that," to quote again Richard Carle.

So many people say it in absolutely the wrong way. They begin their stories with one of five gambits: "That reminds me," "Have you heard the one about," "I heard a good one the other day," "There was a fellow who ——" "There were two Irishmen ——" or Swedes—or fish. No, come to think of it, there are six. I overlooked the fatal "Stop me if you've heard this." Try and stop them!

That opening is thoroughly bad because you put a curse on it right at the start, put your hearers in the mood that they are going to hear something old and boring. Don't apologize until afterward, if it's necessary then.

Another blunder is in starting, "Two Czecho-Slovakians went up the street. . . . No, they were going down it. . . . I'm wrong, they were at the corner of Twenty-third ——" Just drool. If you draw a diagram of a well-told and well-constructed story it will go from point to point, giving a beautiful illustration of a straight line. The oldest wheeze in the world—"Have a cigar?" "What's the matter with it?"—certainly goes swiftly from point to point.

(Continued on Page 69)

IT *didn't "just happen"....*

this blend of choice coffees which delights a nation

OVER the coffee cups at the Maxwell House in the old days in Nashville, Tennessee, what romance, what talk of adventure, of art, business and affairs, went on!

For the flower of the South gathered for the high festivities at the old Maxwell House and here her most illustrious guests were fêted with all the warmth of traditional Southern hospitality.

"Marvelous Southern cooking—marvelous coffee," said the guests. They wanted the coffee to serve when they went back home. It seemed to them that they had never tasted coffee with so completely satisfying a flavor.

There was a reason for that. Maxwell House Coffee was "different." It was the triumph of an expert who dreamed a dream of better coffee flavor and made that dream come true.

He was a connoisseur of coffees. He had roasted and tasted the choicest kinds from many different lands, but no one of them alone quite satisfied him. So he began to combine them. He worked for years testing, combining, re-combining flavors and shades of flavors, until at last he had it—a blend of such rich and subtle—such *sparkling*—harmony that it delighted even his critical palate.

The judgment of the Maxwell House confirmed his judgment—Maxwell House guests spread abroad the fame of Maxwell House Coffee. Today it is known and preferred from coast to coast of the United States, pleasing more people than any other high-grade packaged coffee ever offered for sale.

Wherever you are, your family may enjoy this particularly good, satisfying coffee, for your own grocer has it, sealed in the tin which protects all its matchless fragrance and mellow, full-bodied flavor.

■

His genius for flavor, his patience and his skill resulted in the matchless blend which has made Maxwell House Coffee outstanding in flavor.

Silex Method Drip Coffee—Use medium-ground (steel-cut) Maxwell House Coffee in the proportions of one heaping tablespoon for each cup (½ pint) of cold water. Put the coffee into the upper compartment of the silex and the water in the lower part. Set in position and heat until the water boils and has syphoned into the upper compartment. Remove from heat. When the liquid has dripped back into lower compartment, the coffee is ready to serve.

●

LISTEN IN THURSDAY NIGHTS

A program of lively good music by the popular Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra is broadcast every Thursday evening, ranging from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGY, KSD, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KPO, KGO, WOAI, WDAF, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WFBC, WRVA.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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EVEN THE FLOORS SELL Good Health in this Hospital

EVERYTHING in this spacious lounge of the Neurological Institute in New York's Medical Center, is planned to invite cheerful relaxation. For the floor, John Gamble Rogers, architect, chose Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 92, cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. It's trimly tailored to every nook and cranny. It pleasantly cushions weary feet. It's warm in winter, cool in summer. And it will keep its fine appearance for long years of wear with the minimum of maintenance.

Making folks feel better is a *business!* Perhaps nowhere else in the world is this good-health industry conducted in a more efficient, business-like manner than at the new Medical Center in New York City. Perhaps nowhere else can a business man get such a complete and convincing story of what to do about floors.

STEP, for a moment please, into the Neurological Institute, one of the most interesting buildings in the modern Medical Center group. Take a mind's eye picture along with you of what you *think* hospital floors are like—or the floors in your own place of business.

You'd like to see a ward first? Why, you're in one now! What have they done to make it so different, so eye-inviting? Simply made the floors part of the health-selling setting—in color, in foot-comfort, in quietness, in warmth. In all the wards—there are ten—that same distinction and character is contributed largely by Armstrong's Linoleum Floors.

Pick any private room. The floor story's the same . . . colorful, quiet, foot-easy Armstrong Floors that help sell health as they help sell products across a counter, service across a desk.

In private room or ward, foot-easy floors of restful color help cheer patients back to health. Here you see Armstrong's Jaspé No. 19. All these Armstrong Floors are inherently clean floors, too—made so by the spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps this surface gleaming. Or where floors need washing, renew the surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

If your business needs a tonic, follow this example of the Neurological Institute. Any local linoleum, department, or furniture store merchant will gladly demonstrate how colorful floors can cure tired turnover as well as fatigued minds. Just telephone . . . right in your own place of business the latest Armstrong Floors will then be displayed in contrast with your present floors. And if you wish, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will lend a hand to complete the transformation.

For the good health of your business, please let us send you the complete story of sales-making floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. A letter to Lancaster asking for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste" brings it to you free. (Canada, 25¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 324 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum
FLOORS
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED JASPE PRINTED · ARABESQ and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

(Continued from Page 66)

And though it is brief and a wheeze, the moral should be observed in any story-telling.

Of course, there are descriptive details and atmosphere to be built up in certain classes we have spoken of, but these must be only details, with the line running clear from start to final cracker, or laugh, while the diagrams of half the stories I've heard told—that is, the way I've heard them told would look like an intermittent fever patient's chart.

Nor can you make a story that should last five seconds run five minutes. Know where you're going and get there. You must keep in mind your point and cracker. It's all like a little play. As Arthur Hopkins, the producer, says, "How's your last act?" Once that is in a story—point and last line—it's easy enough to throw in atmosphere, dialect, characterization—in short, the fringe.

Like a dramatist turning out a Thirteenth Chair, or Conan Doyle a Sherlock Holmes, you must keep your auditors from guessing your point; play for suspense.

Know When to Stop

Above all, you must be brief! That can't too often be repeated: "Brevity is the soul of ——" and so on. Just a moment ago I began a story of a drunken Scotchman with "A tight Scotchman"; and my friend and collaborator, himself of Scottish strain, exclaimed, "Why repeat yourself?" He was right. Examine the phrase and see.

At banquets and Rotary dinners stories must have a different introduction from that used in monologues or over the table informally. A local treatment, through reference to some popular man in the audience or a local celebrity or town institution or output, usually ties up things nicely and, in addition, flatters community pride.

And if a choice of billing is offered you, get on toward the end. It is the garden spot, for you can cap all the other fellows and satirize them, in good humor, of course. That is why you see so many taking notes on the backs of old envelopes and on the tablecloth or cuffs. Just jot down your note on your cuffs and you'll have the bulge on the other fellow.

But whether first or last on the oratorial menu, you must keep your exit story in mind. Unless the applause is deafening and cannot be ignored, don't be misled into rising and giving an encore. It is so easy to imagine the vote is unanimous and to tell your second best after your best have been told. Leave them with an appetite for more, which is hard, after a dozen courses and incipient dyspepsia. Again, in short, know when to sit down and stay there. Never forget that at banquets chairs are usually provided with the dinners.

People often wonder why women do not, as a rule, make good story-tellers. There are some—Elizabeth Murray, May Irwin, Emma Carus, Elsie Janis, Florence Moore, a few others, but only a handful. Perhaps it's because they are more practical, less imaginative than men; haven't the adventurous, daring spirit, and humor only in a passive, receptive sense. Again, they may have a sense so fine that they can let their husbands think they have it and always take the floor.

I never knew but two humorists and story-tellers who married—each other! Their offspring is now studying with an undertaker. Such a marriage is impossible on the face of it, for who's going to listen?

A wife, however, can be very helpful to a story-telling husband, particularly at parties, with cues. "Tell that one about the two fish, Reggie." And Reggie modestly: "Oh, that one is too old!" And immediately, old as it is, Reggie is off, never to be headed.

On the other hand a woman can be too helpful, supply too many missing words. Or: "That wasn't the way you told it before!" and so on, until, finally: "You tell it!"—and if you are a man of courage you walk out.

And there's a third side—the girl who marries a humorist has a pretty hard burden to bear. She has to go to all those parties, listen to the same stories, laugh in the right places—and as if she means it too.

It would be hard to call the long roll of good story-tellers and not leave some of the best ones out. Among those that flash instantly into mind are Frank Daniels, the musical-comedy star; Simeon Ford, Chauncey Depew and Mark Cross—no, Francis Murphy—the after-dinner speakers; the actors William Courtleigh, Charles Hawtrey, Dave Warfield, Walter Catlett, Richard Carle, Pete Dailey and Donnie Brian. Then there are the producers, John Golden, Sam Harris and Arthur Hopkins; Joe Chase, the artist; the writers, Ellis Parker Butler, Joe Lincoln, Irvin Cobb and George Creel; and we mustn't forget the beloved "Tark" or Lindsay Denison, Creswell Maclaughlin, A. E. Thomas, the playwright; or Beatrice Herford, Ruth Draper's inspiration, or that distinguished wit, Oliver Herford, and Charley Towne. But what's the use! To list them all would make another article and no one buys just names.

As for wise-crackers, let's not list them at all. A wise crack, after all, is fundamentally only a fresh answer to a serious question. It is not only fresh but usually has a sting in it, and seldom shows real wit, having too much of a smart-Aleck flavor and drug-store humor. It's a mental pulling out of a chair from under an unsuspecting victim. "I want to tell you a story about two Irishmen." "Couldn't there have been three Irishmen?" Is there any humor to that? Well, that's a typical wise crack, an upsetting of the apple cart, that's all. It is, in fact, almost as low as a pun, the unpopularity of which is due, we suppose, to the fact that its conception depends merely on word association, not on any sense of situation or of the absurd, and does not require constructive skill.

Wit Without a Sting

Sometimes a wise crack is justified, perhaps; as was Willie Collier's to a vaudeville performer who personified conceit. "How shall I bill myself this season?" the pest, who was always interrupting, asked; and Collier told him: "As Broadway's Greatest Pain in the Neck!" Crude but apt.

Still that's not so much a wise crack pure and simple as a sally. And sallies, like epigrams and modern nifties, are often a delight, even the caustic ones, whether they're Whistlers to Wildes or Blossoms to Lackayes.

The finest humor, we have always felt, has neither sting nor spite; rather something of the heart, and wisdom too. It resembles the sunshine, which does not bite like the sleet, but, instead, brings a warming glow.

Certainly there was wisdom in Voltaire's "I shall oppose your opinion to the utmost, sir, but I will defend to the death your right to it." And true consideration and courtesy in the last sallies of those two gentlemen, rakes though they were—the two Stuarts christened Charles. Said the father, as he felt the edge of the ax, "This is a sharp medicine, but it cures all ills." And the son: "Forgive me, gentlemen, for being such an unconscionable time in dying."

No acid there! But speaking of acid, I knew one humorist who wrote in—but that's getting ahead. He was a famous one and told stories so well that he won half a dozen wives. When he took on Number Five, Number Four wanted him back, and sent him a very pressing invitation one night. He came to her apartment, but pleaded that he could not stay—no, not even to talk with her for five minutes. He had violent shooting pains in the back and must go to the doctor to be painted with iodine.

The Calisthenic Joke

But wife Number Four, who was very clever, had iodine on hand. She would paint his shoulders. There was nothing to do but submit, and the job was very thoroughly done. But the famous actor and story-teller could never understand why, when he returned home, his wife suddenly left him to go home to mother, and it was not until next day that the light dawned on him.

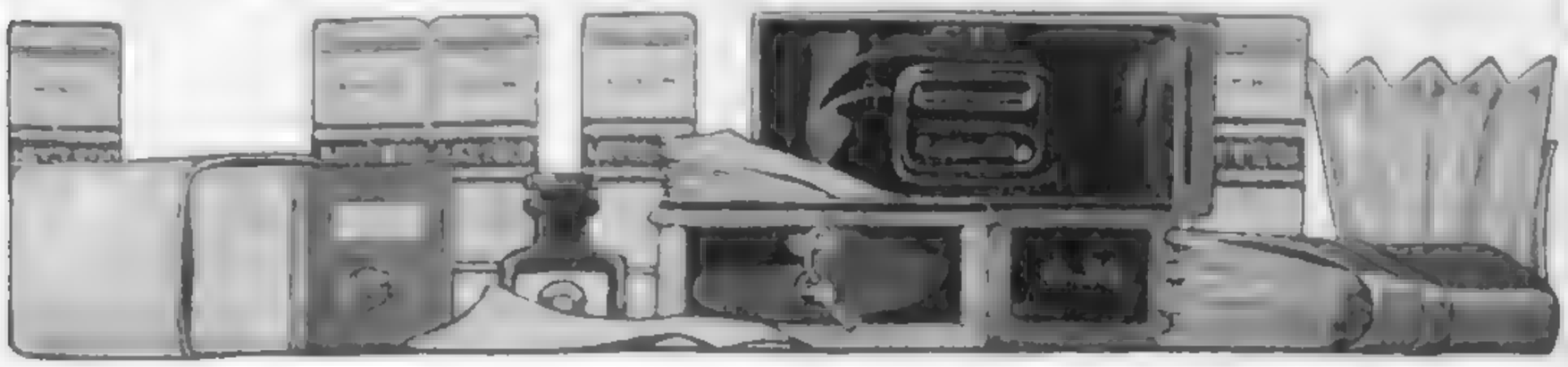
A friend in the dressing room suddenly burst into laughter as he changed for the next scene. Demanding an explanation, he was told to look in the mirror and get a view of his back. He did. On it was a brown strip the size of an auto-license plate, but in the center, instead of numbers, were left exposed the letters BETTY. Wife Number Four had written, not in acid, but iodine!

Now, we did want to tell something about oral copyright—which they are advocating in Europe—which would protect from repetition anything a man told or recited, and how awful that would be. Imagine having to wire for the original teller of a story to come on and tell it himself each time you were all set and had thoughtlessly begun: "That reminds me." What, too, would the Pullman smokers be with each traveler sitting there bursting with the gag on the gag in his mouth?

And, also, we wanted to show you how stories go the rounds of the clubs—the Lambs, for instance—and to draw you a picture of a typical scene we saw one night when we entered—DeWolf Hopper, by the desk, beating his breast as he told a story by way of illustrative business; Andrew Mack, in the grill, beating his breast and telling the same story; John Golden over his oysters, Gus Thomas in the library, Donnie Brian in the barber's chair, Jim Corbett over his chops, Frank Keenan by the check room, Hap Ward with his ale, and Dave Warfield over the pinochle table, all beating their breasts until they were sore, as business for this same identical story.

Finally we strongly desired to tell the story which, in defiance of all laws and dictums about inventing 'em, we actually made up together, fringe, tassels and all, and told at luncheons, dinners, in theaters and dressing rooms, and which got well-earned applause. But brevity is still the soul of wit! Know when to sit down!

We do, with the most startling illustration of said brevity—Oliver Herford's epitaph for a garrulous painter friend. You will find it in the little mark at the very end of this sentence.



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If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your favorite tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, for a trial package of 5 cigars.

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This 7-day test of a remarkable shaving cream will win you as it has won millions. We take the gamble—you send the coupon.

GENTLEMEN:

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5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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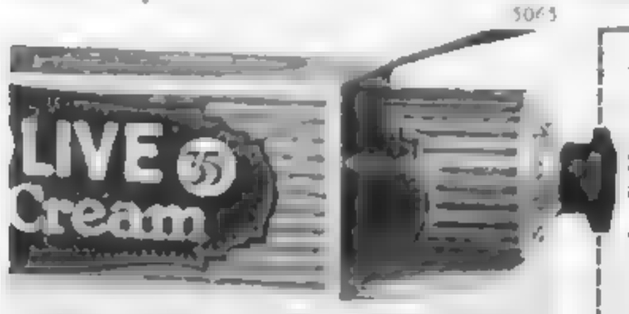

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A BREAK FOR THESPIS

(Continued from Page 54)

cuddled in the warmth of it, almost held her breath. The scene was almost set. She would be late. She would not stir if forty stages waited.

"Old Mrs. Parsons is coming to our rooms for a bite of supper after the show," he said. "I—mother wanted to know if you wouldn't come too"

She hesitated. She ached to see him just once more. She hated the vague thing he became when his mother dominated him. But just to see him ——

"Thanks; I'd love to," she said. She slid out of his arm, and he looked down at it with surprise—almost as if to hold her was so natural he hadn't known.

"Don't be an idiot," she told herself sharply, and sped up the stairs. She had just three minutes to make her change.

Old Mrs. Parsons came off after her last-act scene. The lines they gave her always left a bad taste. It was hard to close, but at least she'd be rid of the part. It was vile, and the next one might be decent. There was always something to look forward to. She peered around sharply. Nobody was looking at her. She edged toward a little door beside the proscenium. If she opened it very quietly she could sneak out and have a look at the house through the drapery of an empty stage box. She had no business there. No right to overstep the line between the false and true. But nobody would know.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Parsons felt a little dubious about her salary. She was an old hand at the game, and knew the fable about "Come to the office Monday and get it." Sometimes you got it, and sometimes you didn't. At least, not until you had something else and stopped needing it. She wanted to see if the house was really as bad as they said. The door was unlatched and made no sound. She pulled it wide enough to slide past, and crept down two steps to the auditorium level. Softly, so as not to disturb the audience—what there was of them. She went no farther. Hidden by a curtain, no more than a foot away, two people were talking—so softly that she could barely hear. She started quietly back, and then stopped suddenly.

"I'm sorry, but I tell you it isn't any use." It was Hunter's mother.

"And what deviltry is she up to?" thought the old lady. She pressed closer to the velvet curtain. Perhaps she could find out.

"Suppose I want to find out for myself?" said somebody. Where had she heard that voice?

"But I tell you I manage all Mr. Perry's business. He is very busy. He hasn't time to see you."

"It's damn funny he can't manage himself, at his age," said the voice. "He must be cuckoo to turn down a part in Green Apples to go back to stock!"

"Merciful heavens, it's Sam Bomburg," gasped the old lady. She had almost cried it out. She clasped a shaking hand over her mouth.

"Maybe I got a place for him, and the old woman, and little—what's her name? Seaton," he said. Mrs. Parsons forgave the "old woman" and hugged the soiled curtain

"Is it the leading part?" asked Hunter's mother.

"Of course it ain't the leading part. What kind of a wet shirt do you take me for—handing out leads in New York to unknown actors? It's good, though—on Broadway, where they grow live ones."

"My son is going back to his company in Ohio. He's a star there, with a star's salary, and no uncertainty. He can stay there ten years if he wants to." Mrs. Parsons knew that tone.

But Sam hung on: "And I can't see him, huh? Can't even get the dope from him himself?"

"Absolutely not. Mr. Perry is an artist; he can't be worried with business. He doesn't want to talk about it."

"Damn funny," repeated Mr. Bomburg. "He wanted to talk about it all right before he left New York. Bringing me up here to see him ——"

"His decision is final."

Mrs. Perry swished past the old lady in her hiding place, up the two steps, and was gone. The last-act curtain fell. The lights went up. Mrs. Parsons oozed from behind the curtains. Mr. Bomburg came from the stage box whence he had seen the show. Mrs. Parsons feasted her eyes. Not every day could she look at Broadway managers. Mr. Bomburg looked up.

"Hello—what the—how long have you been there?" he asked.

"Not long," said the old lady. "Did you say you wanted me for Green Apples?"

"You might look me up when you get to town," he said. Mrs. Parsons flamed. Nothing like it had ever happened to her before.

"I'll look in some day when I'm in the neighborhood," she said carelessly.

Mr. Bomburg laughed. "You better hop to it if you want the part," he told her. "Did you hear what I said about Perry?"

Mrs. Parsons looked him in the eye.

"I heard part of it," she said. Bomburg took out a purple handkerchief and mopped his face.

"No wonder Broadway's full of out of work hams, if he's a sample," he said. "Imagine! He turns down Sam Bomburg and a New York production for a hick stock in Ohio!"

"Maybe he didn't," suggested Mrs. Parsons. She must watch her step.

"What do you mean—'maybe he didn't?' You got any inside dope on this?"

"I've known Hunter since he was twenty," stated Mrs. Parsons.

"Was this dame always riding him round?"

"As far as I know." How much dared she say?

Sam moved into the light and looked at her. "I believe you're regular," he said. "I'm going to take a chance on you, anyway. I'm up against it. I really want that guy. I can't let him know it or he'll begin to boost his salary—he or that female buzzard. You get me that guy, and I'll give you a job and twenty-five more a week than you're getting now. How about it?"

"I'll get him," said the old lady. She would have taken an order for the moon.

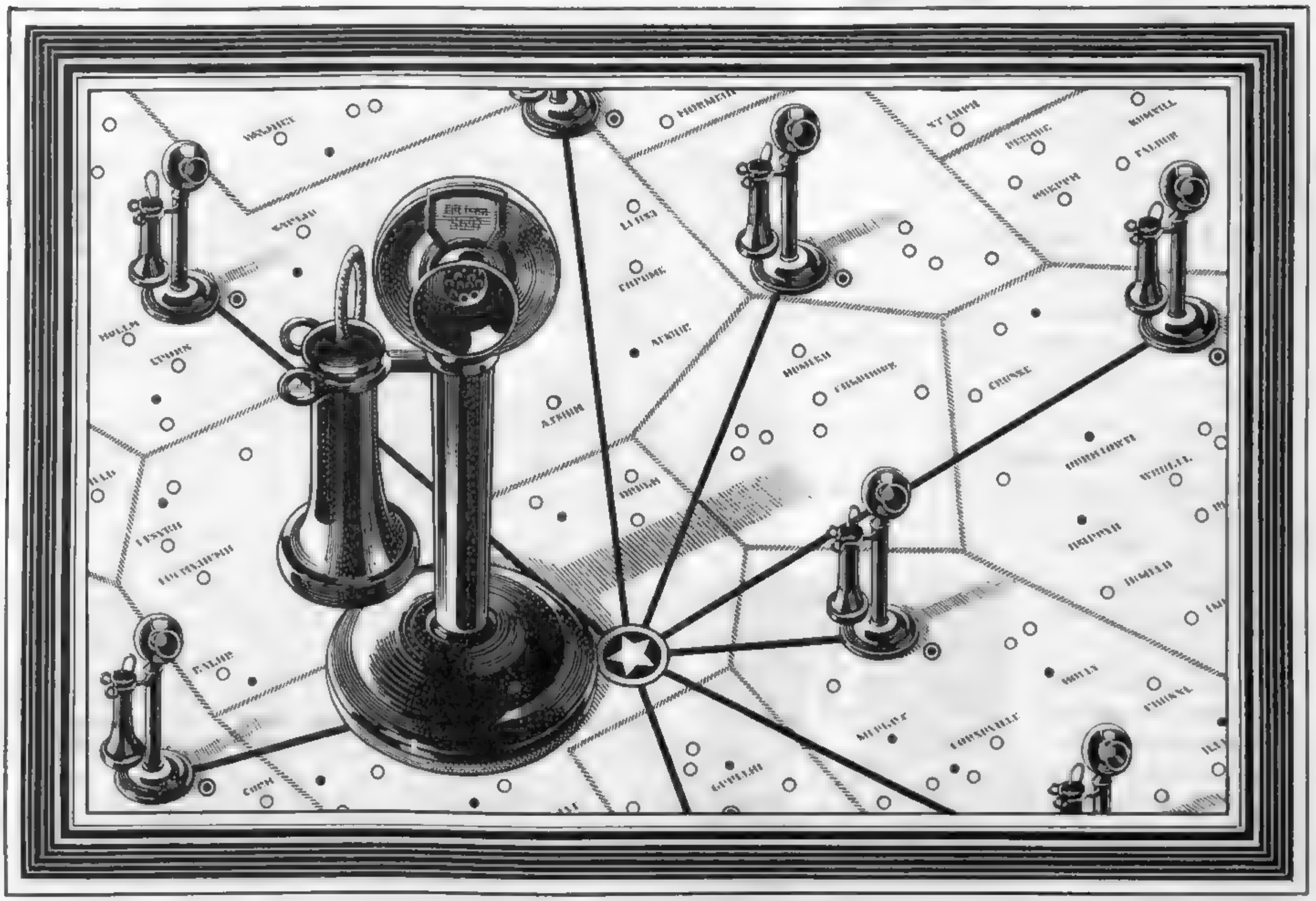
"You're on." Bomberg picked up his overcoat from a box seat, stuck a derby on the side of his head, stuck a cigar in the side of his mouth, and swaggered off.

Mrs. Parsons snapped the catch on her wardrobe trunk, with a mechanical look around for forgotten odds and ends. She hated those inevitable odds and ends. They were never in sight until the trunk was locked. Nothing this time. Yes, she might have known—a coat hanger behind the door; padded blue satin, fat, round and shiny. Cousin Etta had sent it last Christmas. Well, it could stay. She would not open the trunk again. She took down the hanger, unlocked the trunk, slipped it in and locked the trunk again.

She put on her hat and coat, dabbed powder on her face and walked out. Her heart was almost in her throat, skipping a beat now and then. Her thoughts raced like an engine. She had a Broadway engagement! No counting the dollars and making the pennies last. No trudging from office to office. She knew how it felt now, going from one engagement to another. She had often wondered. Although the full savor of it hadn't grown; it was so sudden. But that was the theater for you. No time to get dull or old. Every morning another day. Something always popping up. How should she go about the business

(Continued on Page 72)

Cover your Sales areas by Telephone . . . the Key Town plan



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5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. P129, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

(Continued from Page 70

of Hunter? Should she tell him? Of course. But how? She had the whole plot of a play right in her hands. She stepped into the hall. Light still burned in Nancy's room. From it came a sound. Mrs. Parsons went along and pushed the door open without knocking. Nancy's trunk was packed, her coat and hat lay on the broken chair, and Nancy stood by the window. She could hardly be looking out, because there was nothing to look at except a dirty fire escape and a blank brick wall. Her shoulders were twitching, but she made no sound.

"Most ready?" asked Mrs. Parsons. Nancy started, and shook her head. The old lady walked over and turned her round. Nancy's face was white, her great blue eyes flooded with crying. Mrs. Parsons pulled her down on the other chair and pressed Nancy's head against her. Nancy clasped Mrs. Parsons as far as her arms would go, and reached for a handkerchief.

"Want to tell me about it?" asked the old lady.

Nancy shook her head. "I wouldn't know where to start," she said. "It's just everything. Life's a jam, isn't it? It came over me all of a sudden. I don't know when I've cried before."

"Best thing for you," said Mrs. Parsons. "I do it on purpose every once in a while. Just sit down and think of the saddest play I was ever in, and cry. Let's off steam."

Nancy snickered and sat up. Even while losing Hunter, she could still smile. "Losing Hunter was good," she thought. She would have given fifty jobs just to have him to lose.

"Come along now," said the old lady matter-of-factly. "Powder your face and put on your things. Jane would just as soon shut the door on us and go to bed, if we were three minutes late."

"I don't know why she asked us, anyway," said Nancy. "She hardly ever even speaks to me."

"Don't worry. She didn't ask us. It was Hunter. Every once in a while he gets a fit of standing on his own feet. He probably wanted to say good-by before he went and buried himself. Hunter always fancied me. As for you —well, for a while I thought Jane was out of a job at last."

She watched Nancy's telltale face. A shade flickered over it and was gone.

"I thought so, too, for a while," she said sadly. "Doesn't he like girls?"

"Watch his love scenes and see what he could do if he didn't have Jane tied to his collar."

Watch them! As if Nancy hadn't, with her heart upside down. She dabbed her face with cold water, dried and powdered it, and led the way to the ramshackle stairs. The stage was pandemonium—scenery being carried out, trunks whacking down, orders called and questions shouted. One more dud bound for the storehouse. Nancy and the old lady picked their way through. It was an old story to them.

Lights were blazing in the red-and-gold lobby of Hunter's hotel. Nothing but the most expensive for Hunter's mother. Nobody else from the company was there except the leading woman. And with a stockbroker for a husband, who wouldn't be? Hunter was waiting for them near the door. He kissed Mrs. Parsons and linked arms with Nancy. Mrs. Parsons watched his eyes as he looked down at her. "Hunter's in love," she exulted. Should she tell him now? She half started, but he was putting them into the elevator. Something seemed to tell her it wasn't time. Something told her she would know when it was. The elevator stopped and they got out. Hunter opened a door. Soft warm air enveloped them. Nancy looked around luxuriously. What would it be like to live like this? With Hunter ——

"You've got a swell color tonight, Nancy," said Hunter suddenly. "Mother ought to be here any minute. . . . Sit down, Mrs. Parsons. . . . Nancy, come over to the window. There's a view ——"

They looked out over the city. Friendly curtains fell behind and shut them in into a world bigger than all the world outside. Tree tops far below, and little cars that ran about with twinkling lights, like fireflies, weaving their webs of traffic. What did she care?

"Nancy," whispered Hunter desperately, "don't you see?"

"Yes," she whispered back. She knew that she could always see whatever Hunter saw if they only gave her a chance. .

The curtains came jerking back. The moment's ecstasy fell around them like fragile shattered glass.

"Silly boy, what a bad host you make!" said Jane. "Invite your friends in and then starve them."

They turned back into the room. A waiter was putting food on a table—chicken salad and sandwiches, coffee. "How could they eat?" thought Nancy. She felt as if she could never eat again, with the mingled pain and magic in her heart. What was Mrs. Perry saying?

"You must forgive me for not being here to receive you. I was out with State Senator Wilkins, a friend of Hunter's uncle, Senator Rapple. I suppose you've heard of them?"

"Oh—oh, yes," said Nancy politely, hardly knowing she answered. Her head throbbed. She wished she hadn't come. Wished she had made it clean-cut and had never seen Hunter again. If only Mrs. Parsons had been his mother! She caught a sharp breath. But Mrs. Parsons' little boy had made his final exit fifteen years ago. His picture was all of him that went with his mother from one dressing room to another. Talk clattered around her, but it was strained, unfriendly. Hunter sat and stared at his cigarette, and Nancy stared at Hunter.

"Hunter," said his mother sharply, "what makes you so stupid? You won't talk, and you're not eating anything. Do you expect me to do all your entertaining for you?"

"I'm sorry," said Hunter. He smashed out his cigarette and went over beside Nancy and sat down.

"Doesn't want to leave her a minute," thought Mrs. Parsons. "He's in love fast enough. . . . Shall I tell him now? Such a big responsibility. How should she begin? She picked up her fork and stirred the salad on her plate.

"Why don't you talk?" insisted his mother. It sounded curiously as if she were afraid of silence.

"I've been thinking," said Hunter. "Wondering why I haven't heard from Bomburg. He really seemed to want me for Green Apples. Gave me his word he was coming on to see this performance."

"How do you know he didn't?" old Mrs. Parsons heard herself saying.

"Hunter knows better," said his mother. "Anybody would think he was a beginner. Managers all talk that way. It doesn't mean a thing."

"Well, he meant it, all right," insisted Hunter. "When I saw him he meant it. I suppose he just found somebody else on the spot."

"Of course he did," said his mother.

"Don't you want to go back to stock?" asked Mrs. Parsons.

Nancy sat breathless, and said nothing. Strange essences filled the room—antagonisms and fears, human will—and something else—she couldn't make it out. It was almost as if she watched a play.

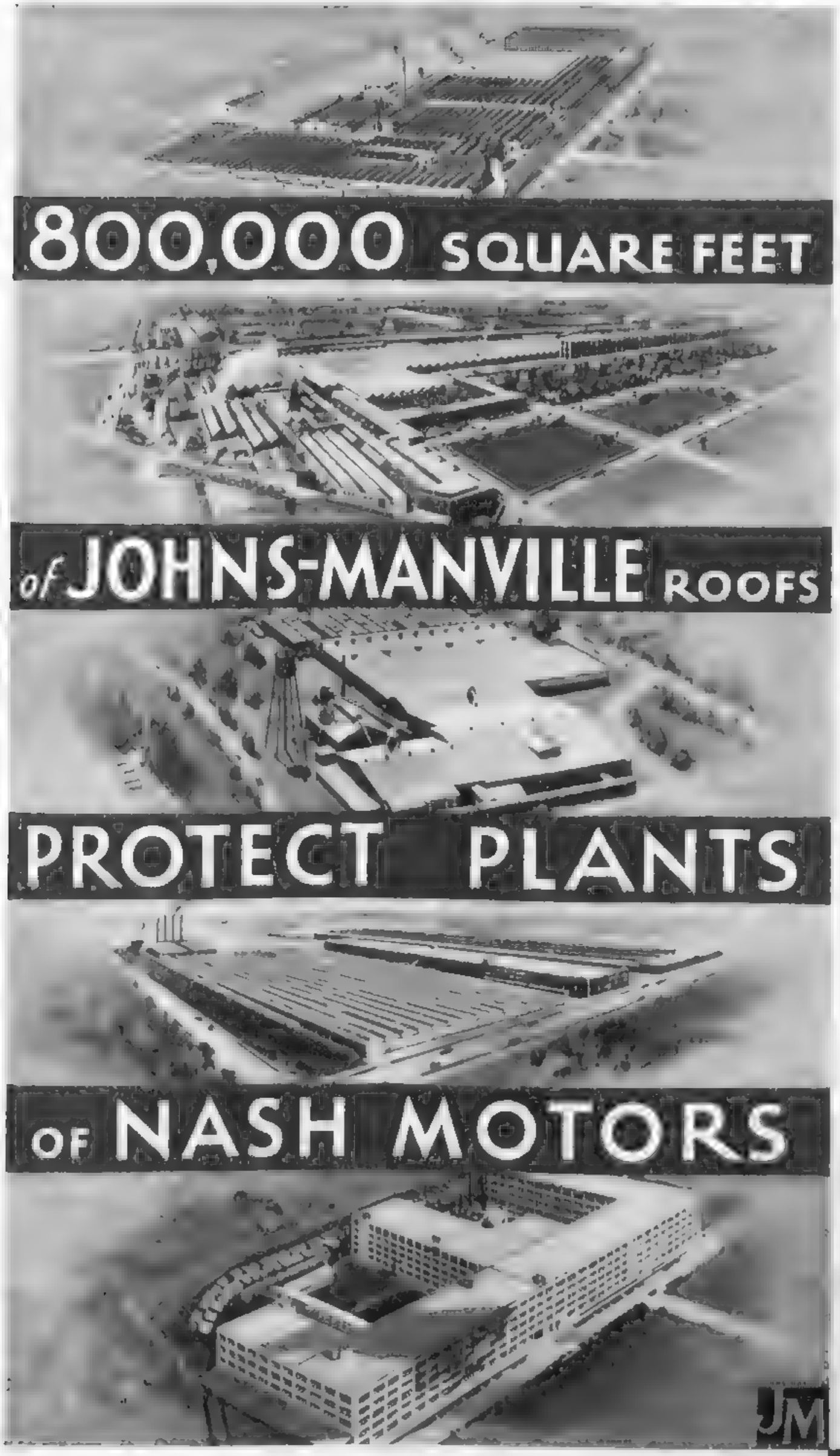
"Stock!" said Hunter passionately. "Who wants to go back to stock if he can play on Broadway?"

"If," snapped his mother. "Anybody in his senses would go, with a position like yours."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Parsons.

"Money, of course. For fifty-two weeks in the year. If Hunter hangs around Broadway, he can spend all he's saved, and then not get anything. It's lucky he's got a mother with some business sense to look after him."

(Continued on Page 74)



The above views show the five plants in which Nash Cars are built. These great factories are located at Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee, Wisconsin

* * *

JOHNS-MANVILLE products serve industry and home owners in many ways. J-M Asbestos Shingles protect and beautify the home. J-M Improved Asbestocel helps to keep it warm. J-M Brake Lining makes motoring safer for millions of car owners. J-M Acoustical Treatment conserves the nervous energy and speeds the work of millions in office buildings and industries. Throughout the manufacturing world, J-M Packings, insulations and fireproof materials are famed for economy and conservation of life and property. Look for the "J-M" trade-mark—the hall-mark of quality of an established manufacturing authority.

Fireproof Roofs for Five Great Factories

THE leading motor car builders of this country have established a world-wide reputation for efficiency in every phase of operation. Nash Motors is another of these great industrial establishments to protect its huge investment in buildings with roofs provided by Johns-Manville. The five great factories in which Nash cars are built are roofed with Johns-Manville roofs of three types selected for the purpose from more than twenty distinct types of J-M Roofing.

The Nash Buildings are chiefly covered with Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofs of which 800,000 square feet have been used. This is a smooth top roof, free of gravel or slag surfacing. It is made of many layers of fireproof J-M Asbestos Felt and J-M Asphalt Roofing Cement. The performance of this type of J-M Roof is bonded by the National Surety Company. The length of the guarantee may be 20, 15 or 10 years as desired, depending on the type of J-M Roof selected.

J-M Roofs, like Nash cars, are built to last, to more than meet normal requirements. Neither the severe cold of Wisconsin winters nor the hottest of summer sunshine will damage the roofs of the Nash plants. Equally sure and trouble-free would be the protection of a J-M Roof on your own plant.

The heat-treating buildings of the Nash Plants are roofed with J-M Transite. This is a fireproof building material, unaffected by the gases and fumes of ordinary industrial processes.

Let an Expert Help you to Choose

There is a J-M Roof for every purpose and every type of construction. The superlative roof is unquestionably the J-M Built-up Asbestos Roof—a fireproof, smooth-topped roof which will withstand every variety of weather. There are also J-M gravel-topped roofs for those who prefer this type of roof protection.

Johns-Manville Roof Experts are men trained in the roofing business. A J-M expert is available without cost or obligation to help you in selecting the right roof for your buildings. Since Johns-Manville sells all varieties of roofs the J-M representative is in a position to give you genuinely unbiased advice.

J-M Roofs Applied only by Approved Roofers

Nor does J-M service end with advice. When the right roof has been chosen a Johns-Manville Inspector checks every detail during application, and afterward makes regular inspections throughout the life of the roof. And as far as application is concerned J-M Built-up Roofs are applied only by approved roofing contractors whose ability and reliability plus adherence to our rigid application specifications qualify them for the J-M franchise.

We invite you to use the convenient coupon, or write us for a copy of our new booklet, "Johns-Manville Bonded Built-up Asbestos Roofs."

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It's a gift, some say. But so many wearers of Smith Smart Shoes have it that the selection of their shoes must be important. Bear in mind that Smith Smart Shoes are uncommonly well made, lastingly good looking, and alertly patterned in the best style of today.

Men who wear such good shoes are apt to be careful *how* they wear them — a vital part of the art of being well turned out. They wear black shoes with suits of blue or gray. They wear smooth-finished leather with smooth-textured suits; and the robust Scotch grain of the illustration with fabrics of rougher weave.

The new Style Book of Smith Smart Shoes shows the proper shoes for every ensemble. Send for this interesting book—and for the name of our nearest dealer.

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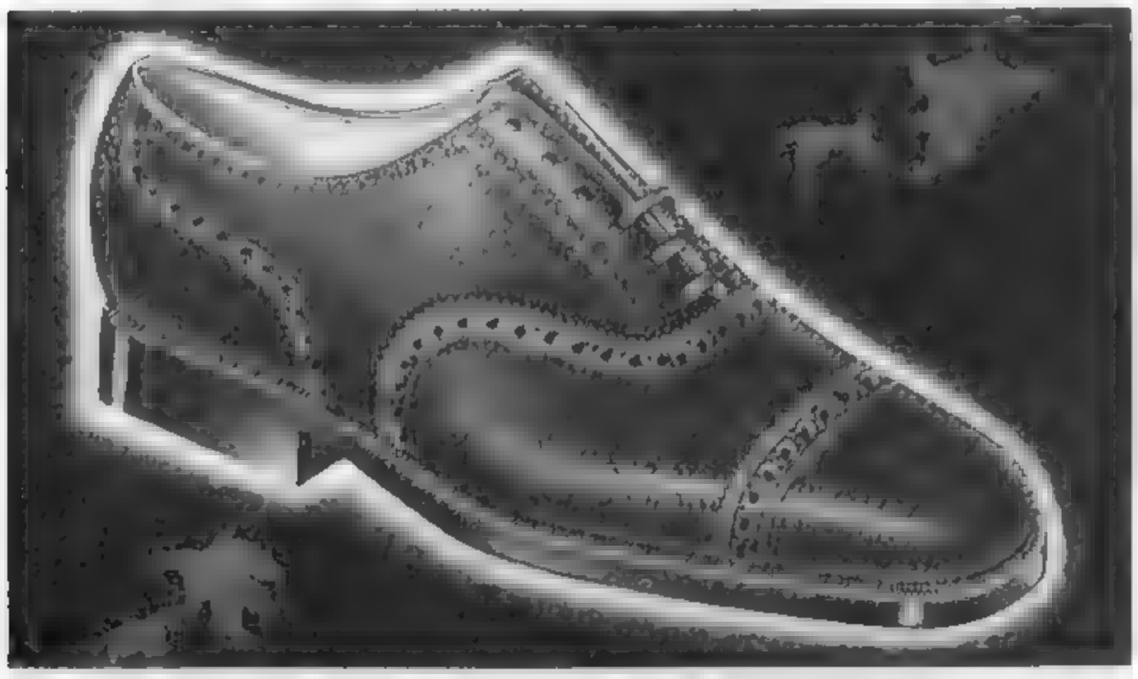
TEN DOLLARS to Some styles to Thirteen Dollars

Emphatically right! . . . Black Scotch Grain, No. 852; Copper Scotch Grain, No. 752



Smith Smart Shoes

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

(Continued from Page 72

"But I practically had the Bomburg thing, I tell you!" cried Hunter. "He's a funny little guy, but everybody says he's honest."

"They're none of them honest," said Mrs. Perry. "Anybody with any sense knows that. He didn't come, did he?"

"I suppose not," admitted Hunter. He looked sapped, somehow—all the vitality and life gone out of him. Nancy's heart almost broke as she watched him.

"Now!" said something to Mrs. Parsons. She got up.

"Going?" said Hunter's mother eagerly

"You won't want me to stay," said the old lady. "I don't like this scene any better than you do, but it's got to be played. Just think of all the years you've had Hunter on a string, and give somebody else a chance." She turned her back on Mrs. Perry, and went and laid her hand on the boy's arm. "Everybody's got to live his own life, Hunter," she said. "It looks as if your turn had come. It's a good thing You'd have been nothing but a mummy if you'd gone on like this much longer. Not an actor, nor anything else. Bomburg came to see you act. He was in front tonight. He wants you. He told me to tell you."

"He wants me, too," she almost shouted out loud. But this was Hunter's scene, not hers—Hunter's and Nancy's

"Did you know this?" asked Hunter of his mother. His voice was rather awful. It was a new Hunter—standing alone.

Mrs. Parsons waited. If Mrs. Perry denied it she would have to tell the rest. She hoped she wouldn't have to tell it. And she didn't.

"I—I thought from a business point of view ——" said Mrs. Perry.

Suddenly Hunter laughed. "Maybe you're not such a business man after all," he said. "Maybe I'd better look after my own business after this."

Mrs. Parsons opened the door. She could have hugged him. To take it like this—in his stride! No acting, no heroics! Nothing he could have done would have shown him such a man. He picked up his hat and coat.

"Are are you going out?" asked his mother

"Sure. You don't think I'd let these youngsters go home alone, do you? Run along to bed. I don't know when I'll be in."

They went down in the elevator and out into the street like children. Hunter's arms were around both women. They walked along the pavements so, squeezing past belated pedestrians and into the dingy hotel lobby. The wheezy elevator opened its doors

Hunter kissed Mrs. Parsons.

"I'm going to fix you for this," he whispered, "as soon as I can think up something good enough."

He stooped over Nancy. Mrs. Parsons looked fixedly at herself in the aged mirror. As for the night clerk and the elevator man, they were sleepy. People came and went and kissed—it was all the same. Nancy wouldn't have cared if the whole town had gaped at the doors. Life had given them a break. They were going to take care of each other forever and ever.

CITY BIRDS

(Continued from Page 58)

night was certain to be uttered soon after four o'clock in the morning.

After about an hour of noisy, rasping conversation the birds would leave their roost—usually about five o'clock in the morning—and start out on a feeding route which every day covered a near-by pasture for breakfast, an orchard for luncheon, a river bottom for tea, and then back to the roost about five o'clock in the afternoon. Naturally, persons whose sleep was disturbed by the clamor of those birds were likely to exaggerate their numbers. Government observers who were watching them made as careful a count as possible. They established that the starlings were only to be blamed for a minor portion of the annoyance

Other bird congregations gathered in other cities, and other complaints were made against them. In one Connecticut city where the noise of a roost had interfered with the sleep of taxpayers, it was estimated there were a million birds. Actually they numbered about a thousand. Owners of orchards in a dozen states were making a complaint, however, that caused more concern in Washington than mere talk about loss of sleep. When a farmer reports that any living creature is a pest, he is apt to get a more sympathetic hearing in the Capital than when city taxpayers talk about a nuisance.

Accordingly, two assistant biologists of the Bureau of Biological Survey—E. R. Kalmbach and I. N. Gabrielson—began to gather the facts about the starling invasion and the starling appetite. The result was a report which seems to settle for all time the status of the immigrant bird. He is desirable by reason of his extraordinary appetite for insects. Tent caterpillars, corn borers, Japanese beetles and many other crop-destroying insects are so much fresh meat for the starlings. True, they do balance their diet with cherries, pears, apples, green corn and other growing things, but a painstaking examination of the contents of the crops of several thousand birds proved beyond question that the insects they devour, if allowed to live, would take a much heavier toll of the crops.

Notwithstanding his services in a number of thickly populated centers of the East, the autumn and winter roosting habits of the starling are making him a somewhat unpopular city bird. A few hundred noisy ones, dropping into a suburban dweller's solitary tree for an indefinite stay, is a visitation likely to be construed as an invasion of privacy. In the suburbs of New York in recent years the immigrant starlings and the native grackles with whom they associate have been the object of more than one meeting of a town council. In some communities policemen armed with shotguns have been employed to clear out roosts which were interfering with the sleep of suburban taxpayers. Bird lovers have done the best they could to prevent such slaughter. In towns around New York they have evolved a scheme for dispersing the birds without destroying them. Repeatedly, when police shotguns have been ordered out against the starlings and grackles, bird lovers have appeared with soft words and, of all things, Roman candles.

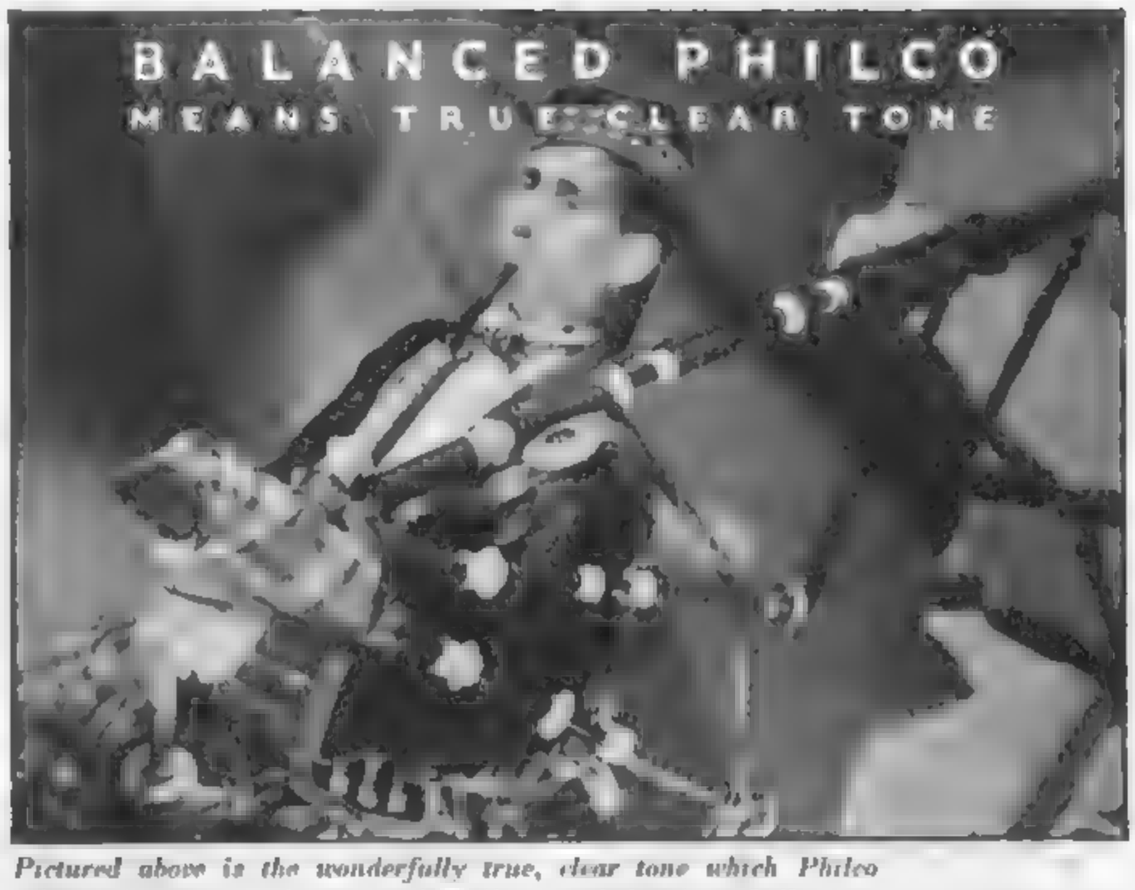
After being bombarded out of their roosts by green, red and lavender balls of fire directed at them by their friends, the harsh outcries of the starlings suggest that they are discussing the possibilities of a return to that land from which came their nth-power grandparents. Usually they compromised with the peril by settling down in another roost within a few blocks of the one abandoned.

After October, when they abandon their tree roosts, the starlings usually find winter quarters in church towers, barns or other buildings. Even though they are persuaded that the country is the place to rear children they never forget that they are, after all, city birds.

The rapid adjustment of the European starling to life in America is paralleled only by the colonization here of house sparrows; those creatures which are usually, and wrongly, called English sparrows. Eugene Schieffelin was the name of the man who brought the starlings; it would be more difficult to identify the Moses of the sparrow tribe. One of the first importations, and probably the very first, was sponsored by Nicholas Pike and others who were directors of Brooklyn Institute in 1850. They

(Continued on Page 76)

Pictured above is the distorted tone, typical of the average radio whose units are only in approximate balance.



Pictured above is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set, by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

Perhaps you don't need a radio as fine as PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS!

THE PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS is a super-radio built for people seeking super-performance. Frankly, many of its advantages are not needed for normal use. For all but the most exceptional radio requirements we recommend the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus and the Philco Screen Grid as the very finest sets that can be found.

But for people whose requirements are *unusual*, the new Philco Screen Grid Plus offers these entirely new super-features:—

1. *Automatic volume control and anti-fading device.* Automatically, this tends to equalize the volume of strong and weak stations to whatever volume is desired. Also tends to prevent the hitherto inevitable fading of distant stations.

2. *At any given volume or distance, automatic reduction of background noises, including static.* And of course, no hum. This improvement is the result of the new Philco circuit in which, among other important improvements, two tuned circuits are placed between the aerial and the first screen grid tube.

3. *New and literally enormous power*, making it easy to get distant stations even in the daytime. A wonderful feature for anyone who lives at a considerable distance from good broadcasting, and *must* depend on distant stations for feature programs.

4. *New super-sharp selectivity over the entire dial.* When a receiving set is located in a city, surrounded by strong local stations, power alone is not sufficient to enable it to pick up distant stations. Super-sharp selectivity is required—and super-sharp selectivity (accomplished by the two tuned circuits between the aerial and the first screen grid tube and the four-gang armored condenser) is what makes this new Philco such an unusual distance getter for the man who lives in the city.

5. *Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion.* Whenever unusual volume is required—for parties or dancing—this new set will provide tremendous volume without the slightest tone distortion. Made possible by the new Philco multiplex detector circuit, the first absolutely linear detector circuit ever produced in any radio.

Philco challenges any radio at any price to match these entirely new super-features of the Philco Screen Grid Plus.

1. Automatic volume control, automatically reducing fading.
2. Entirely new circuit which, at any given volume or distance, automatically reduces background noises including static.
3. New and literally enormous power, making it easy to get distant stations even in the daytime.
4. New super-sharp selectivity *over the entire dial*, bringing in distant stations, even in the midst of strong locals.
5. Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion—the result of the entirely new multiplex detector circuit. And in addition—the standard Philco tone—marvelously rich, clear, and true.

On Sunday, December 8th, Philco again sponsors the broadcasting of Leopold Stokowski and the great Philadelphia Orchestra. The regular Philco Hour continues every Friday at 9:30 P.M.

In Addition

The Philco Screen Grid Plus offers, in common with the famous Philco-Neutrodyne-Plus and the Philco Screen Grid, these important features.

6. Wonderfully true, rich tone—tone made entirely free from distortion by Philco's unique super-exact balancing of electrical units.

7. Exceedingly handsome cabinets and unusual value giving at every price.

8. Extreme simplicity of operation—just plain, simple, single dial control. (Both the Philco Screen Grid Plus and the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus include built-in aerials for use wherever an external aerial is inconvenient.)

So that you may prove for yourself that this is beyond comparison the finest radio the world has ever heard, any Philco dealer will be glad to have you test this new Philco against any other set you desire. Easy payments if you decide to buy. *Philco, Philadelphia, Pa., Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.*

THE PHILCO LOW BOY

With Screen Grid Chassis	$119.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$129.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$149.50

The Philco Screen Grid Plus can also be had in a Table Model, a Highboy, and a Highboy de Luxe. Other Philco Balanced-Unit Radios, $67 to $225. Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with TWO 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor

$14.95

at your dealer's or mail coupon

...the *Winning* GIFT in Christmas Competition!

SAFEGUARD standing with family and friends in the merry Christmas Giving Game by putting across a donation so welcome, so unusual and so durable that your good judgment will never be questioned on anything

Sunkist Junior Electric Fruit Juice Extractor does a great Christmas and all-year job! *A glass or a gallon of Orange or Lemon Juice in a jiffy!* Saves time, labor, waste; gets all the juice fast and efficiently without the usual mussiness.

Guaranteed by the California Fruit Growers Exchange to function faultlessly under the most exacting home conditions, Sunkist Junior helps take static out of the breakfast atmosphere when Orange Juice must be ready and trains for town caught! In action at social set-outs, Sunkist Junior is spoken of enthusiastically as "the life of the party."

Such a gift for the family...from Mother and Dad; such a thriller for friends who entertain generously! And, keep in mind, Sunkist Junior is as handsome as it is sturdy; tips the scales at 8 pounds; stands 10 inches high. It is a necessity in any modern kitchen or pantry. With alabaster glass bowl

$14.95

at department, electrical and hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer is sold out or cannot supply you, send coupon, together with money order for $14 95 (Canada $19 95) and Sunkist Junior will be shipped prepaid by return mail.

Sunkist Junior Electric JUICE Extractor

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dep 111-B, 900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill

My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for $14 95 (Canada $19 95) enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 74)

thought it would be quite a nice idea if some of those friendly birds, common everywhere in the British Isles and on the Continent, were to be established in the United States. Probably they were influenced by a desire to make America a little more homelike for the shiploads of human immigrants that were arriving every day. After all, they were kindly men and meant well. They take their place in history with that other well-meaning gentleman who brought the first rabbits to Australia.

Eight pairs of house sparrows were brought to Brooklyn from England in 1850. During the winter they were kept in a cage, but when released they did not seem to thrive. So, Mr. Pike and his associates brought in another one hundred birds. In 1851, when most Americans were unaware that there was such a bird as the house sparrow, Mr. Pike and his associates were working up a lather of enthusiasm over this scheme to improve their native land. So, when Mr. Pike started for Lisbon, where he was to serve as American consul general to Portugal, the board of Brooklyn Institute voted to hand him two hundred dollars with which to pay for an additional importation of sparrows from England. He left the money with a dealer in Liverpool before starting for Portugal.

The Land of Sparrow Lovers

In the course of a few months the birds bought with that money were embarked for America. Fifty of them were released as the ship entered the Narrows of New York Harbor. The rest were placed in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn. As winter came on their sponsors worried about them, and so the birds were tenderly trapped and subsisted during the cold weather in cages in a Brooklyn residence. In the spring of 1853 they were released once more in the cemetery, and immediately began to build nests.

Portland, Maine, acquired about one hundred house sparrows in the following year; New York during 1860, 1864 and 1866 received several hundred others; Boston in a similar period got thirty. In some cities school children were brought out of their classrooms to sing appropriate verses of welcome to the dear little birds from across the ocean as the cages were opened. In Philadelphia the municipal authorities decided about 1868 that the good work should be encouraged. Accordingly, money was appropriated for the purchase and importation of one thousand house sparrows. These were liberated in Philadelphia in 1869. In that same year twenty pairs were exported from Europe to Cleveland, and Cincinnati received sixty-six pairs from a New York dealer. By this time the establishment of sparrow colonies had become a craze. The market began to boom. The dealer price for sparrows rose to one dollar a bird, but no sentimentalist ever was so unfeeling as to release a single bird on his premises. They always brought to their Edens at least one Adam and one Eve sparrow; and for their part each of these pairs proceeded to rear from twenty to thirty young in a season.

Persons in Wisconsin, in Utah, Iowa, and in Galveston, Texas, are known to have purchased consignments of house sparrows, with the sole object of giving them a chance to set up housekeeping on the free soil of America, and it seems likely that caged sparrows were shipped to scores of places in the United States, for manumissions of which there is no record.

All of this was done in a time when American bird life was in a much more flourishing state than it is today. Incredibly vast swarms of passenger pigeons still darkened the skies; the flight of myriads of geese and ducks ushered the seasons; and song birds had nesting places in the busiest of cities. So it is difficult to understand the enthusiasm behind the efforts made to establish this alien. However, it is not at all difficult to understand the conditions that caused the sparrows to thrive.

Millions of horses were quartered in the cities of the United States then. The back yard of every prosperous home contained a stable which sheltered bins of grain. In the streets at noontime, while drivers munched free lunch at saloon bars, their horses munched, and spilled into the streets, quantities of oats.

It was not alone an abundance of food which contributed to the well-being of the sparrows. They now found themselves in a land in which they had no natural enemies. A cat which had to depend on its catch of sparrows for a living would starve to death. These little avian rats have been learning how to avoid domestic felines since the earliest times recorded in history. One native bird, the Northern shrike, discovered in these imported birds a tasty bit of game. It has long been the custom of shrikes to visit cities in winter, but with the cities infested with sparrows, the shrikes, too, increased enormously. In Boston, when the abundance of shrikes threatened the existence of the house sparrows, the authorities placed men with shotguns on the Common and in the public gardens to defend the sparrows. Since crows and purple grackles also had been seen to kill sparrows, these birds as well as shrikes were shot.

But a feeling of resentment was growing against the sparrows. First there were complaints from the cities concerning their filthiness. The strings and straw of their slovenly nests clogged gutters and marred the appearance of every sort of building. The elaborate ornamentation of façades in mid-Victorian times was ideally suited to the nesting requirements of sparrows. Street lamp lighters found their chores increased. The litter of sparrow nests was constantly being carried into the glass globes, which the birds supposed were ideally suited to their purpose.

When not on their nests or feeding in the streets, the birds habitually roosted in the overhead wires of the telegraph and telephone companies. In such places as Fountain Square in Cincinnati, Wall Street in New York, and similar centers of commercial activity, communication wires were being strung in such density as to darken the sidewalks beneath them. A dozen crosstrees were bolted to every telephone pole, and the hundreds of wires thus supported, became sparrow roosts.

A Price on Their Heads

Long before the entire country was infested with sparrows it was generally recognized that they were a pest. Not only were they causing a direct economic loss by reason of their filth and their appetite for growing things, but they were driving away from the haunts of men such old allies as the purple martins, the robins, wrens, bluebirds and other decent natives. All these species were being harried by the invaders, who would jump long-established claims to nesting places in bird houses. If the native birds were protecting fledglings when the sparrows arrived, the sparrow gangs would wait until the parent birds left their nests in search of food and then proceed to slaughter the helpless young ones. This was the big crime of the sparrows.

So the friends of the native birds were leaders in the movement to exterminate or control the sparrows. In many communities drives against them were organized. The children who had been released from school to sing in honor of the sparrows' arrival were now invited to go forth and slay them for a bounty. The trouble with the bounty scheme was the difficulty of making the hunters discriminate as between the birds and eggs of the sparrow breed and those of other species. In some places town councils made appropriations for shot and shell, for arsenic, for Paris green—yes, and London purple. Attempts were made to create an appetite for sparrow potpies. Famous chefs were invited to devise some tempting ways of cooking sparrows. Skinned and broiled they were, so it was said, quite as pleasing to the taste as those small

(Continued on Page 78)

"The Breakables and Perishables Ride Safe in Internationals"

International Speed Truck owners praise the *easy-riding* qualities of their trucks. They *know*—from their daily experience in hauling bottled beverages, glassware, china, fine furniture, artware, bric-a-brac, eggs, dairy products, poultry, live stock, and the like.

The *Sparkletts Company* of Los Angeles is immensely proud of its efficient army of Internationals. The *Washington Cooperative Egg & Poultry Association* of Seattle, operating the Northwest's largest fleet of trucks—all Internationals—has boosted Internationals for years. The *Bowman Dairy Company* of Chicago, with a fleet of 162; the *Blue Valley Creameries*, with 170 Internationals ranging over seven states; and the *Nebi Bottlers* with their many fleets in the South—these, for example, will tell you that Internationals tread easy with their loads.

REAR AUXILIARY SPRINGS have a lot to do with International's reputation for easy riding. This original feature is shown here at the right. The auxiliary springs are always on guard, waiting to protect your load, your driver, and your truck. They will add months and mileage to the life of your Internationals.

Ask the nearest branch or dealer to demonstrate the model you need. There are now 174 Company-owned International branches in the United States and Canada.

This is the
AUXILIARY SPRING

In Internationals the MAIN springs are designed to deal gently with *light* loads, *empty* trucks, and *smooth* roads. This AUXILIARY spring comes into play to absorb the *heavier* impacts of road and load.

MAIN SPRING

All Models in the
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are protected by REAR AUXILIARY SPRINGS. *Special Delivery, ½-ton; Six-Speed Special, 1-ton; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton; Heavy-Duty Trucks, chain and double-reduction drive, 2½, 3½ and 5-ton.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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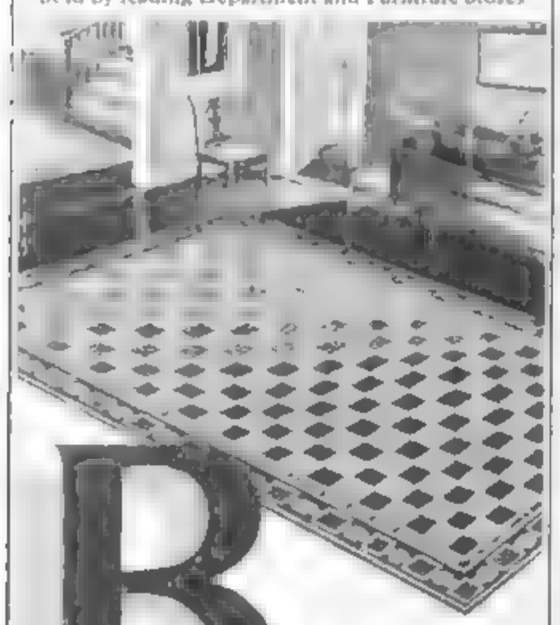
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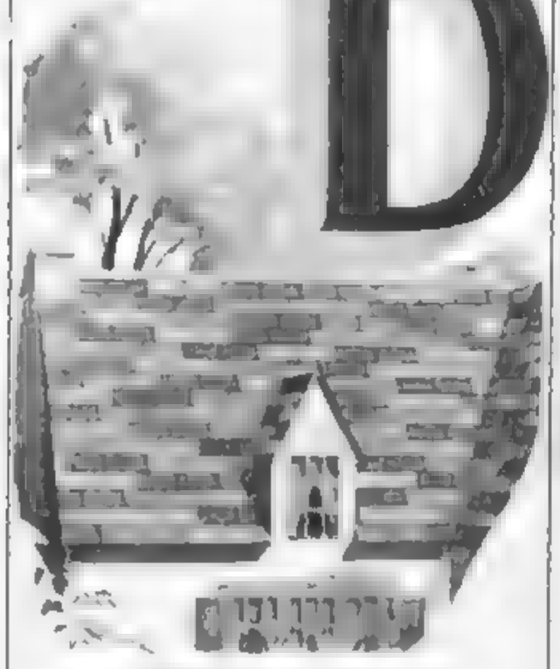
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Montreal

(Continued from Page 76)

feathered creatures sold in Southern markets as ricebirds.

Ricebirds are slain in the rice fields at night by darkies armed with bundles of long switches. Anyone who has ever sat before a platter heaped high with crisp, brown ricebirds, each member of which makes a single, rapturous bite, would be justified in doubting such careless propaganda. Incidentally, who would have the heart to eat a ricebird if it were identified on the menu? Ricebirds are boboliuks.

As a matter of fact, the sparrows had little cause to worry over the movement to create an appetite for their small bodies. Nevertheless, the warfare against sparrows continued. Ingenious traps were devised and the slaughter proceeded; but, in spite of it, the sparrows continued to increase and spread.

Whole colonies were exterminated, but new ones appeared. It was known that the sparrows did not migrate, but instead did their best to dominate those regions in which they were established. For a long time the human enemies of the sparrows were puzzled to account for their sudden appearances in distant communities which previously had been free from them. Then it was discovered that the habit of sparrows to roost in railroad box cars was responsible. Sparrows were constantly being shut up in empty grain cars and carried into what was for them pioneer territory. Since the horse power of the nation was generated out of those feed cars, it was seen that the birds were naturally linked to an involuntary ally that would spread them to every corner of the country;. and spread they did in spite of poison, gun powder, bounties, shrikes and traps. But a better weapon was being forged. It was hatched in Detroit.

The Lapwings Fly the Atlantic

By banishing the horse from city streets and thereby obviating the omnipresent litter, the automobile has reduced the sparrow tribe by millions. Today the house sparrow has ceased to be an important city problem. Instead, he is busily engaged in adjusting himself to country life. By no means a stranger in the cities, he certainly has ceased to be a nuisance. When his favorite roosting places, the wires of telephone and telegraph lines, were placed underground, the bulk of the sparrows seemed to vanish as if they, too, had been buried.

Other European birds have been established in America, but it is unlikely that there will ever be brought in a feathered pest to compare with the house sparrow. About two years ago—it was December, 1927—some flocks of strange birds were seen along the coast of Newfoundland. Observers along a stretch of about two hundred miles of the shore reported this visitation, and bird students among them identified the strangers as European lapwings. Incredible as it may seem, it was established beyond doubt that those small aviators had accomplished a transatlantic flight.

A clergyman of Newfoundland, Canon A. G. Bagley, took pains to gather all the details of this extraordinary migration. He knew that there had been only a few previous reports of lapwings in America, and busied himself with the mystery for many days. Finally he succeeded in satisfying himself that all the birds had appeared on December twentieth, tired, thin and, consequently, tame in their behavior. At Bonavista, Newfoundland, where the major part of these birds had landed, a number were shot. About the leg of one of these victims was an aluminum band on which was stamped: "British Birds No. X5064." Here was a real clew. It was sent to England, and H. F. Witherby, a British ornithologist, began to assemble some pertinent data. He discovered that this metal band had been secured to the leg of a lapwing fledgling in May, 1926, by Dr. H. J. Moon at Ullswater, Cumberland, in the North of England.

Mr. Witherby then applied to the director of the meteorological office of the British Air Ministry. He learned that on the morning of December twentieth, over England and the Atlantic Ocean, at an altitude of approximately one thousand feet the wind was blowing westward at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. Unimpeachable data showed that this wind current persisted all the way across the Atlantic except the last hundred miles or so from the Newfoundland coast.

Then Mr. Witherby began to examine the records of the weather conditions of Northwestern England. He learned that there had been a sharp cold spell on December nineteenth. From bird students of the community he learned also that on the evening of the nineteenth, because of the frozen ground and the consequent difficulty of getting food, a large flock of lapwings had begun a migratory flight. It had been supposed they were bound for Ireland and milder weather. It is likely that that was their intention, but they must have been carried out of their course. At all events, in the space of twenty-four hours thousands of lapwings flew the Atlantic.

Many small groups of these birds were reported from widely scattered places in Newfoundland. By December thirty-first only a few remained in Bonavista under the eyes of Canon Bagley. Then, when frost and snow came, some perished, but the others rose high in the air and flew away to the southwest, in the general direction of the United States. Some of them, it is hoped, survived. At any rate, those watchers in Central Park's Ramble would be delighted, but not astounded, if some day they were to discover there a member of that daring band of lapwings. Their senses have been startled by less-credible visions elsewhere in that park that is walled about by towering buildings.

About three years ago more than a score of observers saw a yellow-crowned night heron standing in water where he could see the flow of motor traffic. Another time an American egret was seen wading in a temporary pond within sight of a Bronx Elevated station, farther uptown. This year another was seen standing in a cemetery in Chicago. Black ducks nest in Central Park.

Feathered Hitch-Hikers

Charleston, South Carolina, has in its market places many black vultures, well-guarded but independent scavengers whose wings span more than six feet and can carry them anywhere that wild birds fly. Pelicans are at home along the wharves of every city on the Gulf of Mexico. Gulls—numerous varieties—are to be seen along the water front of almost any city. These are big birds, but, big or little, there are few varieties, indeed, that do not spend at least a portion of their time as city birds.

In Germany, shrill delight from the household welcomes any stork which, after a winter in Africa, builds a nest on the roof. That is an augury of good luck. Wild storks are not to be seen in Ann Arbor, Michigan, but a gentleman who discovered a long-eared owl dwelling in a tree beside his home in a thickly populated residence section is willing to testify that he felt himself singularly blessed by this evidence of trust. An even greater satisfaction was given to the crew of the Standard Oil tanker, John D. Archbold, some months ago. Bound for New York from Yucatan, the ship was overtaken off Florida by a mixed flock of feathered travelers that had been wintering in Central America. For five days thereafter, until the ship was almost at Sandy Hook, the rigging was alive with migrant birds, hitch-hiking at sea. There were wrens in the crow's nest, a dozen pairs of scarlet tanagers clinging to the funnel stays. Grosbeaks, catbirds and warblers "like beads on a string," were everywhere in the rigging. Who dares say they had not recognized some familiar landmark when at last these musical stowaways flapped their wings toward some rendezvous on shore? Who denies that rendezvous was in Central Park?

The Pennsylvania Museum of Art, on the Parkway, Philadelphia

Ride a Bike

"More fun if you have a Bike,"... say the Scouts on a Hike —

ATTENTION! Eyes Front! Salute! That West Point snap, manly vigor, keen mind we admire so much in Boy Scouts are assured to the lad who rides a bike.

Listen to what Knute Rockne, the famous college football coach and trainer, thinks about cycling.

"For general, all-round, health-making, invigorating, stimulating, muscle-building, lung-expanding, tissue-strengthening exercise, commend me to the sturdy instrument of self-locomotion—the bicycle.

"All forms of body and brain exercise are to be found in these noble steeds.

"The boy who rides a wheel knows that he is putting himself in physical condition to become a 'Big Shot' some day, whether in sports or in business."

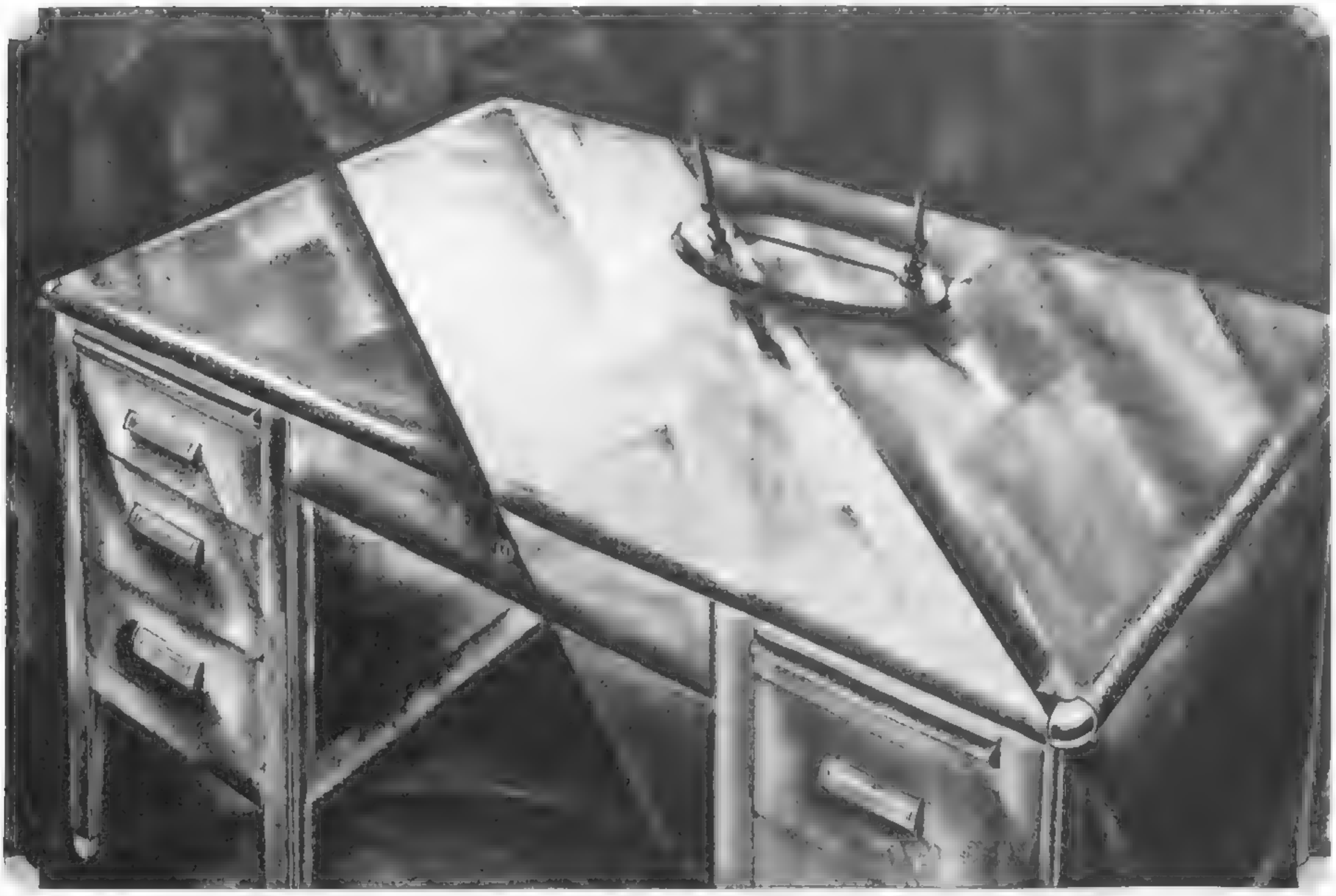
The bicycle is youth's own vehicle. It, more than any other one thing, helps him to the right start for life—in his fun—his earning power—his self-reliance—his development into sturdy manhood.

More and more boys and girls are riding bicycles in America—more and more parents are coming to realize how much cycling means to their sons and daughters.

Write for this **FREE BOOK** *... today!*

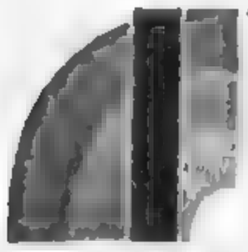
It tells you more of what Knute Rockne says about bicycle riding — it is fully illustrated with pictures of your favorite champions and tells what they think about cycling. Also tells you how to earn money with your bicycle. Just drop us a post card today and ask for "Cyclelogical Ways to Happier Days." Give your name and address in full and mail to—The Cycle Trades of America, Inc., Room A-205, Fisk Building, 205 West 57th St., New York City.

Your local DEALER will show latest models



ANNOUNCING:

the "SKYSCRAPER" a Desk that dares to be different



IT had to come—the desk that dares to be different—different in all that makes it the most modern, efficient desk ever presented to American business—"The Skyscraper," a desk designed by Shaw-Walker engineers, who for 30 years have been anticipating the needs of American business. A desk so different as to demand the building of a new and specially equipped plant in which to produce it. A desk built with a foundation structure of steel—like a skyscraper.

The Skyscraper Desk begins where the old-style desk leaves off. It is new from its revolutionary working-top to its bronze foot caps. And it is *organized for work.* It gives the office a new orderliness, a new dignity, a new working tempo and smoothness . . . and it gives the user a new joy in the job, a new sense of control.

The Skyscraper Desk says "Full speed ahead." It is tomorrow's desk—ready today—*and at a commercial price.* Handsome enough for executive offices; economical enough for general offices. To appreciate it you must see it . . . almost everyone who does see it buys it.

Its unique features are so many and so varied that we are encouraged to detail them on the following page. You will find it interesting reading.

Organized for a better day's Work

and Electrically Planned

FIRST of all, the new Shaw-Walker Skyscraper Desk is *organized* for work—flexibly organized. The roomy interior is so arranged that the user can lay out his or her own work for greater speed, comfort and effectiveness. It has a place for everything—the natural place.

Open the drawers one by one.

The upper right-hand drawer is equipped to take removable trays for incoming and outgoing mail. These slide to and fro, disclosing usable space underneath for "Matters Pending." Just open your drawer and dictate. Close it, and all papers are safeguarded. Or, arrange this drawer in any other manner that suits your fancy.

The large lower right-hand drawer accommodates a quick-reference personal work file, with folders for various interests and responsibilities, and a complete tickler work file. Probably the most intelligently worked out personal efficiency system yet devised. Or, again, if you wish, you may arrange this drawer entirely differently. The method of organization is optional.

Open the center drawer. What was once an untidy catch-all is now a marvel of convenience and orderliness. Separate, permanent compartments for clips, pens, stamps, erasers, rubber bands—all in partitioned trays that slide back and forth over the space beneath, which is divided into four convenient compartments for reports, loose-leaf books and other records of frequent reference.

Into the upper left-hand drawer goes a quick-reference card index, and a unit of the Shaw-Walker visible file, a wonder for speed and accuracy, whether for manager or clerical worker. This arrangement is not arbitrary, however. The drawer lends itself to any other desired plan.

Now comes another surprise! The new Skyscraper Desk is electrically planned. Unsightly telephone wires, push-button wires and telephone bell-box have all vanished into concealed construction. And the second left-hand drawer may be wired to take a special flat-type telephone, out of sight, off the desk-top. But this is optional; you may keep your 'phone on top if you prefer.

This is the first "electrified desk" ever offered to business—a development by Shaw-Walker engineers after a long study of modern office requirements.

Finally, a removable waste-basket fits into the lower left-hand drawer. That means added neatness and a saving of good floor space in crowded offices. Or, the drawer may be fitted with the usual adjustable partitions.

A REVOLUTIONARY WORKING-TOP

When you see the Skyscraper Desk, the first thing you will notice will be the daring new roll-edge working-top, the most revolutionary—and the most comfortable—working-top ever put on a desk. Smooth, warm, luxurious to the touch, rolling off into rounded edges and corners. In a rich, two-tone effect.

After you've seen it all you will exclaim: *"What a contrast! Why didn't someone think of such a desk long ago?"*

And well you may. For the new Skyscraper Desk is more than an evolution—it is positively a revolution. Not only is it a superb piece of office furniture, "Built Like a Skyscraper," but it is *organized* to give its user a new desk freedom, a new helpfulness, and consequently a new incentive to do better work—and with less expenditure of energy.

The Skyscraper Desk has been expanded into a line of business furniture—Secretarial Desk, Stenographer's Desk, Office Work Tables, Skyscraper Office Chairs, and the Skyscraper-Junior-45, a 45-inch single-pedestal desk for salesmen and clerical workers. Before you spend another dollar for office furniture, look into this new line of Shaw-Walker Business Furniture. Now, any firm can have handsome offices without paying a fancy price.

FREE!

TO EXECUTIVES ONLY

For thirty years Shaw-Walker engineers have been studying office organization and operation. Out of this long experience a book has been written, "How to Organize an Office." It is full of sound business philosophy and helpful ideas concerning the organization of an office for the efficient flow of work. Coming from the press shortly. It will be sent free and without obligation to business executives—but only to executives.

Simply mail the coupon, pinned to your business letterhead.

Send for Your Copy

SHAW-WALKER CO., Box 10, Muskegon, Mich
Without charge or obligation, please send me a copy of
☐ "How to Organize an Office"
☐ Skyscraper Desk Catalog

Name _____

Official capacity _____

Address _____

"Built Like a Skyscraper"

SHAW-WALKER BUSINESS FURNITURE

POST SCRIPTS

"You Know, All She Has Is a Sort of Youthful Prettiness"

Proposals

AT MARRIAGE I scoffed. I was free, on the wing;
Till I met you. Now love has completely unmanned me.
Will you wear for my sake a plain gold little ring,
And live in my penthouse, and misunderstand me?

I do not wish to be a bride;
So not to be I've firmly tried,
And so far with success.
Then do not ask me, dear, to wed,
For if you asked, I live in dread—
I might, by chance, say yes.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Wouldn't This Burn You Up?

HOPE this is a good picture. I'm crazy about the talkies, aren't you, Mabel? But honest, it's a darn wonder I'd ever want to see a movie again when you consider what a jam the last one I saw got me into. Wrap yourself around a piece of this peanut brittle and listen to the lowdown.

Saturday night the boy friend and I went to the movies—Ronald Colman—and was he grand! So different from Bill! You know how Bill is, Mabel—awfully sweet, but about as mysterious as an old Ford. All of a sudden, it just got my goat, so I said to him:

"Bill, it's a pity you wouldn't take a lesson from some of these birds. As a lover, you're nothing if not monotonous. Seems as though you're never happy unless you're tying my neck into knots. Well, my golly, a girl likes to have a chance to lead a man on now and then, instead of always having to hold him back! For all you know, I may be able to lure like Greta Garbo, but do I ever get any practice? I do not. For goodness' sakes, Bill, try acting aloof or something once in a while; it'll do us both good."

Yes, I surely told him plenty, Mabel, and of course he was wild, having me slam his love-making that way, but you know yourself it was only the truth I told him. . . . Give me another piece of that brittle; I get weak when I come to this part of the story.

Well, after speaking my mind, I naturally forgot all about the affair. So when Bill came over Sunday night I, as usual, started to make myself comfortable. Then I got the shock of my life. Believe it or not, what should he do but shove me right off his lap onto the floor! I asked him, "What's the matter with you a brain storm or something?" And imagine my embarrassment when he growls back at me, "From now on, I'm taking your advice. I'm going to be aloof if it kills me. Move over, girl; I'm mysterious!"

Mabel, can you feature a line like that from your best boy friend that you've been going with for two years and saving up for the ring and all? I was burnt up, and how! Gee, what a date! Like spending the evening in the morgue. It was raining so hard we couldn't go out anywheres, so we played every record in the house and just sat there like a couple of saps, me on one end of the davenport and Bill on the other.

Which is all very well for an old-fashioned tintype, but perfectly terrible in real life. Honest, it was sickening. If I'd had Ronald Colman there I'd have wrung his neck! . . . Give me another piece of that peanut brittle, Mabel. I need it.

Well, finally along about eleven o'clock the whole thing began to get on my nerves, so I said, "How about snapping out of it? You've had your fun. You win, I lose. Now act natural." And the poor pill comes back at me with: "Where's all that high-powered lure you were bragging about the other night? Drag it out of the moth balls. I'm game!"

My heavens, Mabel, did you ever hear anything so sort of commercial in your life? I didn't, and said so. Then Bill barks, "Well, I may not be such a wow as a mystery man, but take it from me, as a Greta Garbo you're nothing to write home about either!" Well, that was more than I'd stand for, even from my sugar, so I told him, "Either you snap out of this fog or go home." And, Mabel, what should he do but go home. Imagine! Aloof till the last—shook hands with me—no fooling!—and walks right out the door as solemn as a judge. And that's that!

Can you picture anything dizzier? I would laugh, only it's too serious. Here's my best boy friend gone high-hat on me, and all my fault. Have a date with him tonight, and I'm scared to death for fear he'll act dopy again. Believe you me, Mabel, I've learned my lesson. Next time I go to the movies with that boy, I'll keep my eyes open and my mouth shut! . . . What? . . . Oh, all right, mister, I'll stop talking, so you can hear the movie! . . . My goodness, Mabel, why is it that some people are never happy unless they're crabbing about something? Darn these old talking pictures anyhow! . . . Give me another piece of that peanut brittle!

—MARGE.

Nature's Handiwork

THE spectacular beauty and magnificence of this region cannot be described; it is quite beyond the pen of a poet

SMOKE TRY-AGAIN
SEGARS
YOU'LL GET USED TO THEM
EVENTUALLY!

or the brush of an artist. Even the camera fails adequately to record its breath-taking splendors. The streams dashing against

BRONX CAFE
YOU'LL REMEMBER US
FOR MANY A DAY
AND HOW

rocks, through gorges and over cascades, present pictures of unbelievable beauty. Waterfalls of varying heights, precipitous cliffs,

HONEYDEW MELONS
IN CANS
TAKE ONE HOME TO THE KIDDIES

peaks and bluffs, and an ever-changing variety of colors meet the eye at every turn. One look at this marvelous panorama will con-

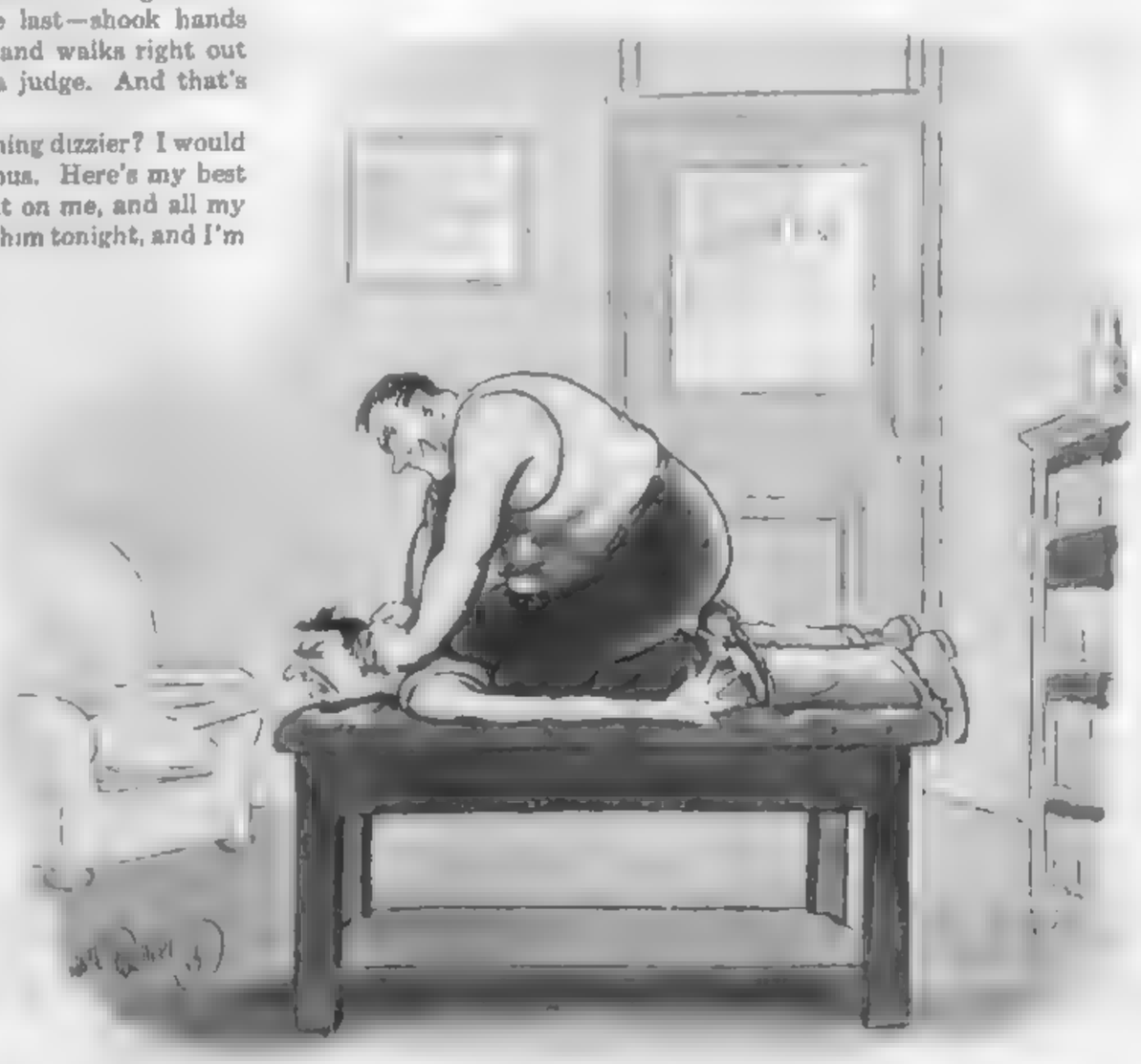
USE
WEAVER'S WASH LINES
THEY'RE POSTED!

vince the beholder that here is the supreme masterpiece of Nature's handiwork—by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles.

OMICRIN OIL
IS GOOD
FOR SHINING SHOES

—M. H. JAMES.

(Continued on Page 242)



"Now Take a Deep Breath"

THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM

The same thrill in the car...*that you get in the stands*

A lithe, jerseyed figure, knees working like pistons, shoots goal-ward—and you follow his flight, relaxing thankfully as he eludes the last tackler. ¶ Midfield. A lone figure far behind the struggling lines. An arm snaps back. The ball, in a perfect soaring arc, sails straight to a waiting end—and you're breathless at the daring of the pass. ¶ In the shadow of the goal. Grim faces. Straining hearts and hands. The rasp of canvas. The fullback hits the line—and you rise in your seat—exultant—cheering madly—as the ball goes over. ¶ That's the thrill from the stands. You respond to the magnificent spirit of the game.

Streams of snail-like traffic. An opening. Your car slips through—and you relax with a smile, as the others drop behind. ¶ The open road. The drone of a distant motor. A cloud of dust drifts back. Your foot presses gently. The car gathers speed like a meteor. You're closing up. You're even. You're ahead!—and you're breathless and happy in the knowledge that you rule the road. ¶ Detour. Gummy mud and crawling, snake-like ruts. The motor roars—and you slap the wheel exultantly as the car tears through. ¶ That's the thrill in a LYNITE equipped car. You respond to motor performance that is finer than ever you've known before.

LYNITE
ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS AND RODS

LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed—more pulling power. Quicker acceleration. Less wear on cylinders and bearings. Vibration reduced to a minimum. Less weight—greater fuel economy. Cooler motor—with less carbon.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

HOW DO THEY GET THEIR JOBS?

(Continued from Page 17)

magazines, and then, although ostensibly they have jobs, actually they are pioneers and they quickly build something big. Pierre du Pont, Raskob and Sloan did this with General Motors. Walter Chrysler did it with a motor company. The list is long and holds many big and little examples. These rejuvenators and developers, in a way, have jobs, for often they do not own any great part of the thing that they make. But always they are the absolute masters and there is no question whether they are or are not the best men for their positions. They make the thing and it is theirs to manage, and what someone else might have done is a speculation.

But this also does not concern the man who is scanning the horizon for a job better than the one he has, and wondering whether he is going to find it on the horizon or at the desk next to his. Nearly everyone is employed—and almost all those who are not could be if they wanted to. Everyone, be he employed or unemployed, wants a good job—according to his own definition of a good job. The office boy wants to be a salesman; the salesman wants to be sales manager; the sales manager wants to be president; and the president wants either to make the company bigger and better or to be called to the presidency of something which is already bigger and better. Everyone is looking at some other man ahead of him and asking, "How did he get that job?"

Applicants With Wings

There used to be very little doubt on this point. Our hero always married the boss' daughter. That is still as good a way as any, but it has its limitations, for the boss may have no daughter, or again he may have too many of them, or they may already be married, or the job seeker may be married. Notwithstanding all this, the principle is sound, for marrying the boss' daughter at least attracts the boss' attention, and that, it may be said with utter positiveness, after a minute examination of all the cases, is the first step toward getting a good job.

Virtue is absolutely its own reward. To get any further reward, it has to be out where somebody can see it. For complacent virtue looks so much like plain dumbness that scarcely anyone will bother to investigate and distinguish. No one ever gets anywhere in particular just by being honest and faithful. Honesty is today taken for granted, while the only sort of employer worth working for regards faithfulness as a reciprocal affair and, if an employe be faithless, looks first at himself to discover the reason

There are two general methods of getting jobs. The first is the positive method and the second is the negative method. The most general method is the negative, and most people find their first jobs in this way. The applicant answers an advertisement, stands in line somewhere, fills out a long application blank and then gets hired or does not. Most employment managers are bears for questionnaires and willingly hire only those who can show idyllic home conditions and blameless lives. So the applicants who get tipped off in time are just that. The number of living poems that turn up in an employment office is really quite surprising. In the negative method, the would-be employe has very little thought beyond the wages, and thinks of himself as a chattel to be hired and thereby supported. Common labor, whether in the shop or in the office is, speaking plainly, only a commodity, and specifications can be and are written for jobs, just as they are written for goods. Institutes and correspondence schools will undertake to train anyone exactly to fit the specifications for any of the more usual jobs, and, what is more, they can do the trick, just as a good tutor can cram almost anyone to pass an examination. Most people get into one of these commodity jobs, perform their duties faithfully but with an eye on the clock become dependable employes, and receive raises in pay as the years pass and those ahead of them die. Thus they plod along, wondering for the first twenty years when they are going to be summoned to fill any one of a dozen bigger jobs which they think they can swing better than the fellows in them. They spend the next twenty years crabbing the outfit and hoping they will not get fired. Such is the career of the average man.

Mixed in with the faithful is a large group who look at a job as something to get by with until somebody wakes up and fires them. They become experts at getting hired and they spend their lives getting hired and fired. This class has a curious kind of ability, which sometimes takes them on in spite of themselves. They always start off well, but then they run down like clocks. Some of them are wound up for only six months and others for as much as five or ten years, and the genus has specimens not only in the commodity classes but also up through the higher classes. A large selection of sales managers may be had who are worth from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars a year for two or three years. After that they are worth nothing at all. Some of the most brilliant newspapermen and editors in the country seem to have cycles. They will do well on a paper for just so long and then they will go to another paper and do just as well. Perhaps they are descendants of the tramp printers of yesterday. More than a few companies prefer this kind of men in certain positions where they think pep is needed. Even the best brands of pep soon thin out, and so a man who is good for only one turn with his bag of tricks just fits the picture. For when he has finished his act someone else is ready to go on.

The positive method of getting a job is very different, and it is the only way that people—unless they are born into a job or marry it—ever get anywhere. In the positive method, a man sizes up what he wants and then sizes up how to get it. He may go into a company or be attached to a man by the commodity route without any other idea than holding down a job. But after he finds himself he instinctively begins to look around. He may discover that his best bet is with that company or man, or he may use them to make acquaintances to gain some other place that he highly fancies. And the fact that so many men have greater gifts for getting jobs than for filling them is the reason why most large companies simply seethe with office politics and have so many men of no ability at all in very high positions.

The Art of Bootlicking

Not long ago, the president of a large company decided to retire and become chairman of the board, and everyone in the company, as well as people on the outside, were astounded when the board of directors passed over all the qualified candidates and elected as president a practically unknown young man. He had been working with the president for several years, and had devoted himself so intensely to pleasing the president that the old man thought that at last he had found someone fit to succeed him. No one else in the company thought so, and the men who were in the logical succession resigned rather than serve under someone whom they knew had specialized not on the job but on bootlicking. This sort of thing is not exactly rare.

The art of bootlicking is old and well developed. Sometimes very clever men of real ability find that the bootlicking route is the best to the destination they have in mind. For some of our most important men like to be nicely bootlicked and will suitably reward an artist. In Wall Street many men bootlick the tier of wealth just above them and expect to be suitably revered by the tier just below. It is impossible for a rich man to tell a poor joke, if only he will indicate the point where he expects hearty and appreciative laughter. One partner in a large financial house is so expert a flatterer that no one suspects him of being other than a very able and pleasant man—which he is. But at heart he is a bootlicker. As an assistant to a prominent lawyer, years ago, he looked over the clients that came to his office and elected a certain prominent man to be his angel. He made a point of being assigned to some of this man's work, and he did it so extremely well that before long the man put him into a bank that he controlled. Then he made him president of another and larger bank, and finally took him into his firm. This man had the ability to do his work while he played his game—which was a perfectly honorable one—but he saw to it that always he pleased his main chance, and also that he pleased all the friends of his main chance, so that they, too, would speak well of him.

Men Who Pick Their Bosses

Another man who entered that same law office at about the same time chose a different route. The head of the firm usually got down about eight o'clock and rarely left before seven in the evening. This young man thought that the best way to win favor was to have the reputation of being a hard worker. He was always in the office by 7:30 and hard at work when the chief arrived, and also he was always there in the evening and hard at work when the chief left. But his chief merely got the notion that the young man was an early riser who also had nothing to do in the evenings, and that was all there was to it. When the young man changed his hours he got fired. He had stupidly bet on the wrong horse, for it was well known that the lawyer never parted with any money.

Most men in high places—as well as most men in low—imagine themselves to be great pickers of men. They get that impression by keen hindsight. Actually, the men who succeed pick their bosses and make the bosses think that they pick them. This is not to say that the freak stuff gets anywhere. It is all well enough to save the daughter from drowning or to be Johnny-on-the-spot when something breaks, but outside of the movies that does not happen. And neither does it pay to wait around for a chance to tell the all-highest just how good a man you are and what he is missing. Every salesman has a yarn about how he did that—but rarely adds that on his way out he collected his pay. A man who has risen to any position of considerable authority has had so many earfuls of this sort of thing that he plays deaf. He wants not to be told, but to find out for himself. And the really first-class man does his work in a way to please the man over him.

Judge Gary wanted a secretary who knew something about government affairs, and George K. Leet, who then had a bureau job in Washington, was recommended to him. The judge met Leet and liked him, but Leet did not want to be secretary to anyone. Finally he took the job, largely because he discovered that he liked Judge Gary—who was by no means the cold, impassive man that he was represented to be. Judge Gary detested letter writing, so before long Leet was writing most of the letters and in a few years could dispose of a good part of the mail without even showing it to the judge. Gradually he took over other duties, and also he had a way of handling people so that he could refuse them an appointment with the judge and still keep them happy. He never resorted to lying and he never simply tired out a man; he just stated the case with perfect fairness as he saw it, and that was enough. He came to know the affairs and the people of the Steel Corporation so well that Judge Gary, although thereby he was losing his right-hand man, made him secretary of the corporation. And there was a complete agreement in the corporation that the selection was the best one possible.

The late George H. Jones began as a bookkeeper for one of the companies which affiliated with the old Standard Oil Company. He was a very thorough man, who had the faculty of carrying any number of facts in his head. The elder Rockefeller has the same sort of mind and likes people who can tell him anything he wants to know without having to refer to books. Jones could at any time give the entire financial statement of the company to the penny and without a note. That, of course, was not the limit of his ability; he just had that faculty in addition to being a very able man. But it was this part of his mental equipment that attracted Mr. Rockefeller to him, for simply by picking up the telephone he could find out anything he wanted. And so Mr. Jones became treasurer of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and eventually the chairman of its board. The journey took thirty years.

It is always taught that mastering the job in hand is the surest way to get ahead. On the whole, it probably is, but those who do master their jobs are frequently made very bitter by having men who do not know the job so well thrust ahead of them.

This is particularly true today. Sometimes it is only favoritism that puts a man ahead, but in the sounder companies, although there is plenty of favoritism—which has a great many definitions—the promotions are usually for a good reason. This is especially so in banking. The banks and bankers have reached out into business, and they need business men as well as bankers. So it happens that men who do not pretend to know anything at all about banking have been taken in over the heads of trained bankers. A young man who was recently made president of a very large bank is not a banker and never even passed through the elementary steps of a banking career—that is, he never sat up nights chasing pennies to put the books in balance. But he has had a most active career in business in many phases and is quick to grasp the possibilities of a manufacturing concern and, therefore, its credit future. Also he has a large acquaintance among manufacturers—which means that he can get business for the bank.

Hiring Different Knowledge

The late George W. Perkins was selected as a partner by the late J. P. Morgan because of his organizing work in a life-insurance company. The elder Morgan needed someone who could get people together in consolidations, and he saw that Perkins could do this. Therefore he offered him a partnership, and Perkins, throughout his years in the firm, never even attempted to find out what the banking department was doing. Most of the big banking firms are now looking out for men who know business, for they have men enough who know banking. A prominent investment house recently took in an industrial engineer; they had retained this man off and on for some years and gradually began to feel that, though reports were fine things to have, it would be still better to have someone in the firm who could look beneath the surface of reports, and so they offered him a partnership—and for the first time in sixty years went outside their own ranks.

The necessity for having a different kind of knowledge around the place accounts for some of the extraordinary executives that one sometimes meets, who cause profound wonder as to how they got their jobs. They are usually found in the one-man type of corporation, and the explanation of their existence will be found by looking at the personality of the man at the top. A strong, building sort of man is not often well

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AIR-FLIGHT

THE AIR-FLIGHT Principle in its effect on motoring will be more revolutionary than any advancement in the science of tire building in the past decade.

It is the outcome of years of study by the FISK tire-trained corps of engineers and brings to you an achievement the worth of which an actual demonstration by an authorized FISK Dealer alone can substantiate.

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THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

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Like a flight through the air

Perhaps you've experienced the frictionless, soaring sensation of riding on nothing but *air*. Then, you were actually flying, hundreds of feet off the ground. Wouldn't you like this smoothness of airplane flight when traveling *the road* in your car? There's *no reason* why you can not! Applying a FISK fundamental, FISK engineers have designed this new tire to enable you to ride—*less on the rubber, more on the air.* It makes air lines of even the roughest roads

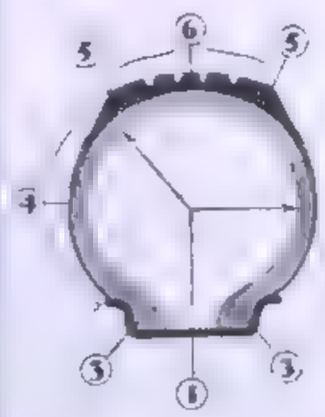
1. Fisk De Luxe
The ultimate in *AIR-FLIGHT* luxury.

2. Fisk Rugged
The sturdy, dutiful development of the *AIR FLIGHT* PRINCIPLE.

3. Fisk Premier
Provides the most in *AIR-FLIGHT* luxury that low price can buy.

4. Fisk
The standard service tire built on the *AIR-FLIGHT* principle.

The Seven Points of Superiority in
THE FISK
AIR-FLIGHT PRINCIPLE



1—Large Air Chamber—your car rides *less on the rubber—more on the air.*
2—Air Cord material reduces internal friction and adds strength without rigidity or weight.
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5—Rim width stream-line tread eliminates the useless overhanging tread rubber and allows greater air-cushioning.
6—Greater Road Contact—results in better and longer lasting Non-Skid qualities.
7—The Air Flight Balance

The newly perfected balance between Air and Materials achieves the maximum of *Air Cushioning* and *Mileage*.

COMFORT DOWN TO YOU IN YOUR CAR

. . . IN A TIRE UTTERLY DIFFERENT

and brings the sensation of *AIR-FLIGHT* down to you in your car. Banished forever are the troubles you now have with tires which you consider first quality.

No more tire vexations

Gone are the bumps and jolts caused by shocks of the road which cannot be absorbed by superfluous rubber. Forgotten are the dangers of skidding on slippery, wet pavements—of swaying from the straight-away at high rates of speed. Eliminated are the drag—the sluggish response—the difficult steering—that result from an *excess* of rubber, *poorly distributed*.

Now in their stead, the *AIR-FLIGHT* principle tire by FISK brings you all of the luxuries of modern air travel. Its ALL-CORD construction and resilient air chamber let you ride the boulevards as you *ride-the-air*—always smoothly forward—never jouncingly up and down.

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It's the greater FISK MILEAGE that this new-found principle gives to these modern-day tires—assured you by the FISK unlimited GUARANTEE.

Place your order now

The demand for FISK *AIR-FLIGHT* Principle Tires already is so great that you may have trouble in getting immediate delivery. Orders will be filled in the order in which they are received, so do not risk the annoyance of an extended delay.

See the next page.

AIR-FLIGHT

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WITH YOUR NEARBY FISK DEALER

HE will show you what actual improvements and advantages the AIR-FLIGHT Principle has to offer—how this FISK innovation will make your car give you the sensation of "riding the air".

FISK mileage

Time to Re-tire
GET A FISK!

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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rounded, but usually he knows where he is weak and where he is strong. He takes men who he thinks will round out his weak spots. The chairman of the board of a large company who has practically built it has a man as a president of whom he thinks a great deal and of whom no one else thinks anything. I shared the wonder until I discovered that the president had a statistical sort of mind and furnished the chairman with exactly the facts that he wanted. The man has the title of president, but the chairman actually does all the important work and looks upon this man as a kind of fact sorter and arranger. He has the more pleasing men in places that have contact with the public. But also he has an odd duck whom he privately calls his "universal objector." Nothing new ever gets by this man. He is just as progressive as the Pyramids, but also he is able to state his objections to progress in a most lucid way. He can find the best reason extant for not making any kind of change and he is thus very valuable as a devil's advocate. Outsiders and even insiders wonder why such a fine company keeps such a dodo. The chairman finds him valuable.

Sometimes the supreme boss picks a man for no other reason than that he likes him. One of the business geniuses of the country years ago put in a physical trainer as general manager. He was really his own general manager and he thought that the company needed to have its health built up more than anything else. Some men like to be surrounded by peace and harmony, while others prefer to have a lot of men at swords' points with one another, for when any coöperating is necessary they will do it themselves. One man has posted in his office: "I would rather have one employe of unswerving loyalty than three of extraordinary genius." That man, although he would not admit it, thinks that he can supply all the necessary genius. The chief duty of some executives is to tell stories to the boss - to act as the king's jester. Others are retained solely to go out and make speeches that the boss does not want to make, while it is not uncommon for men with political ambitions to keep a man around just to form political contacts, not to influence legislation or to lobby—that is very different—but to shape a political career for the principal.

Climbing the Ladder Too Fast

In several of the one-man organizations it is perilous to rise to anywhere near the top, for then the crowd below start throwing bricks, and eventually a brick scores a hit, or seems to. But in two of these companies the czar deliberately takes what he thinks is the best out of a man and then lets him go, while the office politicians below think that they have arranged the skids.

Some apparently sound companies have the deliberate policy of keeping a few principal men and then rotating all the other men quickly to the top and out. These companies are always one-man affairs and the policy is said to be fair because they pay very high salaries. Other companies have exactly the reverse of this policy; in quite a number it takes a man of perverse genius to get himself fired. These companies usually pay rather low salaries and make up in permanency what they omit from the pay check.

There are freak jobs in plenty, but they are the exceptions. The majority of men who succeed do so by attracting the favorable attention of some man higher up and eventually of the powers that control. These men are invariably competent. Owen D. Young, as a lawyer in Boston, got into some electrical cases and met Charles A. Coffin, then the head of the General Electric Company, which he had formed. Mr. Coffin eventually retained Mr. Young and was struck with his ability to reconcile people of conflicting opinions. Later he brought him into the company and let him try his hand on matters which were not strictly in the legal profession. Mr. Young made many friends and no enemies, and soon was known as a man who could straighten out human tangles. A very large company in these days needs a diplomat as well as a business man at its head, and Mr. Coffin gradually groomed Mr. Young to take the leadership of the company in other than its strictly business phases.

Men Who Know Their Business

At the same time he was training Gerard Swope, an engineer, to handle the business matters, for he found in Mr. Swope the qualities for a manufacturing and sales executive. Thus he made a team and handed over to it the management of the company while he sat back to give the benefit of his advice. Charles M. Schwab is a salesman more than he is a manufacturer, and he found in Eugene Grace exactly the qualities which he himself lacked, and that is the reason he made Grace, whom he first noticed as a college boy working in the shops, the president of Bethlehem. A bakery company that is now very large was founded by a bread salesman in the days when bread baking was not a science. As baking developed, this salesman hired a young chemist to supervise processes. The chemist worked with the salesman to improve the quality of the bread, but he also proved to be something of a salesman himself, for he began to test out bread with consumers instead of only in the laboratory. The two men worked together and the chemist will be the next president of the company.

John J. Raskob was hired many years ago by Pierre du Pont as a stenographer. The two men traveled together a good deal and Raskob developed a keen financial sense. He became more of a secretary than a stenographer, and when Du Pont came back from the promotion of electrical railways to form a group to buy the powder works, it was Raskob who looked after the finances and made most of the plans. He had something which Du Pont lacked and the two men found that they made a team. The one man had money, but the other, not having any money, instead of trying to get that which his boss had, set himself to making more money for him. He found the powder company with a large cash surplus after the war and hunted around for a better way to use it than merely buying bonds. He saw General Motors as a bargain. He took the Du Ponts heavily into it and everyone knows the result.

Some men short cut to the top, as did Raskob, while others go through every step—sometimes slowly and sometimes very quickly. Alexander Legge, the president of the International Harvester, has been forty years with the company and has held every kind of office in that time. He became president by a process of natural selection. He was always the logical man to promote. Victor Cutter entered the United Fruit Company at the bottom as a timekeeper on a plantation in Costa Rica. He developed a capacity for getting things done and knowing what they were when done.

He became manager of the plantation in due course and then, as the company expanded, opened up other plantations in the Caribbean. He shortly knew the property of the company better than anyone else did, and also how to manage each division. That made it necessary to take him to the head offices in Boston, for no one there knew as much as he did about operating conditions. The company had been managed on the theory that finance should be distinct from operations. But when the president died it was discovered that only Cutter knew the whole company, and he just had to be elected president.

Some men have this faculty for knowing all about their concerns and are actually running them long before they get their titles. Clarence M. Woolley was really at the head of the American Radiator Company for some years before he was president, while several men who are actually the heads of their concerns refuse to take the head title for sentimental reasons until after the death of the founder—no matter how inactive he may be.

There is an element of luck in all this. An able man may find himself in an industry which is going forward in a burst, such as the automobile or the radio industries, while another equally able man may be in railroading, which has not advanced so much in recent years, or in the steel industry, which had its boom some years ago, or in textiles, which are going backward. An old, established company may be rapidly increasing its business, but if it be already large, the percentage increase cannot be so great as in, say, an aircraft company. The men in the old companies, although their jobs are actually more difficult, will not seem to advance so quickly as in the new companies. There is an element of luck in every large business success as well as in every personal success.

But how about the men who are not in big affairs and have no prospect of making their own affairs large? One might grandly say that they can make their affairs large, and let it go at that. But that is the counsel of somewhat more than perfection. A man in a little bank in a little town cannot make his bank much bigger than his town. But if he makes it as big as his town he will more than likely be asked to join a larger bank and in the course of time to reach New York—which is the goal of nearly all bankers. Two-thirds of the heads of the large New York banks started as country bankers.

The Fate of One-Man Companies

The large companies try to promote only from the ranks, and some have a firm rule to that effect, but with the mergers which are today going on, jobs are turning up beyond the capacity of anyone in the ranks.

When the one man of a one-man company dies, often no one is on hand to take his place, for he has probably surrounded himself with men such as described above, who are useful to him and no one else. That is why the far-seeing men employed in small places try to get out to conventions and to learn to make speeches at chambers of commerce, and so on, in order to be noticed by the men who are in larger affairs. The conventions which throng the hotels are not at all the outings that sometimes they seem to be. A number of men use them to make acquaintances which afterward prove to be exceedingly valuable.

The late Henry P. Davison of Morgan & Co. used to keep tabs on likely men everywhere. He came from a small country bank to a New York bank and then fell under the observation of the elder Morgan, who put him into several banking positions and then into the firm. Mr. Davison was responsible for more men in high positions in Wall Street than any other man. He suggested at least two of the present Morgan partners, and three banks are headed by men he picked. After the big Claflin failure he bethought himself of Samuel W. Reyburn, who had made a success in Arkansas, and asked him to come on to New York to reorganize the complicated structure that had crashed.

Judge Gary knew that no one in the Steel Corporation had the special knowledge exactly to succeed him, and several years before his death Myron C. Taylor, an elderly man who had made a success in steel, but who had no national reputation, was brought on to sit on the board, so that he would be ready to take over the financial and policy matters on which Judge Gary had especially concentrated. Now, though Mr. Taylor does not have the wide authority of Judge Gary, he is at the policy helm.

The war brought a great number of men to higher notice. The government services can be used as stepping-stones—especially the tax service. One man who was hired away from the Government by a large corporation was recently hired away from the corporation at a salary of fifty thousand a year by a banking firm who wanted him as a statistician. Chain-store men are in great demand today by the bankers who have the money to organize chains, but who have no one to manage them after the organization.

The Factors of Luck and Bluff

The fact is that, contrary to the general opinion, a fair number of jobs always exist for the man who can teach a business to the principals. Sometimes these jobs are advertised. When you see space taken for a big want ad which is not printed in the want-ad columns but in a preferred position, and which asks for an absolutely ideal human being, you can wager that the advertiser has bitten off more than he can chew. The advertisement is a cry for help; the advertiser is so up against it and knows so little of what he has on his hands that he advertises his hopes. He states the qualifications so magnificently that no man possessing them could possibly be without a job. Indeed, any man who could answer truthfully, saying that he exactly answered the description, would be a subject for an alienist, for certainly he would have delusions of grandeur. I recall one wealthy man who advertised for an executive for a group of stores which he thought of establishing. He ran an elaborate advertisement and spent his week-ends for a year interviewing applicants. He never found a satisfactory man, and he said, and believed, that was the reason he did not go ahead with his project. In fact, he never knew exactly what his project was and was depending upon some man from the outside to tell him what he wanted.

Some shrewd and not overscrupulous men make a business of finding these big jobs. They hold them at large salaries until someone wakes up. I know one man with a most engaging personality—he is a big, frank sort of fellow—who has not worked for less than fifty thousand a year for more than ten years, and yet who has never held a job more than three years. He can make everyone about the place feel just right, can carry forward any sort of a conference and sell himself. But never does his concern make ends meet. He knows himself like a book and also he knows just when his job is drawing to a close and it is time to arrange for something else. Then he steps down and into his new job, and no one ever quite finds out what he has done. He is the country's outstanding genius in this line.

And although getting a good job seems to be much the same as getting a good wife, and has in it a deal of luck, yet the bluffs do not really hang on long. And they do have a rotten time of it while hanging on.

Wherever

you

may travel

Ætna

protection

goes

with you

ÆTNA-IZE

See the Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

SHINDIG

(Continued from Page 27)

dey adds a quick nach'ral. Wham! An' a six-ace is in de right place! Twenty dollahs on de flo', brothehs. Shoots de twenty. Mebby it's th'ee an' out like a ball game. Fade an' fall back! Shoots de twenty. Enny boy fades me, somebody bound to lose. Mebby it's me, mebby it's you. Showeh down whilst de dice is hot."

"Roll 'em, loud-speaker! Le's have some gestures wid yo' oration. Let 'em ramble! You's faded." The persistent pest at the Wildcat's right seemed to be hungry for trouble.

"Craves his grief," the Wildcat reflected. "Fair enuff. Does Lady Luck stan' by me, I drapes dat boy wid crape in de nex' six passes." Aloud: "De signal is seven! Li'l' dumb dice, you heerd me. Snowflakes, whut's dem black spots on you? Crismuss cubes, reveal yo' gift. Ramblin' reapers, mow yo' green feed. Whuf! Stop a-rollin'—dere you is an' de beehive juice is a five an' a dooce. Dat's honey!"

The Wildcat looked up smiling toward the Yazoo Cyclone. "How dat, Yazoo? Now my time to drag down."

"Ride 'em, boy. You is loaded wid luck. Fling an' fear not."

"As you sez. Friends an' losers, one an' all, I lets it lay. Shoots fo'ty dollahs. I makes th'ee passes an' dis is numbeh fo'. Fo'ty dollahs on de gamblin' flo'. Fade me, fool, an' begin yo' deduckin' 'rithmetic lesson." The Wildcat looked pointedly at the victim on his immediate right.

"Dat's jitney money. Dere's yo' fo'ty dollahs. Roll 'em. Mebby you grows bigger dan pan fish if you keeps up. All de same to me."

"All de same to him, mebby, but nach'ral is whut I craves," the Wildcat announced. "Eighty dollahs on de flo'. Dice, stay nice. Sun-tan tumblers, show yo' nach'ral freckles. Leapin' leopards, how many spots on de top side? I sez whuf! An' I reads—enuff! 'Leven freckles on de bald head. Eighty dollahs on de flo'. Fade me an' I'll have me eighty mo'."

"I don' want dis burglar much longer." The Wildcat's victim on his right seemed to suffer a sudden cooling of his enthusiasm.

"Showeh down yo' money. Us kain't live fo'eveh."

"Kain't die nach'ral death, neitheh," the reluctant one returned. "Dere you is. Yo' eighty is faded. Nex' time you look at me, use snake-eyes!"

"I leaves de snake-eyes fo' de opposition. Nach'rals is plenty good enuff fo' me." The Wildcat rubbed the dice to blood heat against his woolly scalp. "Li'l' bulldogs, hang on. Gun dice, fire yo' volley. Pay-day pets, whut is you? Cash or trash? Lady Luck, stan' by me! Dice, ramble an' reveal! . . . An' I reads once mo' a th'ee an' a fo'! Rally round, breth'en, whilst I ——"

A quick pain in the neck interrupted Lady Luck's protégé. Demmy's voice grated in the Wildcat's ears: "Come along, Wilecat!" Confidentially; "Dat groc'ry man gwine to slaughter Lily at th'ee o'clock 'less us gits him unpawned. Got to come a-runnin', else you gwine to lose dat mascot into a goat-meat butcher shop."

"Lawd gosh, Demmy, you speakin' de truth?"

"Nuthin' but de truth."

To his frowning companions: "I be back in a few minnits. I owns de dice, but I donates a quit claim to dis thundehcloud on my right." The Wildcat had accumulated the stack of bank notes as he spoke. "Comes back mighty soon, huntin' action fo' dis hund'ed an' sixty dollahs." To the Yazoo Cyclone: "Ise called away fo' a few minnits, Yazoo. I comes back. It's a 'mergency c'nected wid my mascot goat."

"Fetch him back with you, boy," the Yazoo Cyclone suggested with a thinly veiled accusation in his tone. "You gwine to need a mascot, else Ise a mighty po' guesser."

"I gwine to have him. Don't worry 'bout dat."

On the way to the grocery store where Lily had been pawned, "Dat Yazoo Cyclone big enuff so he don't need to worry 'bout nuthin'," the Wildcat observed. "How come you didn't tell me 'bout dat goat bein' in danger de minnit you come back wid dat five dollahs?"

"Didn't have to lie to you jus' den, Wilecat."

"Whut you mean? You means "

"Dat's whut I means. Lily ain't in no danger, but you wuz. Dat boy to de right switched de dice on you. You wuz so plumb heated dat you wuz blind to ev'y-thing. You's out of practice, else you'd of seed it. Nex' thing you seed would be snake-eyes. You got a hund'ed an' sixty dollahs in yo' pocket right now, ain't you? Dat's betteh dan all de snake-eyes in de world."

"Demmy, by rights it's all yo' money, but all I does right now is split fifty-fifty wid you. Hot dam, boy, Ise sho mighty glad you stayed awake whilst I went to sleep! All I could see wuz dat money 'round de ring, starin' me in de face. Boy, dere must of been a thousan' dollahs settin' dere ready to be picked off de Crismuss tree!"

"Dem boys don't worry none. I bet dey wuz twenty pairs of dice in de game. You ain't got no patent on de dice. You got to remember dat."

"I tries to remember. You had me scared 'bout dat mascot goat."

"Ain't no need to be scared. Lily gittin' 'long fine. Last I seed of dat mascot he wuz starin' five hund'ed pounds of shop-worn garbage in de face, complainin' 'bout not havin' mo' dan one stummick. Mebby you betteh not git in dat crap game no mo' today. Edge in tomorr', an' use yo' own dice, an' you might make a big killin'. Us is 'bout due fo' a big killin'. You recolleck, Wilecat, us ain't had no surplus money fo' goin' on th'ee years? Li'l' jitney money now an' den, but dat don't mean nuthin'."

"Keep a-travelin' wid me, Demmy, an' dis time you gwine to have so much wealth dat you needs a trailer behind you to carry yo' cigarette money. . . . Which way now?"

"Dere's a groc'ry sto' right oveh dere. Dat's Lily in de back yard wid dem th'ee black goats."

"Come along! Us redeems dat mascot varmint outen bondage. Den I goes back an' vacuum cleans de cash outen de breth'en."

"Take it easy wid dat return date. I figgered out a scheme dat mebby gwine to save us some money. Us got a hund'ed an' sixty dollahs right now. Bes' thing us kin do is declare a sinkin'-fund surplus till de big fight betwixt you an' de Yazoo Cyclone comes off. . . . Does you see de point?"

"Lawd gosh, Demmy, suttinly I sees de point, but why remind me 'bout de subjeck of me fightin' dat giant? Ise boxed consid'able an' I is been in many a ruckus, but meetin' him in de ring is jus' like steppin' into my last long an' narrow home!"

"Kain't be dat bad. You won't know nuthin' 'bout de earthquake till you wakes up, ennyhow. Take it on de chin an' de nex' thing you does is to wake up an' see me countin' mo' money dan us is had in five yeahs. Us got five days mo' to build up a bank roll befo' Honeytone gits back. Soon as he 'ranges de fight I takes de money an' bets it on ol' Yazoo widout nobody knowin' nuthin' about it. De big night comes an' you just takes a li'l' nap in de presence of de cash customers, afteh Yazoo massages you on de chin. Den right afteh dat us is trouble wid de problem of great wealth."

"Go in dere an' unpawn dat goat whilst I thinks dis oveh."

When Demmy had returned with the redeemed mascot: "How you know ennybody gwine to bet on me? I looks mighty dwindlin' 'longside of dat mammoth Yazoo boy."

"Nemmine 'bout dat, Wilecat. Dey's always two sides to ev'y battle. Lots of folks still believes dat de bigger dey is de harder dey drops. By de time you gits advertised by word of mouf plenty of de boys gwine to believe dat de Yazoo Cyclone is preenin' hisself fo' de grave, does he face you in de ring. C'mon back to whah de cubes is clickin' an' git goin' on de road to wealth, like I told you. Betteh lemme put away some mo' of dat money fo' a bettin' stake. Fifty dollahs is all you needs to git back in dat game wid. You started on five, remember. Gimme enuff to make up a hund'ed, an' I parks it till de big event. Go into de game wid yo' fifty an' clean up. Keep a-buildin' up till you touches de sky. Dey's fresh money comin' in all de time. Fast as you gits it, gimme de heavy end, so dat does Ol' Man Trouble squinch his eye at you he ain't gwine to git sight of our cash reserve. Soon as us gits back, git a-goin' wid de bones an' ride 'em heavy wid Lady Luck."

The day's ride with Lady Luck netted an additional two hundred dollars for the cash reserve. Following this, in a five-day campaign against the enemy, the Wildcat captured enough cash ammunition to lend a tone of authority to Demmy's casual references to big-money bets on the impending mill between his running mate and the Yazoo Cyclone.

"I been feelin' 'round, Wilecat," Demmy reported. "Ain't gwine to be no trouble placin' de bank roll when de time comes. Dey's lots mo' money in dese Agility boys dan whut you thinks. Main thing I tells you now is stay away f'm dat citrus tonic fo' de nex' few days an' don't make no bets wid Honeytone on de comin' fight. Lemme do de bettin'."

"You makes all de financial 'rangements. Dat's de 'greedment betwixt us, Demmy; but don't talk no mo' 'bout dat battle to me fo' a while. Help me git my mind offen it. De thought of steppin' into de ring an' facin' dat giant makes me feel jus' like I was a angel tryin' to slap a nonstop airplane in de perpeller."

"Git yo' mind offen dem angel things, Wi'_cat. Keep yo'self cheerful. You ain't no lamb bein' led to de sacafice, spite of whut you thinks."

"Mebby I ain't no lamb, but Ise leadin' my chin up to de danger zone of a mule's hind laigs when I steps into de fust round wid Yazoo."

"You sounds like a one-man knockout is a national d'saster."

"Gwine to be a national d'saster fo' me when dat left-handed to'pedo pulls de trigger on his TNT. I bet when I takes de count de referee runs out of numbehs, 'less he's been th'ough high school."

"Nemmine dat doleful song. Dey's a silver linin' to yo' cloud. You heerd de story 'bout de Count of Monte Cristo?"

"Kain't say I does. How big a count did de referee hand him?"

"I referred to how rich he wuz when he got th'ough his troubles. You gwine to be jus' as rich de minnit de referee counts ten oveh yo' frajile fo'm. Ten is yo' lucky numbeh. Seven an' eleven is done mighty noble by you, but ten gwine to be de king numbeh, an' don't you fo'git it."

"I won't fo'git it, Demmy. I won't even heah it when it comes."

On the evening of the day of his release from jail, while the night was yet young, Honeytone Boone orated briefly into the dark ears of the Physical Agility Club.

"I has a gin'ral 'nouncement to make," the Soopreem Presidump declared. "Tomorr' night at eight o'clock de Tenn-o-see Wilecat an' de Yazoo Cyclone meets in de ring to fight de battle of de century. Both boys is in prime shape. Befo' you risks enny money bettin' on eitheh man, lemme remind you, breth'en, dat de hand is quicker dan de eye. Pussonally I plays no favorites."

Pussonally, in a secret conference with the Yazoo Cyclone, Honeytone Boone handed out some brief and explicit instructions.

(Continued on Page 93)

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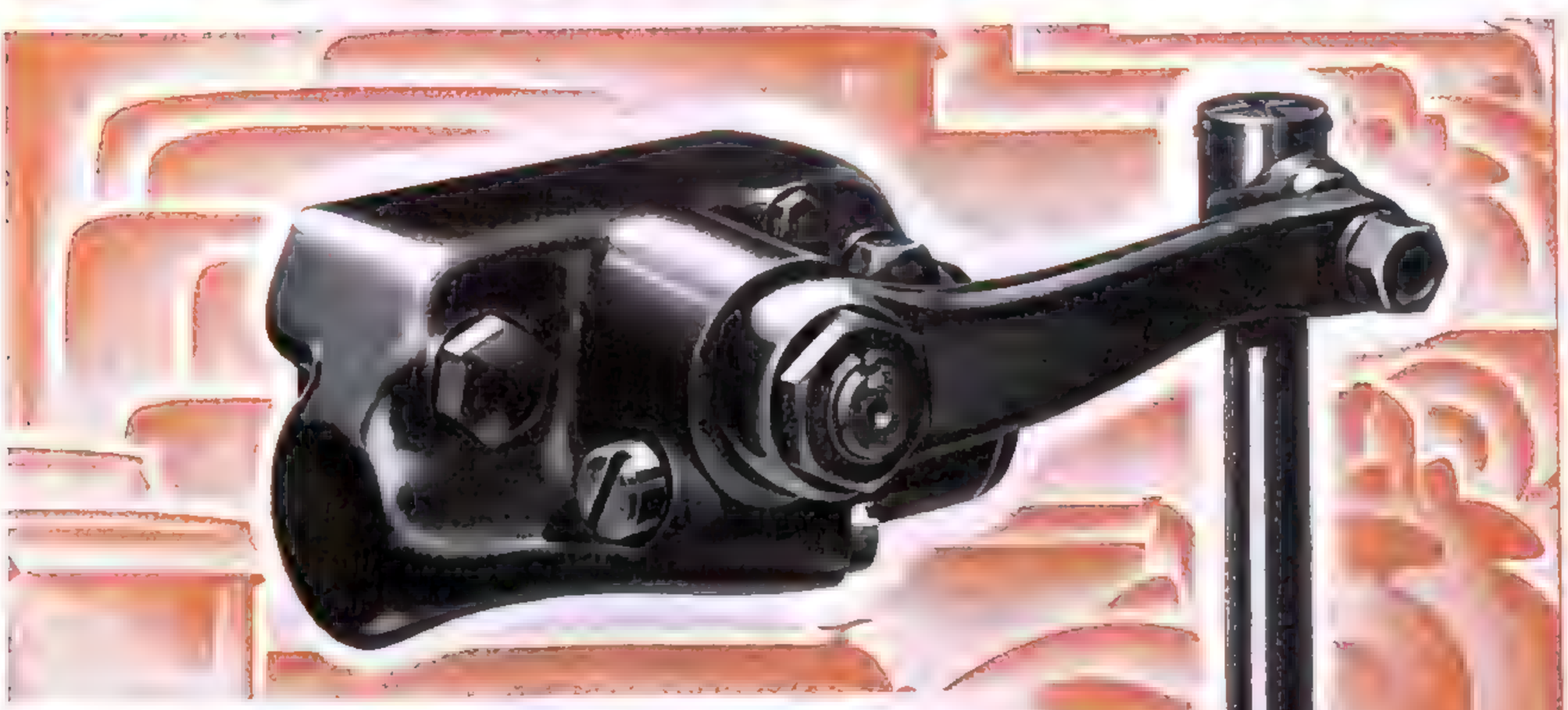

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Duodraulics of both V-type (shown at right) and opposed cylinder construction (illustrated above) are sold by Authorized Lovejoy Distributors of United Motors Service.

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889

(Continued from Page 90)

"Ev'ybody gwine to bet on you," Honeytone predicted. "You got almos' a hund'ed pounds de best of de Wilecat. In de second place, he ain't neveh done no fust-class, dignified fightin'. In de third place, he ain't got no repitation. You gits one-quarteh of de proceeds iffen you follers orders. De orders is to perlong de fight an' hold yo' fire. Den mix it a li'l' an' when de right minnit comes, take de count. Dat's all you got to remembeh. Run fo' a few rounds, an' afteh dat de fust time he hits you so dat it looks legitimate, an' reg'lar to de spectators, you waves a distress signal an' goes into a trance. Dem's de orders."

"I onderstands," the Yazoo Cyclone declared. "You don't reckon de breth'en gwine to rise up an' pertest wid no artillery, does you, Honeytone? You don't reckon I got to come outen my trance an' find myself in no hardware orchard, does you?"

"Not a chancet. De Wilecat kin put up a fairly good scrap, does he git goin'. Git him goin'. Dis fight got to look so nach'ral dat nobody gwine to make no protests 'bout no decision. Foller orders an' fear not."

Ten minutes before the gong, reporting to the Wildcat, "I got all our money down," Demmy announced. "Had a mighty hard time doin' it. Seems like most all de members is bettin' like us is."

"How many folks is out dere in de audience, Demmy?"

"De whole membership of de club is heah, an' along wid dem dey must be mo' dan a hund'ed visitin' breth'en. Dey's plenty of admirin' spectaters. You might mebby do yo'self a lot of future good by showin' how good you kin do."

"I don't want to show nuthin'. Kain't risk hittin' dat boy. Lawdy, Demmy, at dis minnit two things bears down heavy on my soul. In de fust place, I gwine to git slaughtered; an' in de second place, I dassn't open up on Yazoo fo' fear somethin' might happen to him."

"Nemmine, Wilecat; nuthin' gwine to happen to him. Go out dere an' enjoy yo'self fo' a few rounds an' hope fo' de best. Take yo' nap when it comes. When you wakes up us gwine to be rich. Nuthin' ain't gwine to ——"

"De Soopreem Presidump sez to tell de Deppity Imperial Manager to step out heah," a messenger interrupted. "He's interdoocin' de Yazoo Cyclone right now to de boys. Ev'ything all set fo' de gong."

The Wildcat swallowed his bulging tongue. "Tell him us is comin'. . . . Come along, Demmy. Hand me dat bathrobe. Gimme one mo' shot of dat citrus tonic fust. I feels mighty restless."

"Nemmine, Wilecat; you be at peace befo' long."

"Lawd gosh, Demmy, you talks like a tombstone." In his distress the Wildcat looked over to where his mascot goat was trying to make a nutritious meal out of an ornate comic supplement. "So long, Lily. Stay heah an' hope fo' de best. Come along, Demmy; Ise ready fo' de slaughter."

"An' heah we have one in our mongst dan whom no mo' desprit battler kin be found on earth!" Honeytone Boone announced, introducing the Wildcat, with gestures. "F'm de rain-drenched coast of Sunny France he marched triumfunt into de battle of Bo'deaux, whah he fit fo' his country fo' mo' long months dan dey is gwine to be rounds in dis fight. I has de honor to interdooce to you one an' all de Fo'-Leaf Wilecat!"

The Wildcat bowed, starboard, port and dead ahead. Verifying Honeytone's description, he looked desperate. In his corner, he said, "My stummick feels all collapsed in, Demmy."

"Hold yo' haid up! Nemmine how collapsed yo' stummick feels. Yo' pocketbook gwine to bulge mighty soon. Dere's de gloves. Rosin yo' feet an' step out dere."

Shaking hands with his opponent, the Wildcat looked upward to where, a mile or so above him, perched on a granite cliff, he saw the head and shoulders of the Yazoo Cyclone. A light left brought him back to the ever-living present.

"Heah I is, Lady Luck. Now whut?"

"Block dat left!" From afar came good advice.

Whose left did somebody mean? The Wildcat tried his personal left and found it in first-class working order. He led with his right, but a carload of pig iron interrupted the gesture.

"I seems to be amongst a boxin' ruckus," he reflected. "Lemme see how my feet is."

He danced for a moment and found that he still possessed both feet. The troubles of his earthly existence seemed less real. "Might as well have some fun an' show de boys a li'l' agility whilst Ise up heah in de spotlight," he reflected.

A little boxing developed on both sides. The Cyclone began a choppy soliloquy. He punctuated it with a dance number.

"Nemmine no athletics!" a greedy customer advised. "Deliveh yo' dynamite!"

There was plenty of time for dynamite, but the Wildcat stepped into an advance consignment that shook his back teeth. "Pardon my glove," the Yazoo Cyclone apologized.

The Wildcat stopped a left hook with his ear and smiled. The gong landed him safely in his corner. "How wuz dat, Demmy?"

"Got to make it a li'l' faster, Wilecat. De customers is kickin' already in de fust round."

"De Cyclone got fast enuff two-th'ee times."

"Hardly touched you."

"Touched me once dat I felt clean to de roots of my brain!"

"Hold yo' ear 'round heah! Nemmine no deep thoughts! Stay away f'm him. Use yo' hind laigs mo' frequent."

The gong. Life was real and life was earnest. Out of his neglected past the Wildcat remembered three words of good advice: "Shun evil companions."

"Ol' Yazoo is evil enuff. I shuns him some."

During the next four rounds the Wildcat's shunning technic brought increasing howls of protest from the impatient customers.

"You got to mingle in wid dat boy an' do some fightin', else de boys mighty apt to hold a inquest oveh yo' remains," Demmy advised harshly. "Git in dere an' poke dat Cyclone some!"

"Lawd gosh, Demmy, Ise 'fraid to poke him. Dey might be ——"

"Nemmine whut they might be! Poke him some like I tells you. He's fightin' wide open. You kain't hurt him none, an' he knows it."

Three seconds after the gong rang, in the first clinch, "Mix it, Wilecat!" the Yazoo Cyclone hissed. "De fans is growlin'. Needn't be gintle."

"Ain't gwine to mix nuthin'," the Wildcat resolved. "Mixin' might cost me too much money."

"Mix it, I tells you!" the Yazoo Cyclone repeated harshly in the next clinch. Breaking, he kicked savagely at the Wildcat's shins.

"How come!" Earthquakes above the equator were all right, but nobody better monkey with nobody's shins no time. "I learns dat boy!"

The Wildcat reached back and accumulated a handful of retribution for the kick in the shins. He launched it at the Yazoo Cyclone's scowling countenance.

"Learn you to kick me in de shins!"

The light of life seemed suddenly to fade from the Yazoo Cyclone's glittering eyes. The Wildcat felt a sharp pain burning through his right hand. "Dat one landed! . . . Lawdy, stan' up heah, Yazoo! Git on yo' feet. I neveh meant to ——"

"—— five—six," the referee continued.

"Whut's ailin' you, ol' Cyclone! Git up offen dat flo'!"

"—— seven—eight ——"

The Wildcat turned his head and looked helplessly at Demmy. Then, to his fallen adversary: "Stan' up, li'l' Yazoo! C'mon back heah whilst ——"

"—— nine—ten!"

The Wildcat realized that several other people were in the ring. Somebody held his gloved hand up. Out of the corner of his eye, prone on the canvas he saw the Yazoo Cyclone sound asleep. Through the din, to the Wildcat's ears came Honeytone Boone's voice:

"I congranulates you! Ev'ything happened noble."

In the Wildcat's corner Demmy wiped his own face with the wet sponge and sank dejectedly against the ropes. "Dere it goes! Dere goes a cash fo'tune. One wallop f'm dat fool Wilecat an' us is knocked back into de bread line!"

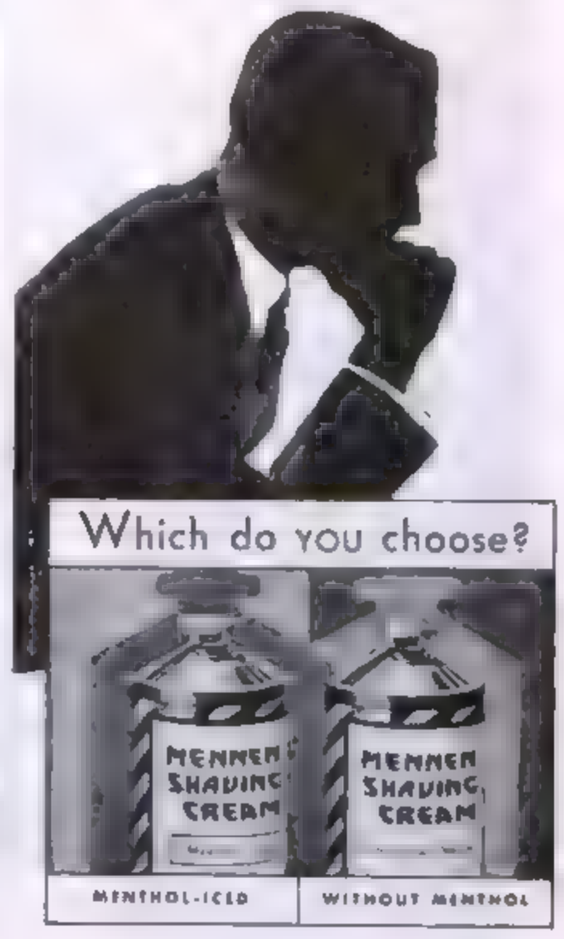
At midnight, the Wildcat was still trying to explain his expensive gesture to Demmy: "How you like to git kicked in de shins by Yazoo, right in front of ev'ybody? You means to tell me you wouldn't git fightin' mad?"

"Blow out dat light an' git to sleep, Wilecat! You stan's so low in my vision right now dat did a underslung lawn mower run oveh you, all you need is a scalp remedy. 'Splain yo'self onemo'time, an' wid some slight help f'm me an' de undertaker, you gwine to lead a parade feet fust, on a round trip whah you stops halfway!"

"Come, Daughter! Don't Tickle Paw While He's Workin'!"

Jim Henry says:—

I'm stumped



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A SPACE OF FLOWERS

Continued from Page 9

"I see you think I am triumphing too soon. Yesterday he made the first move, the preliminary. He has asked me for a private interview. And he says that he is sending a letter to prepare me. Of course, his being here at all is —— Hush! Here is Melissa now." Her face melted into the proud tenderness of a little girl for her best doll. "Oh, Jamie, isn't she exquisite!"

Melissa was coming toward her through the cavern greenness with a lovely dryad grace.

"May I take Mr. Martin home in my own little boat, mother—when he returns? I think he imagines I am no athlete, but I can row, and I'd like to show him how well I can use my oars. . . . I'll wait for you then, Mr. Martin? At the landing? I'll be there when you come down. Don't hurry, please. I didn't mean to interrupt. I was up there in my window and I saw you get up, and thought you were making your adieu."

It was my turn to come down the steps. At their foot, against the tall background of glass-green water, moss-green mountains and blue sky, Melissa, in her little awninged boat, hung like a lovely medallion of color and of grace. Her slenderness in its rainbow dress recalled an iridescent insect. Cupped in an enormous shade hat, her face smiled up at me, sweeter than honey.

I balanced myself carefully to the stern seat facing her, and the boat glided away. Her slim, bare, ivory arms moved the oars skillfully. I found myself looking into the baffling gray eyes of girlhood and knew that I had again been chosen for a confidence. I was not glad. It is never easy to be in the secrets of two generations.

Melissa was far more deft than had been Suzette. She began only after skillful preliminaries to question me with a charming, idle air as to my friendship with De Thoriac. How long had I know him, and how well? And did I love him as deeply as did her mother and herself?

I was by no means in De Thoriac's confidence, and promptly said so.

"Then, naturally, you haven't been suspecting things about his presence in Bellagio."

"I imagined that he came here rather frequently."

"Last spring for a month while we were in the villa. Here in Europe he has been mother's best friend." She looked at me and away. "It would be a wonderful thing, don't you think, Mr. Martin?"

I supposed I looked startled, for that is how I felt.

"Ah, you're thinking me a horrid little European matchmaker, aren't you? But, there is no woman in the world so beautifully suited to De Thoriac as she is. Mother is so—you'll laugh, I suppose—but she is so innocent. And De Thoriac enjoys that above everything. I can see him, that nice look in his eyes, funnily adoring her. Sometimes, she's almost awkward, deliciously, like an eager puppy. Mother's like that, you know. Most awfully lovable and obvious; gauche in a perfectly sweet way. De Thoriac prefers that to everything. You see, the women of his world well, he himself, too—they're perfectly incapable of it. And it's so un-French."

I let her talk and tried to keep all my consternation invisible We were moving at a gentle and smooth rate across the water, hugging the shore, at which Melissa constantly looked; to keep, I supposed, her bearings. Ahead of us on our left was the Boldi villa, just beyond San Giovanni di Bellagio On its tennis court, black with shade, the young people were vigorously at play.

As we drew abreast of the court, a young man in white leaped over the netted railing to recapture a ball, and at that instant a puff of wind must have caught Melissa's great golden hat, for it flapped past me and skimmed across the surface of the lake. Our young friend ashore opened to this accident as though it had been Opportunity's first knock. He was in the water, had caught the hat and had a brown hand on the side of our boat with what looked to me like one superb gesture. There he gallantly surrendered his prize, with as near an appearance of a bow as his circumstances permitted, and a smile that could not possibly under any circumstances have been improved upon.

Melissa's creamy hair blew delicately, and her face colored itself. Her eyes, which rested, shining, on the young man, were no longer gray but the color of Como's deep translucent green.

"Oh, you shouldn't have —— Oh, thank you a thousand times."

"It wasn't anything. Always good to get wet on a hot day. You are Melissa Dane, aren't you? I know your cousin, Archie Temple; he's my roommate at Harvard. He's told me a lot about you, wanted me to look you up over here. I'm at the Grand Bretagne. Jarvis Brixton." His eager face, sleek as a seal's, rose up a little as he pushed higher his great shoulders, to which the thin shirt clung.

"Archie! How darling of him to remember. I did love him so. That was twelve years ago. We've corresponded and he has often mentioned you. Can't you get into the boat, Mr. Bruxton? I feel so inhospitable." I heard her laugh for the first time—a frail little laugh, quick and uncertain.

"I don't think I'd better, thanks. I'm really rather wet. May I call on you and your mother, Miss Dane? I'm here only for ten days. I've lots to tell you about Archie."

She had smiled consentingly, had taken the wet hand he held out, had named a day and an hour, and he was on shore again before I had quite caught up with the event. After that, Melissa rowed rapidly and was, beneath her almost absurd politeness, so absent-minded and so entirely uninterested in me and in her mother and De Thoriac that I can't remember at all what we did say to each other. Her impulse toward confidence, I do know, had, for some obscure reason, been utterly annihilated.

I began to suspect her, when I got back to my own room and thought her over, of trying to sound me out as to De Thoriac's real inclinations. Perhaps her own hopes were more involved with her mother's schemes than she had let me know. Perhaps she was clever enough to realize that to my mind Susy would be De Thoriac's most natural objective, and she had wished to draw from me an energetic denial, based on my better knowledge of his mind. In any case, for a while I was now able to forget my neighbors and to enjoy my white wine and my red, the beauty of Como sunsets and the glamours—and clamors—of the little Latin town.

And then, after an interval, vaguely defined in my memory, Susy descended upon my peace with her triumph. To be exact, she made me ascend to the level of her triumph, for it was upon her terrace that she exulted, moving to and fro before me while her ardent servants prepared our dinner within the pinkish villa.

"Oh, Jamie, my dear, it came today—De Thoriac's letter—after his absence in Milano; which, I must admit, alarmed me. Already I have sent him a reply. His was a beautiful letter, gracefully demanding of me the greatest of my treasures. And so, I went to Melissa at last. She was proud and thrilled. It was almost touching, Jamie, to see the stillness of her little face!"

This word was painful to me.

"Stillness?"

"Of almost religious ecstasy. An answer received to some lovely young prayer. She is already very happy. She will be more and more so. And I—some day I'll have her babies in my arms!"

(Continued on Page 96)

REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA

*The Rochambeau Mantel**

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A Mantel Design from the Vernon House, Home of America's Friend from France

LE COMTE DE ROCHAMBEAU

CURTIS this month presents an exquisite Colonial mantel from its series of period reproductions. In these designs—each of which is made in limited numbers Curtis brings to the home owner at moderate cost permanent woodwork pieces as faithfully reproduced as the choicest period furniture.

The mantel illustrated here has a most interesting historical background. It is intimately associated with the stormiest days of Colonial history, for it was discovered by Curtis designers in the old Vernon House at Newport, Rhode Island. Here, in 1780, lived that valued friend of the Revolution, Le Comte de Rochambeau. Here the French Minister, Chevalier de la Luzerne, and Rochambeau laid plans to send to France for money and a fleet to aid the Colonial cause. Here Washington was received by Rochambeau, who served a brilliant banquet in his honor.

Hence this Curtis reproduction has been named the Rochambeau Mantel. Like all genuine Colonial work it is noteworthy for its extreme simplicity. The framework completely surrounds the fireplace opening and is marked by moldings of graceful profiles producing interesting reveals to relieve the flat surfaces. The shelf is relatively narrow, but at the ends it is returned, after a setback of about four inches, as another shelf repeating the main profile.

*The Rochambeau Mantel is listed as Mantel C-6052. Available in pine, Curtis dealers' present stocks, $28.35.

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If you are thinking of building or remodeling, you will be interested to know that Curtis period pieces include many designs of mantels, entrances and stairwork drawn from both American and European origins. Among American reproductions you will find a mantel from the Webb house, 1752; stairwork from the Burlington County Court House, 1796, the William Judson house, 1773, the George Read II house, 1791, and many others.

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LYON METAL PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED

Aurora, Illinois

LYON STEELART Furniture

(Continued from Page 94)

Susy turned toward the railing to hide tears.

I said as gently as possible, "She has seen so few young men, Suzette. You're not afraid, perhaps?"

She turned around her beautiful, tall, strong body and laughed and dried her eyes.

"Melissa had one of your young men here only yesterday. For tea. A Jarvis Brixton. Nothing could have happened more favorably for me and for De Thoriac. The poor child was unutterably bored. She made conversation while he sat—beautiful, but dumb!—and sipped his tea and gazed at her. She tells me that she has never suffered so. After he left, the poor little thing cried. She said, 'I am not of his type at all, mother, am I? He found me terribly dull and disappointing. I wonder what he expected. Oh, mother, what did he expect? I felt a thousand miles removed from him and from his world. I felt, when he looked at me, so old, or, perhaps, so infantile. At any rate, all wrong. I realize now that I am not for his generation or for his race. I have been educated, shaped to be the wife of some European gentleman of the old school. That is my destiny.' And then, the very next day, De Thoriac's letter!"

"Like an answer," I sighed inquiringly, "to prayer?"

"Like an answer," she replied, "to prayer."

"Where is Melissa now?"

"She had an invitation from Signora Boldi's married daughter to go with her and these young people for dinner and dancing across the lake. I forced her to accept, selfishly, for I wanted this dinner alone with you, Jamie. Like a savage with one of my savage tribe, I must celebrate. Later, De Thoriac will be arriving for coffee, and I want you and him to talk."

"De Thoriac would certainly prefer to be alone with you."

"I think not. In any case, Melissa will be home early. They promised her to me before ten o'clock, whether the others keep it up all hours or not. And then, De Thoriac and she may see each other alone for a few minutes. I am so happy, Jamie, and," in a changed voice, she added, "so sad." Her eyes opened upon me mistily, in a new revelation of their beauty. "For the first time in years I've been thinking of myself, and that is sorrow almost always, isn't it? Always when one must grow old alone."

But in spite of this, we had a gay little dinner and drank to Melissa's happiness.

De Thoriac was late in coming. The coffee on the terrace table was cold.

As he came toward us through what now was night, "There will be a storm," he said, and I recognized a change in his familiar voice. It was strained, harsh and unnatural. He lighted a cigarette, and the match glow went up across a perfectly ravaged countenance. Susy and I talked. He was wearily silent. I think she thought him merely an absent-minded lover, but as soon as she left us to tell a servant something inside the house, I leaned forward and put my hand upon De Thoriac's knee.

"What is wrong, my friend?" I asked him.

He burst forth at once, in a low tone of repressed rage and misery: "But everything is wrong. Life is wrong. There was never a man before put in so terrible, so insane a situation. Cruel!" His face worked. "Listen," he spoke very rapidly, his eyes turned always toward the door through which Susy must presently return. "I write to this woman whom I have loved for so long a while, asking her for her dearest possession, begging her to surrender to me at last that treasure"

"Melissa," I murmured, for he had paused. Up he started at my word, with an increase of frenzy that really alarmed me.

"Are you all mad, you Americans? No. No. For her own love, for the renunciation of her beautiful American liberty. And what do I get from her in reply? What you, too, have said. Yes. An eager acceptance of my hand for this child, who, it would appear, most ardently has learned to love me."

I was dumb, convinced, indeed, of his distress and his sincerity.

"It is not only the wound to my feelings. How blind she has been to my devotion!"

"Why didn't you speak before?"

"*Mon Dieu*, for nonsense! For scruples. She was always talking, forever, of being proud and free. And I have so greatly loved that beautiful American carriage of her head. That strong grace and, above all, the child she is. Before heaven, she is the most innocent, the most simple of good children. I could hardly bear to suggest. And I have not until lately, had, as I imagined, much encouragement." He groaned. "I suppose it was this horrible intention in her mind that so long held me off, and then, so recently, drew me forward. And now, what would you have me do? If I tell her the truth she will not forgive herself or me, because we have hurt her darling. Then, must I marry this little conventionalized *jeune fille*, as dull and as inane and as stale as history? . . . Hush!" He hushed himself sharply.

"Melissa should be back," said Susy. "I hope she has already left Cadenabbia, for a storm is coming up very fast. And these lake storms can be very dangerous. Aren't you a little anxious, my poor Giles?"

I think he was glad then to pretend anxiety as a cloak for his wretchedness, but before long we all had reason for genuine alarm. First in the threat of the storm came a boatload of young people who called up to us from the landing, "Melissa is home, isn't she, Mrs. Dane?" No, she was not home. Strange! Before they were able to get off, she had left, in a smaller boat, alone with Jarvis Brixton. She should be there. But perhaps Jarvis had thought it more prudent to put in somewhere and to wait for the worst of the storm to pass. What should they do? They were told to do this thing and that, and, the storm being by this time hard upon us, we were driven in. It came with a strong, windy blackness and a leaping and running whiteness across the lake. The rain marched.

"Ah," Susy whispered to me in anguish, "this may spoil everything. To be out alone with that young man—what will De Thoriac think of her?"

We waited for half an hour in the salon of the villa, a small, painted and paneled apartment so convincing in its formal artificiality that it made even that storm sound unreal. De Thoriac fixed his eyes haggardly upon Suzette until, "Don't look at me like that, Giles," she snapped out crossly. To my astonishment, he lost his temper and, standing like an angry soldier, made her a queer, stiff little bow. His eyes were incandescent.

I decided abruptly to be off, and got myself out as inconspicuously as the wind allowed, carrying a lantern which one of the servants pressed into my hand. Susy and De Thoriac, unable to give me their attention, were standing in the middle of the room, reflected in a dozen gilt-edged mirrors, and it occurred to me that, surrounded by all these angry images of him, she might really be seeing him for the first time. Hitherto he had been only the embodiment of Melissa's manifest destiny. At any rate, I slid out and into the garden, through which, sheltering my primitive light, I found a wet way to the gate. I meant to walk back to the hotel and to start some sort of inquiry on my own initiative, when there came a call, an airy and reassuring "Al-lo!" from the landing. I at once changed my direction and presently attacked the downward steps between the cypress trees, holding my lantern high. The wind promptly put it out. I stood in as black and disturbed a medium as even the human mind could not easily evoke, surrounded by the confused slashing and straining and whispering of storm, until I was favored by a brilliant lightning flash. In that instant of illumination I saw so much that the picture is still an astonishment to memory.

The cypress trees moved, their tapering tops whipped aslant, and there was an enormous, high background—for the picture was in a panel because of the bent walls on either side of me—of turning clouds and misted mountain heads and the streaked blackness of the lake. The foreground, all in a drenching cascade of silver water, was fashioned by two figures of half-drowned lovers, their white, thin clothing saturated into invisibility, who stood together down there below me on the landing in a close, an intimate, an admirable embrace.

Jarvis and Melissa. Unmistakably. There was not a line or a curve or an angle of them that I could not, in that white glare and in their own revealing wetness, most beautifully behold.

The lightning informed me that Melissa, by some short cut of wreck and danger and courage, had found her way irrevocably back to her own generation and to her own race. The twelve years of Old-World training had been drenched suddenly away. If she were to live between the walls of any convention, they would be, doubtless, picket fences in white paint. I smelled, through all the strong Italian savors brought out from old walls and streets and wharves and garden, the salt smell, the wild roses and the blueberries of New England, a clean, foreign ghost.

I ran back to the house, determined to interrupt De Thoriac's self-revelation with my good, and, if necessary for their peace, with my amazing information, and I let myself into the front hall with a great banging and slashing of the windy storm.

I thought it impossible that they should not, through the open door, have both heard and seen me, but I suppose I miscalculated the distraction of storm rumors, without and within.

At any rate they paid no attention to my entrance and, by what I could see of them both, they were still, so brief had been my interlude, in the first stages of their quarrel.

Suzette, however, had sat down on a tapestry-covered ottoman, her long hands squeezed together and her blue eyes stretched and spokey with excitement. De Thoriac, at the end of a long speech, was using that tone of reasonable exasperation which may be heard from almost any Frenchman expostulating with a woman he adores. He looked anxious now, and beaten, and was prowling about before Suzette, pausing now and then for some very emphatic gesticulation. From him I heard only, ". . . which is hardly reasonable to expect."

"But, my dear Giles," Suzette promptly broke forth, "I don't in the least understand all this frenzy. I put it down, of course, to your natural anxiety about Melissa."

De Thoriac began to hurry up and down the room, performing an expressive and graceful calisthenics of despair. But all he said—and that in fifty different tones—was the child's name.

"Melissa," groaned De Thoriac; "Melissa," he reproached; "Melissa," he repudiated. "Melissa," he raged; "Melissa," he grieved; "Melissa," he resigned himself; "Melissa," he tore himself away from the futility of resignation.

The figures moving in and out of the mirrors seemed each to have acquired a different voice, while Suzette's figure, sitting in their midst, began to be troubled in its stillness—troubled and pallid and changed.

"Giles—Giles, for pity's sake stop, compose, explain yourself! Evidently there is something that needs explanation. I hope"—her voice deepened disapprovingly—"that you are not letting yourself be annoyed or alarmed by Melissa's behavior tonight. I know this young man—Jarvis Brixton. I know his antecedents, all about him. And after all"—she drew herself up on her backless perch, and I saw for myself what De Thoriac meant by the beautiful, free carriage of her head—"Melissa and

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 96)

I, we are Americans, and you must not tyrannize over her in the name of your Latin conventions."

I was incapable of interruption now, for, unless I went out into the storm again or joined absurdly a busy servant in the dining room, there was no inconspicuous channel for escape. I was, to my distinct interest, quite honorably trapped, and what friend of either of these two would wish to interfere even in the beginnings of their *rapprochement?* Besides, if they had not been absurdly self-preoccupied, they might have seen me. There must have been at least five of me, dim and gray, in the background of their mirrors.

But my amusement over Suzette's quaint assertion of her daughter's claim to American independence did come close to betraying me by laughter.

De Thoriac stopped and became exasperatedly articulate again

"Oh, so now you are Americans, are you? Therefore, you must not be tyrannized over by a mere European, eh? And now you are Americans and must have free use of a conventionalized Frenchman for your own most conventional design. *Hein?* You wish a husband for your daughter oh, a very safe Old World husband of good family and of a certain age—and therefore you are able to ignore his own reality—his humanity even—all that he has spent, all that he has repressed for your sake during the years. In order, at last, to trap him for your conventional and very European purpose Is that it? Is that, then, so American?"

"Giles"—her deep and astonishingly young voice went running away as though it had taken a fright—"you are saying But, *mon Dieu,* what are you saying? Only so short a time ago I had your beautiful letter; only this morning I saw my little girl's darling face, as though she had lifted it to you for all her knowledge of love."

"My letter!" De Thoriac raised his hands and, with a long, grieving sound, he let them fall. He stood in front of her, half turned, and in the mirrors there stood under her contemplation all the expressive figures of his desolation.

"You wish then, truly —— But truly, my Suzette, you can wish that I should marry her?"

Without turning toward her, he said this, but I have never heard anything more potent or more poignant than his beautiful French voice along these muted syllables. It was, perhaps, too fine and cultivated a music for Suzette, but even upon her naive and direct nervous system, it must have struck with powerful reverberations, for now her simple, angry and alarmed face went very pale and fine. He had said her name with the expressive pronoun very softly, "my Suzette," and he had asked, "you can wish that I should marry her?"

Perhaps—but to believe this, as I almost do, one must know the Suzette Richards of this world -it was really the first time she had permitted, in that preoccupied maternal mind of hers, a thought of any relation but friendship between De Thoriac and herself to climb up into full consciousness. Perhaps—but then, sometimes, I remember her tears of that afternoon upon the terrace, and her sad little speech about growing old alone.

Below the wooden lid of her friendship other desires must have been knocking. At any rate, her face now did go pale and fine as she directed her mind, with its rare, honorable simplicity, upon De Thoriac's true relation to herself. And being, once started, a swift-moving piece of feminine mechanism, that mind needed to make only a turn or two before her changed face trembled, her eyes filled, and she put out, uncertainly, to him both her strong, long and generous hands.

De Thoriac, seeing them in the mirrors, a beautiful gesture beautifully multiplied, so that it might have seemed to him that all the women he had ever loved were begging for forgiveness, turned and fell upon his knees and hid the hands from me.

At that, of course, she was at once again Melissa's mother. She rose and moved the full length of the room and came back to confront him where he stood waiting for her. She looked stern and unhappy, an older, statelier person.

"I see now that I might have misread your letter. You are telling me ——"

De Thoriac bent his head and spread down and apart confessing hands. He did not speak

"Then, all these years ——"

"All these long years, my Suzette."

"And you did not speak so simple a truth?"

"It seems simple to you—loving? I did not speak because of my absurd respect for your unwarranted pride in freedom, and because of my absurd pleasure in your ridiculous innocence, in your naïveté of such children as Europe has forgotten, in your adorable stupidities."

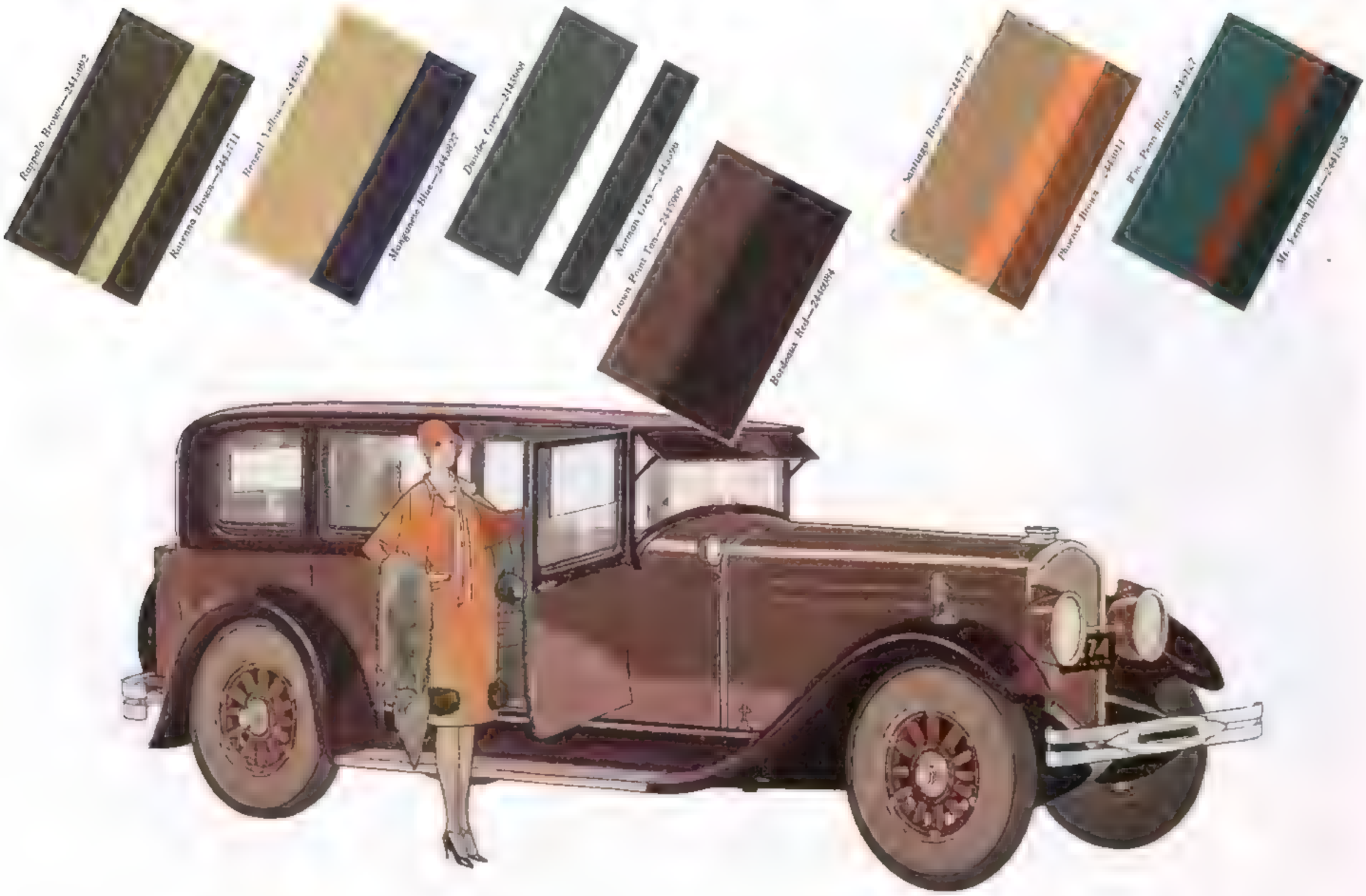
She flushed. "I must indeed have been stupid. Though it may be my life over here—that of a detached and irresponsible child—is partly to blame; but whatever the reason, I have been stupid, and now it is Melissa, my darling, who will suffer for it." And she added sternly, quite as though she were pronouncing a sentence of punishment upon him, "For, I assure you, Giles, that now I will never permit you to pay court to my daughter."

At which naïveté, De Thoriac, in the most charming manner imaginable, put his head on one side and smiled.

I am sure she would have yielded either to fury or to tears—her own emerging irresistible happiness had made of the situation, to one of her temperament, something unbearably complicated, bitter and obscure—if I had not had a sudden inspiration.

I opened and shut with frenzy the front door and, bursting in upon them with a great show of storm and haste and frankness, "She's safe," I shouted dramatically. "She's quite safe and happy, down on the landing, in Jarvis Brixton's arms!"

A shock may work a miracle. Even De Thoriac, it seemed, was capable of taking lessons from a member of the new American generation.



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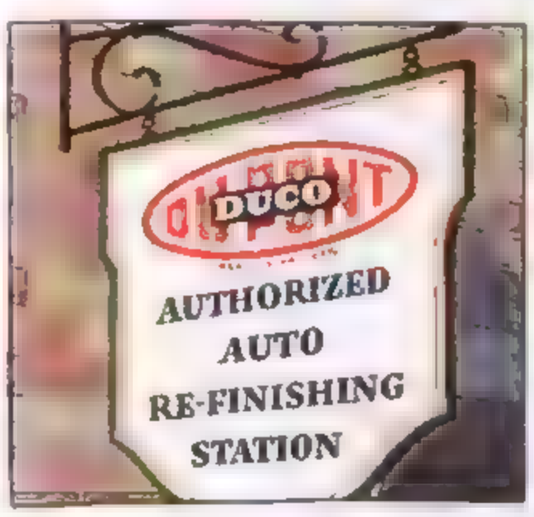

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THE WAY THEY DON'T CARE

(Continued from Page 19)

about it. He drove straight to Pete Somerville's house.

He discussed this and that with Pete for half an hour before he introduced the subject. He even got back into the car and started the engine before he introduced the subject.

"Pete," he said finally. "I'm thinking of selling the old boat."

"Well," Pete said, "I've always had a hankering for her. I'll give you fifty dollars for her."

Bill shook his head. "I'm asking a hundred and fifty."

"Why," Pete Somerville said, "you couldn't get fifty on a trade-in."

Bill stepped on the gas. The old boat's engine responded with a deep roar.

"I know all about that," Pete Somerville said when Bill took his foot off the gas. "But fifty is my limit."

It took another hour's hard talking, but Bill came away with Pete's father's check for a hundred dollars. Bill agreed to deliver the car to Pete at the Transitania's dock Wednesday night.

Bill spent the evening packing. After the family had gone to bed he loaded everything into the rear deck of the old boat.

BILL drove to town Monday morning and presented himself at the offices of Johnson & Johnson.

"Well," Jim Johnson said, "I'm glad to see you're here on the dot. I'll take you around and introduce you to everybody and find you a desk."

"Just a minute," Bill said. "Would you or would you not prefer a man who's been to Paris?"

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference to me," Jim Johnson said. "Why?"

"I have a chance to go to Paris," Bill said.

Jim Johnson bristled.

"You mean you don't want the job after we've held it open for you since the first of May?"

"Jim," Bill said. He had never called Jim Johnson by his first name before, but it seemed to come right in this moment. "Jim," Bill said, "I think going to work in your office is the opportunity of a lifetime. But I would like to put it off till the middle of September."

"I like your nerve," Jim Johnson said.

Bill held out his hand. Jim Johnson shook hands before he quite realized what he was doing. "Then it's all right with you," Bill said.

"Bill," Jim Johnson said, "you get away with it this time. But if you aren't here at nine sharp on September the fifteenth, you don't go to work in this office."

"I'll be here," Bill promised.

He hurried downtown to the passport bureau. The clerk said his passport would undoubtedly be sent on from Washington within a week.

Bill said that wasn't soon enough. He had to have it by Wednesday. The clerk said in that case Bill was out of luck. It took Bill until four o'clock in the afternoon to find somebody important enough to call up Washington and urge that his passport be back by return mail.

He didn't dare go home for fear his father and mother would ask him embarrassing questions about his first day in the advertising business. He debated whether to drive out to Greenfield and call on Madge Tolliver. He decided he wouldn't. He decided to let that girl wonder whether he really was sailing on the Transitania. She'd probably say something about it to Sally Armstrong and Sally Armstrong would assure her that he'd been kidding. Bill drove out to Long Island and spent the night at the home of a chap he'd known in college.

He spent most of Tuesday persuading the steamship company they were mistaken in thinking that student third aboard the Transitania was sold out. He badgered them until they found him a berth down on E Deck in a stateroom with three other young men.

VI

BILL got aboard the ship at ten o'clock, and used an hour and a half and a great deal of the Transitania's stationery in trying to write a diplomatic letter to his father and mother. He knew how disappointed they would be when they learned what he had done. He felt mean to dissapoint them. But he had to do it.

When he had mailed his letter, he hunted up his stateroom. It was no place in which to spend an idle hour. It was a dark closet deep in the ship, with two berths, one above the other, on each side. Bill saw that he and his companions would have to take turns dressing. He counted his money. He had more than fifty dollars and enough cigarettes to last to Cherbourg. He grinned. He hadn't the least idea how he'd earn a living in Paris. Or how he'd get money enough to buy a passage home. But somehow he'd have to do it.

He went up on deck and sat on a hatch. If he slipped up forward into first cabin he could probably find her. But she'd be waving good-by to the people on the dock who'd come down to see her off. He waited until the ship backed out into the stream.

She was standing by the rail with the three other girls she'd mentioned. He didn't care about being introduced to the others. He walked by and back again several times, hoping to catch her eye. Finally the group moved toward the doorway and he spoke to her.

"Oh!" she said. She was plainly startled. He guessed that she hadn't expected him to be on board. But if she hadn't, she recovered herself easily and introduced him to the others. He had to stand there making conversation for ten minutes before they went on and left him alone with her.

Bill took her arm in his and walked down the deck with her. The ship had swung around and headed toward Sandy Hook. He was actually sailing on the Transitania. He knew, by the relief he felt, how worried he had been for fear he wouldn't make it. He was himself again. And walking down the deck with Madge Tolliver was worth all that it had cost.

He found the way up to the boat deck and they stood side by side, leaning on the rail and watching the lights of Long Island go by. She was friendly in a completely detached way. She treated him exactly as she would have treated any presentable young man she knew slightly. She must know by now that he'd sailed because she was sailing. And yet she couldn't know She couldn't be so casual if she knew.

After half an hour she said she had to go down and join the others. They paused at her deck.

"See you in the morning," Madge Tolliver said.

"You will," Bill said, "unless this ship is serious in forbidding tourist-third passengers to come up here in first."

"I'm sure you can wangle it," she said.

Bill found out the next morning that the ship was serious about its rules. He got into first, only to be chased out. He tried again, and was caught again. The third time the chief steward was positively disagreeable. Worse, he made a point of watching Bill and sending somebody after him. Bill hardly saw Madge Tolliver for the rest of the voyage. But she promised to spend her first evening in Paris with him.

Bill rode down from Cherbourg to Paris with an American he'd met on the boat—an odd bird named Gridley who had spent a year in Montparnasse and was going back to it. Gridley sent Bill to a hotel where he got a room for fifteen francs a day. At least they called it a hotel. It was a dingy place with no running water. If you wanted to be clean, you went to a public bath down the street. Bill thoughtfully paid a week's rent in advance. He had six hundred and ninety-three francs left, or rather more than twenty-seven dollars, and he was taking Madge Tolliver on a party. Gridley had recommended Zelli's. He said Zelli's was amusing. It was a place every American girl wanted to see once. And it did not cost as much as some of the other night clubs. You had to buy champagne at a hundred francs a bottle. But you could take a girl to Zelli's and dance all evening on one bottle of champagne.

VII

BILL walked down the Boulevard St. Michel the next morning, looking for a cheap place to breakfast. He had twenty-one francs left.

He stopped under an awning and sat at a little marble-topped table and had *café au lait* and a roll. While he ate he wondered if the banjo players in Zelli's orchestra were any better than he was. He had played the banjo in the college mandolin club. He couldn't play the banjo well enough to get a job in an American dance band. But Paris had no such standards in dance music as they had at home. Gridley ought to know how to go about getting a job in a dance band.

He started out to walk to Gridley's studio. He saved several francs in cab fare by an hour's walk.

Gridley wasn't at home. He had told Bill that if he wasn't at home he would be either at the Dome or at the Dingo around the corner. Bill walked all the way up to the Dome. Gridley was sitting on the *terrasse* with a glass of coffee and a basket of *croissants* in front of him.

"Sit down," Gridley said, "and tell me how you found Zelli's."

Bill sat down. "Zelli's was all right," he said.

"I told you you could do the girl well there for a hundred and fifty or two hundred francs," Gridley said. "Imagine taking a girl to a night club in New York on six or eight dollars."

"I didn't do it on that," Bill said.

Gridley shook his head. "That's the trouble with you birds who've never been to France. You aren't satisfied to split a bottle of wine now and then. You have to drink everything in sight."

"No," Bill said. "We had a total of one glass of champagne apiece. But we hadn't been there long when in came a fellow that I knew freshman year in college. He's been in Paris ever since. He sat down to talk, and while we were talking a couple of his friends came in. When they left I got a bill for six hundred francs."

Gridley nodded. "Ah, yes," he said. "You want to be on the lookout for that sort of thing. Paris is full of Americans who leave your table just before the waiter comes around with *l'addition*."

Gridley said there was no use trying to get a job playing the banjo in Paris. There were too many Americans looking for jobs playing the banjo. He ordered another coffee and some butter.

"Why get a job?" Gridley asked. "You didn't come to Paris to work."

"I need the money," Bill said.

"That's your American idea," Gridley said. "You must learn to live as the rest of us do. I know how to live well in Paris on fifteen dollars a week."

"How?" Bill asked.

"Fifteen dollars is three hundred and seventy-five francs—almost three hundred and eighty-five."

"I understand that part of it," Bill said.

"In the first place, you get a room in a hotel for eighty francs a week, with eight francs for tips—about fifty cents a day."

"I'm paying a hundred and five francs a week," Bill said.

"With the *pourboire*, that comes to a hundred and fifteen francs and fifty centimes," Gridley said. "Which reminds me.

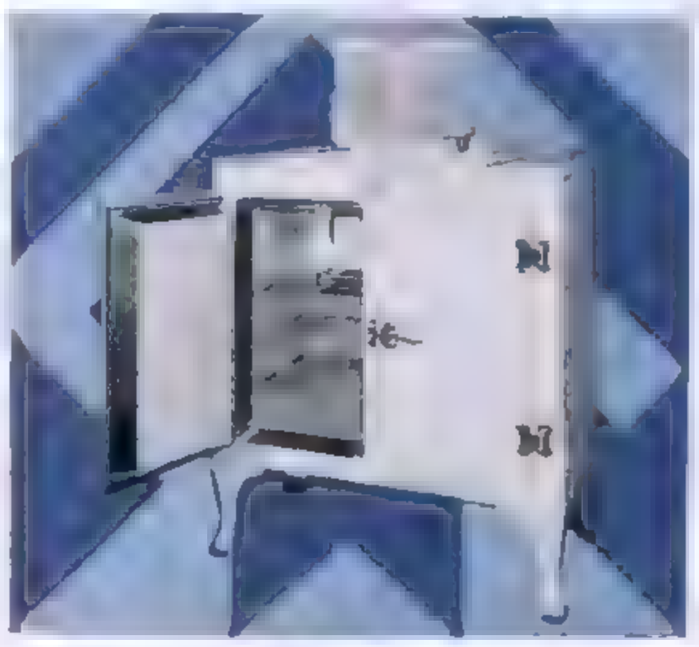
(Continued on Page 102

It's always summer-time ... in your kitchen

Do you sit back and sigh with relief—now that summer is over? Do you think that your children's food and milk are no longer open to the hot-weather dangers of contamination? Are you, perhaps, lulled by a false sense of security?

It's *always* summer-time in your kitchen. It's never cool where there is a stove. And the dangers of food contamination are always present—so long as it is possible for the temperature in your refrigerator to rise even a degree or two above fifty.

Physicians agree that 50 degrees is the danger point in food preservation. Above that temperature, the bacteria which inhabit all foods multiply alarmingly. Moisture, too, helps them thrive. But the constant dry cold of the General Electric Refrigerator checks their growth most effectively. Faithfully, quietly, automatically—every hour of the day and night—the General Electric gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It makes plenty of ice cubes, operates without ever needing to be oiled, creates no radio interference. And it has an accessible freezing regulator.



Important, too, is the fact that it is the *only* refrigerator which has an all-steel cabinet. It cannot warp . . . its doors cannot sag. It is the perfect cabinet for the simple mechanism which is safely stowed away in an hermetically sealed steel casing. For complete details write Section S-11, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for an interesting descriptive booklet.

An amazing record

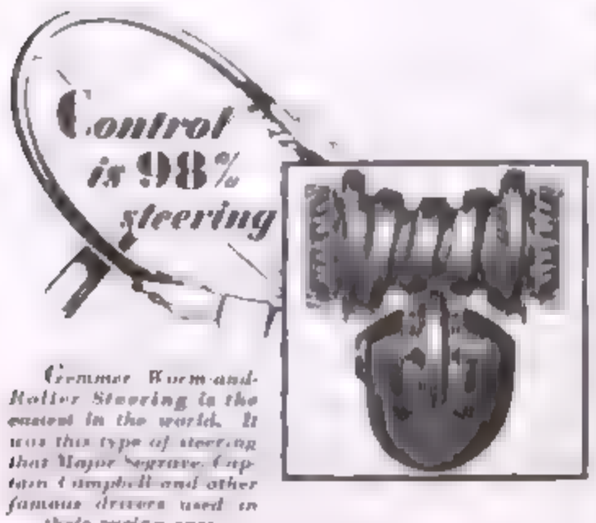
There are now more than 350,000 General Electric Refrigerators in use and no owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. This is an amazing record. Consider it when buying a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

millions of Winter drivers enjoy easy steering

OWNERS of Gemmer-steered cars find them just as easy to steer when the mercury hides down in the thermometer bulb as when it threatens to burst through the top. Gemmer steering gears are thoroughly lubricated with *fluid* grease instead of heavy grease—and because the working parts set low in the gear case, lubrication is positive, even when the lubricant level is low.



Gemmer Worm-and-Roller Steering is the easiest in the world. It was this type of steering that Major Segrave, Captain Campbell and other famous drivers used in their racing cars.

GEMMER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

GEMMER

Smoother Steered—when Gemmer Geared

Continued from Page 100

You have to tip 10 per cent in Paris You never have to tip more. But you are paying too much for your room. Find a poorer place."

"The one I have isn't clean and there's no bath," Bill protested.

"Did you come to Paris for a bathtub?" Gridley asked. "The next thing is to get breakfast for three francs. I know places where you can get a coffee for fifty centimes—which is two cents. But it is not so good. Go to a café where coffee is a franc and get two rolls at a franc apiece. There's breakfast for twenty-one francs a week say twenty-five francs with the *pourboire*. I know a place where you can get a table d'hôte dinner for six francs; with wine and the tip it is eight francs fifty. The rabbit is probably not the true rabbit of natural history and the beef in the *châteaubriand* is undoubtedly equine. But what do you expect for twenty-four cents? Your dinners shouldn't cost you more than sixty francs a week."

"What about lunch?" Bill asked.

"You don't eat lunch," Gridley said. "You smoke cigarettes. If you smoke enough you won't always be hungry. But you must smoke French cigarettes. You can get yellows for two francs seventy-five a package. American cigarettes cost eight or ten francs—two or three times as much as they cost at home. But yellows are fairly cheap, and when you've learned to smoke yellows you can try blues, which are still cheaper.

"Laundry," Gridley continued, "is not cheap, but it costs less than it would at home, and you don't need so much of it. In Paris you do not need to wear a clean shirt every day."

"I see," Bill said. He was not encouraged by Gridley's picture of life on fifteen dollars a week

"You will get used to it," Gridley assured him. "If you will do as I suggest, you can live on fifteen dollars a week and have forty or fifty cents a day for luxuries—such as buying a paper in the morning and going to a café in the afternoon for an *apéritif*."

"I'd like to get a job," Bill said.

Gridley shook his head. "You can't. There are a few twelve and fifteen dollar a week jobs open to American college boys. But there are twenty or thirty men waiting for every vacancy. The way to get a job in Paris it to bring it with you."

Gridley rose. His shirt was not clean, but he was helpful.

"You'll catch on in time," he said. "They all do."

"Thanks a lot," Bill said.

Gridley waved his hand and walked on down the Boulevard Montparnasse. The waiter came around and counted Gridley's saucers. He also counted the *croissants* in the basket on the table, to see how many had been eaten. Gridley's bill came to nine francs fifty. Bill gave the waiter eleven francs. He had spent four francs on his own breakfast. He had six francs left.

Bill sat at the table Gridley had left for an hour. He couldn't give up. He would find something to do. He bought a copy of the Paris Herald and read it through, hunting for an idea. He saw a small advertisement which read simply: "Ask Helen Smith." There was no explanation, only an address in the Avenue de l'Opera.

Bill walked across the river and found the place. It was a thoroughly American office on the second floor. Miss Smith herself reminded Bill of a school-teacher he'd had once in the fourth grade—large, firm, businesslike, but not unkind. She asked him if he spoke French.

"Only what I learned in college," Bill admitted.

Miss Smith smiled and asked him why he was in Paris and what sort of family he came from and where he'd gone to college. Bill told her everything she asked except why he had come to Paris.

"I'm not in the job-finding business," Miss Smith said. "Most of my clients want help in shopping, and I maintain a staff of women who know Paris shops. But I have a good many calls from clients who want an escort to take them to a restaurant for dinner or to the theater; sometimes to a night club. They're mostly intensely respectable middle-aged American women. There's rather a shortage of presentable young men who can be trusted. Would you like to try it?"

Bill hesitated. "No," he said slowly, "I can't say I'd like to. But I do need a job badly."

"You're afraid they'd try to tip you?"

"I do sort of draw the line at tips," Bill said. "You know how it is."

Miss Smith smiled. "Good," she said. "You needn't be afraid. You leave that to me."

"Very well," Bill said, "I will try it."

That evening he escorted two American women to dinner and to the Russian ballet. It wasn't bad. It wasn't nearly so bad as giving up and going to the American consul for passage home

Bill averaged three or four evenings a week that summer in the service of Miss Helen Smith and frequently went without his dinner on the other evenings in order to save enough money to take Madge Tolliver somewhere. Once, when Madge and her friends had gone on a two weeks' tour, he saved up twelve dollars by living as Gridley had suggested. Except for the shirts. He could never quite reconcile himself to wearing dirty shirts. When Madge came back he took her to the Davis Cup matches at the Stade Garros and afterward to dinner at Prunier's.

He awoke the next morning to the realization that it was late in August and he had to sail soon to keep his job at Johnson & Johnson's, and at the present rate he couldn't save the price of a passage home in less than a year. He had exactly ten francs and Helen Smith had no engagement for him that evening. He sent Madge Tolliver a *petit bleu* asking if he might call for her at her hotel after dinner. Then he indulged himself in a packet of cigarettes and a coffee and a *croissant* for breakfast. He had three francs left.

VIII

WALKING across the Seine at the Pont du Carrousel, he saw that there was half a moon riding high over the Garden of the Tuileries. That was the answer. You couldn't go anywhere on three francs, even in Paris. But the benches in the Tuileries were free.

He met her in the lobby of her hotel. She looked worried. He had never seen her look worried before. He said he wanted to talk. She said she'd like to walk somewhere. He took her arm and walked back to the Tuileries. They sat down on a bench. He felt that at last she was in a sentimental mood. She was no longer polite and friendly and detached. He put his arm around her. She put his arm away gently.

"If this were only Greenfield," she said. "Or even Central Park."

"You wouldn't mind my putting my arm around you if it were?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'm all upset."

"What are you upset about?" he asked.

She didn't answer at once. She sat silent. Suddenly she turned on him.

"Bill," she said, "tell me the truth. Are you hungry?"

"No," Bill said. He'd eaten a *croissant* that morning and nothing since. But at the moment he wasn't conscious of being hungry. He was only conscious of being startled at her asking such a question.

"Are you broke?" she asked.

"No," Bill said, "of course I'm not broke." He lit a fresh cigarette with deliberation. "What's on your mind?"

"I had a letter from Sally Armstrong," she said. She paused. He waited for her to go on. Sally Armstrong was the world's greatest gossip. Bill wondered how much Sally Armstrong knew.

"Bill," Madge Tolliver said, "why are you so collegiate?"

(Continued on Page 105)

The Selz Shoe

STYLE AT ITS BEST

This is the Rob Roy—a Selz Archlast model. Vigor is its keynote. Brisk fall weather means nothing to it. No hint of freakishness—just proper masculine vanity. A British pattern which fits high over the instep, curves gracefully under the ankle and rises high over the heel to afford a snug, firm feel. Observe the natural modeling of the toe, the overweight sole, leather heel. The leather is Martin's imported Scotch grain. The Selz Archlast feature provides an exceptionally comfortable support for the delicate muscle and bone structure of your arch. Very finished American shoemaking. The price is $8.

THE SELZ CUSTOM BUILT $12 THE SELZ SUPREME $10 THE SELZ ARCHLAST EIGHT $8 THE SELZ SIX $6

A style book of the leading Fall and Winter models will be sent you on request

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Screen-Grid RADIOLAS

RCA RADIOLA 46—Console cabinet model of the new Screen-Grid Radiola 44, with RCA Electro Dynamic Speaker $170 (less Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA 147—Combination. The newest RCA all-electric development in Screen Grid radio combined with the phonograph. Radio and Phonograph utilize the same improved built in Electro-Dynamic reproducer. Music from the air or record. $275 (less Radiotrons).

THE SENSATION OF THE RADIO YEAR

RCA RADIOLA 44—Radio receiver utilizing Screen-Grid Radiotrons—high amplification and great selectivity. Alternating current operation from house circuit. Table cabinet of walnut veneer. $110 (less Radiotrons).

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103—For use with Radiola 44, $22.50.

In addition to Screen-Grid Radiolas there are eight other models of Radiolas and Radiola Phonograph combinations ranging in price from $54.00 to $690.00. Any of these instruments may be purchased through RCA Radiola Dealers on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

RCA has set a new standard of radio enjoyment in the new Screen-Grid Radiolas! Designed and built by the same RCA engineers who developed the Screen-Grid Radiotrons and Screen-Grid Circuit, they are the sensation of the radio year.

Never before have radio instruments of so few tubes offered such marvelous, well-rounded tonal beauty—such astounding volume without distortion—such balanced reproduction of both high and low notes.

Radiolas 44 and 46 utilize only five tubes—yet give you the performance of sets employing a far greater number. Three of these tubes are the amazing Screen-Grid Radiotrons—an RCA achievement. Included also is a new power amplifying Radiotron capable of tremendous volume without distortion.

In these great Screen-Grid Radiolas you get the freedom from distorting noises and electrical hum without the costly sacrifice of loss in fidelity and tone range . . . without that weakening of power and dulling of low and high notes which owners of ordinary radio sets must suffer when hum is reduced in defiance of electrical research and experience.

Radiola 44 (table model) is in a compact, two-tone walnut veneer cabinet of charming and graceful design. The console model, Radiola 46, makes use of the finest of all reproducers, the famous RCA Electro-Dynamic Speaker, an integral part of the assembly. And in Radiola 47 there is offered the outstanding combination of Screen-Grid Radiola and Electro-Dynamic Speaker, and newest type of phonograph for the electrical reproduction of records! "Music from the air or record."

Visit your RCA dealer today. See and hear these marvelous Screen-Grid Radiolas—designed and built by the creators of the Screen-Grid Radiotron and the Screen-Grid Circuit.

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RADIOLA DIVISION

RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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(Continued from Page 102

Bill was furious. Who was she, to call him collegiate? He'd gone to college when she was still too young to go to the hunt-club dances.

"You sound like my Aunt Emily," Bill said. "If you're like that now, what will you be when you've grown up?"

"I mean," she said, "to tell me you were sailing on the Transitania and then actually doing it—just because you said you would—when you didn't have any money or any right to."

"I had a perfect right to sail," Bill said. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Do you know how you're going to get back?"

"I haven't engaged my passage," Bill said with dignity. "What's that got to do with it?"

"You weren't going to sail on the Transitania," Madge Tolliver said. "You were going to work on Monday morning. You threw up your job and sold your roadster to Pete Somerville and sailed for Paris, and I think it was dumb of you—absolutely dumb. And I've got four thousand francs I don't need." She took some tightly folded notes out of her purse and tried to put them in his hand. "If you don't take this and go home on the first boat you can get, I'll never speak to you again."

"I appreciate your kind offer," Bill said, "but I am neither broke nor hungry."

She put her hand on his arm. "Bill," she said softly, "please don't be collegiate any more. Please take the money."

"It's awfully nice of you, Madge," he said, "but I really don't need it." He tried to say it in a friendly tone, but he could..'t. He couldn't forgive her for calling him collegiate.

"All right," she said. "Will you please take me home?"

They walked all the way back to her hotel in silence. At the door she turned and held out her hand. Bill took her hand

"I shouldn't have said I wouldn't speak to you again," she said. "Because, of course, I will. The best times I've had in Paris have been with you."

Bill released her hand. "Thank you," he said politely.

"We're sailing in about ten days," Madge Tolliver said. "We're going down to St.-Jean-de-Luz tomorrow and coming back the day the Argantic sails"

"I haven't decided whether I'll sail some day soon or wait till later in the fall," Bill said

"I hope you'll come and see me when you do get back," Madge Tolliver said.

"Oh, I probably will," Bill said. "I probably will."

IX

BILL figured out precisely how much time he had during the long walk home. He had to be at Johnson's on September the fifteenth. He had to be there or admit that he was collegiate—absolutely collegiate. This was August the twenty-eighth. Eighteen days. The slow boats were the cheapest. But they took ten days to cross the Atlantic. He had eight days in which to earn his passage back, and three francs in his pocket. The cheapest passage he knew of cost a hundred dollars—cost twenty-five hundred francs.

He had an awful feeling that if he had kissed Madge Tolliver tonight she wouldn't have objected. For the first time she wouldn't have objected. He'd lost the chance he'd come to Paris for.

Bill lived for two days on three francs—one *croissant* a day. Then Miss Smith had an engagement for him. He took two middle-aged American women to dinner at Foyot's and ate all he wanted and earned a hundred francs.

Gridley said it was perfectly possible to stow away on a freighter. All they did if they caught you before they sailed was to put you ashore. If you succeeded in remaining hidden until they were out of the harbor, they put you to work painting the ship. They would threaten you with arrest. They would put you in jail for six months. But if you worked all the way across, they usually let you off.

Bill had another job to do for Miss Smith. That brought another hundred francs. He went down to Havre, but he couldn't quite bring himself to stow away. He went to the American consul and got a job on a freighter. For thirteen days Bill hung to a deck beam with one hand while he slung paint with the other.

The freighter docked in Brooklyn at five o'clock on the fourteenth of September. Bill had ten cents. But ten cents was enough to make a telephone call and take the Subway to Manhattan and a place where he could borrow five dollars.

He arrived at Greenfield toward nine o'clock. He hadn't got quite all the paint out from under his finger nails, but he was otherwise respectable. He took a taxi at the station for Madge Tolliver's house.

"Come in," Madge Tolliver said. "Come in and meet the family."

Bill waved his hand toward the taxicab. "I'll do that later," he said. "I want to see you alone for a minute."

She hesitated. "I want to apologize," he said.

She nodded.

Bill told the taxi driver to go to the hunt club. They got out at the hunt club and Bill led the way to the bench under the apple tree where they had sat the night she refused to be kissed. They sat down.

"I just wanted to say," Bill said—he took a deep breath, because it came hard—"I just wanted to say that it was collegiate to follow you to Paris." He paused. There was a long silence. Madge Tolliver looked off in the dark. "I couldn't help it," Bill continued. "You were going. I had to go. I've a job; I begin tomorrow. I want to marry you."

"I don't care if it was collegiate," Madge Tolliver said.

She didn't object to being kissed. She didn't object in the least.

X

BILL got home at eleven o'clock. Madge Tolliver said it wasn't fair not to go home. Bill's mother led the way to the ice box. Bill's father walked up and down the kitchen while Bill ate. He snorted a good deal. But it was plain he was glad to see Bill back.

"Darling," Bill's mother said, "were you ever hungry in Paris?"

"Three times a day," Bill said, cutting another slice of cold roast ham.

"I couldn't bear the idea of your going hungry," Bill's mother said

When he had gone to bed, Bill's mother sat in one of the comfortable chairs in her comfortable living room. Bill's father walked up and down.

"Well," he said, "he's back."

"He looked thin to me," Bill's mother said. "He looks as if he hadn't enough to eat."

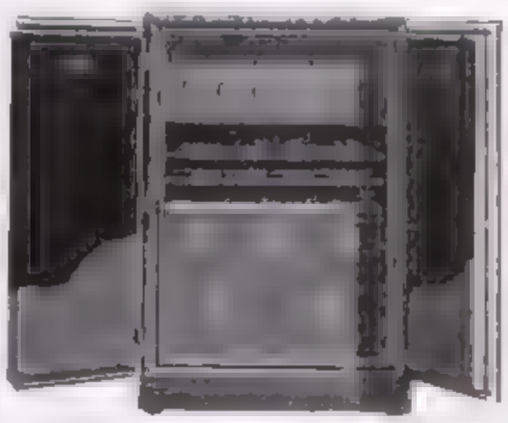
"I can't see the slightest change in him," Bill's father said. "I don't see where he's ever going to get any ambition—any get up and go. He's all for the easy way. He doesn't care about anything. That's the real trouble—he doesn't care about anything enough to go after it and get it, no matter what the obstacles are."

"He's awfully young," Bill's mother said. "Perhaps he'll learn to care about something."

Did Brown recover full damages?

Just a casual question passed between business acquaintances at a club. Brown, the owner of a successful and growing business, had a fire that gutted his plant a short while before. Did he recover full damages? Of course he was covered with insurance—but unless his inventory statements, accounts receivable, etc., were protected in fire resistive safes there is a question. For it is necessary to produce these important records to collect full damages.

No business can afford to take such a chance—the vital records should be kept in Diebold Fire Resistive Safes. The cost is comparatively small and the range of sizes and types will fit any risk. Diebold Safes are labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories.



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Remove this risk from your business. Our book, "Record Protection for Modern Business Offices," will show you how. Write today.

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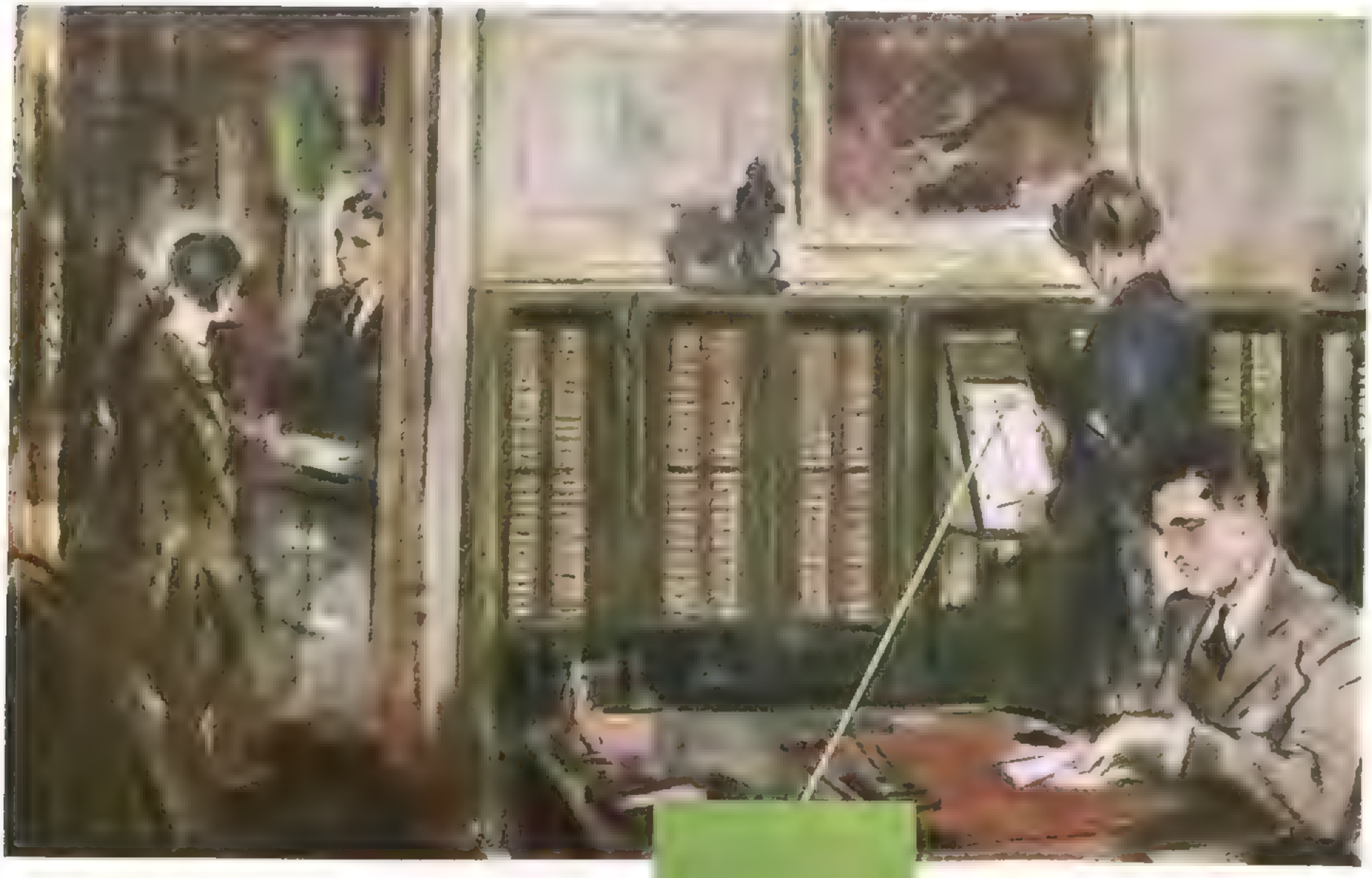

Kardex *flashes green* ...*and* ALTMAN *controls its stock*

SHOES . . furniture . . . dresses . . . thousands and thousands of different items. How to keep inventory down—turnover up? What a problem for the department store!

But B. Altman & Company of New York—famous from coast to coast for its complete stock in every department—has found the simple answer . . . in its Kardex record for stock control.

This remarkable system provides a visible check on any piece of merchandise in the store. It enables the executives to keep their vast stocks absolutely fresh in items, styles and sizes.

With Kardex on the job, the executives can also hold their inventory where it should be. No incomplete stock can slow up service—no overloaded shelves can cut into net profits.

For thousands of other companies throughout the country, Kardex paves the way to greater dividends. A versatile system, simple and inexpensive, it can be used by every business to make more money.

Clinches Sales of $150,000

When Kardex delivered a 24-hour report on their thousands and thousands of accounts for the United Autographic Register Company of Chicago, it furnished simple data that resulted immediately in sales of $150,000.

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On 4 out of 5 autos sold on the installment plan, Kardex controls the collections! With the finance divisions of every important automobile manufacturer using this high-speed system, it is responsible for bringing in $1,000,000,000 yearly for America's greatest industry.

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THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE (rest of card is always ready for reference): Green (X) fast selling item Orange (X) on order

THE SHIPS MUST SAIL

(Continued from Page 15)

"Another boy's thought broken, eh?" Mr. Whistle said. "I know. They go tinkling like fine glass upon a rocky floor. Smash 'em! Smash the lot of 'em as quickly as you can, for there's no justice in this world but strength. Come back when you can pull a rope."

If Mr. Whistle's mind had not been on graver matters he might have seen that Daniel was different from the rest.

"Will you take me, sir?" asked Daniel Swale. "Will you take me if I'm strong?"

"Aye," said Mr. Whistle, "that I will—and now good day."

He never thought that he was changing the life of Daniel Swale or sending him on a strange quest among the shadows. How could Mr. Whistle have known that there was a trace of the mystic in Daniel Swale, in that distant time when superstition and deep faith walked side by side, and the land was very old and very new? There was no way to guess that Daniel Swale was sailing a course among the stars, to see a witch that she might make him strong.

There was a witch in our town then, just as there were witches in every town along the coast, though the last witch had been hanged very long ago. Madam Haight, her name was, and Daniel knew her. All the children and slaves and bond servants knew Madam Haight, and even now the memory of her lingers, impossible and grotesque.

He had seen her often enough, walking across the square, an object of derision and superstitious fear. She wore a country woman's bonnet and a billowing gown of rich green satin, patched with red where it had been torn by brambles. She had come by ship from Quebec, they said, after the late war, the wife of a British officer who had died on the Plains of Abraham. But others said she was no wife, but as foul as logged driftwood cast up by a high sea.

It was raining, Daniel remembered, when he reached the house of Madam Haight. It stood on the edge of the cedar swamp where deer still wintered, a dwelling of a single room, deserted by its former owners.

"Come in, Dan Swale," she said.

He stood close to the threshold, shivering from the rain and wondering that she knew his name, since they had never spoken. Her hair, he could see in the dim light, was jet black, streaked with gray, and her face was rough with whiskers like a man's. The wind was blowing through cracks where the clapboarding had fallen from the logs. A row of dresses hung on pegs along the wall, all silk, but torn and soiled.

"Come in," she said. "I will not harm thee, Dan Swale."

Now that he was on the threshold, Daniel remembered that he was half ashamed.

"Thank you, madam," he began. "I came—I came ——"

But somehow he could not finish. He could see the rafters, heavy with bunches of dried twigs and with roots like gnarled old hands, and in the darkness he saw a kettle upon the embers of the hearth.

"Herbs," she said—"herbs and roots those be. The selectmen cannot move me on while the roots are growing. Yonder's bay leaves and sweet fern, and the daisy root for deafness. The gentlemen and ladies come here, and the doctors too. Sure, I know gentlemen and ladies, and I know the stars ——"

"Madam," said Daniel Swale, "may I ask a question, if you please?"

"Sure," she said. "I know questions and the answer to the Alpha and Omega."

Daniel cleared his throat, but he could not ask the question which he wished.

"Madam," said Daniel Swale, "is it true you know the dark spirits of the air?"

Often in the years to come he wondered at his folly, but he was in earnest then. He saw her smile, and that old woman's eyes were dark as the water beneath the cedars.

"There are light ones—aye, and dark ones. I've seen 'em both," she said, "since I was young and pretty."

It seemed to Daniel that the rain was pounding louder on the roof when she had finished speaking. It did not seem strange to talk to one who knew the spirits of the air, when old beliefs still lived where the land was lonely. The Indian men who brought down deer from the northward believed in spirits then, and Pomp, the black slave at home, had his spirits too. Daniel had heard him calling on them by rattling bones at night. The Reverend Mr. Dole himself confessed to spirits, Daniel knew. Daniel had heard him when the church was still and all the congregation bowed their heads.

"O Lord," Mr. Dole would pray, "save us from the tyrannies of unjust laws and save us from the dark spirits of the air."

"Sure," that witch was saying, "you'll not hear the spirits till you get old. 'Tis only the wind now, and the birds, but when you're old, why, then you'll hear 'em, clattering and growling. What want you, Dan Swale? What made you come this way?"

"Madam," said Daniel Swale, "I want—I want ——"

But he could not say it, for all at once she did not seem like a witch, but only like a poor old woman tired of wandering.

"Nay," she said, "speak out—speak out. You have the dreamer's face, Dan Swale—the long face—and men will think ye mad. Now everyone is wanting something who comes here—love or health or wealth, and you're too young for love. What want you? Tell me true."

Even then he was half ashamed, but at last he spoke, calling on the unknown for his wish.

"If you please, madam," he said, "I want to go to sea. I want strength, if you please, to go to sea."

And then she began to laugh. She was looking at his thin, white face and laughing at the folly of his wish, he knew. Yet her answer always puzzled him, and lasted with him always.

"Sure," she said, "you'll need no strength. The rain is over. Get you home."

He never told where he had been. He would not have dared to tell, when his last hope was gone that night. Yet long afterward he wondered—had she seen something in his face? Her last words must have been folly and beyond all reason, but yet he was never sure.

"Wait," that witch called to him just as he turned to go, and he could see her in the shadows, shaking with the cruel mirth of an elder laughing at a child.

"Wait," she said. "I'll tell ye. I'll give ye good advice. When next you see a lion, pluck two living hairs out of his tail, and those will make ye strong."

"But, madam," Daniel answered, for he could still be literal, "there are no lions here."

Her laughter seemed to strike him like a blow. It was savage; it was bitter, almost like a sob.

"Nay," she said, "there are no lions—no lions and no charity in all the province of the Bay!"

Did she know? He was never sure, but it might have been she knew.

It was this way, Daniel said. Only the next morning he was standing in the square with Johnny Scarlet by his side. There was no reason that they should have been there, unless it was pure destiny. It was high noon, and warm for early summer, and the river was flat calm, so that all the wharves and ships were double. Two ships were in, laden from the Indies, with specie in their cabins, and you could hear the sailors singing as they warped those ships to Scarlet's wharf. Their voices were very loud, because the shipwrights in the yards had ceased their work.

"Chi'lly!" you could hear their voices shouting. "Chi'lly! Chi'lly!"

Then a hand bell was ringing—jingle, jingle. It was the town crier, coming down the street past the shops with their swinging signs, and as he walked he tolled his bell and shouted in a singsong voice.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he was shouting. "For those who be curious at the wonders of the world, there be a lion at the new George Inn, a lion new come from Barbary, such as has never been seen in all the province of the Bay. A lion brought in from Africa. His cage is on a wain drawn by two yoke of oxen—a monstrous lion!"

Daniel Swale always remembered that the crier's voice was like a bell itself, echoing in the still, warm air, and only later he understood that it was ringing out an old world and ringing in a new. It was telling—though no one gave it heed—of exotic thoughts that reached across the sea, drawing back something of the spirit, indestructible and brave.

"A lion—aye, a lion." Anyone who doubted must have known our town was growing great. "A wondrous beast, the size of a calf, and twenty times the weight. There be hair on his withers, and a shaggy mane, and the eyes and nose of a cat. He is worth the examination of all the curious—for a shilling a head. A lion at the George Inn yard! A shilling for a sight ye may never see again!"

It seemed to Daniel Swale that the square was suddenly silent, and that he was standing on an island all alone, and that his eyes were smarting and that his throat was parched. Then all at once the buildings and the square seemed very close, and the ships' masts in the river were like towers. As sure as ever a witch's curse was laid in the old New England province, a curse was on him then, for he had seen a vision, and the vision was his curse, for ever afterward he was to follow visions.

He forgot the time and place, and the discipline which was laid on boys.

"John Scarlet," he said, "have you a shilling?"

"Aye," said Johnny Scarlet, "and that's more than you."

"John Scarlet," said Daniel Swale, "will you play me at chuck farthing? I desire to make a shilling."

"Pray, why do you wish a shilling?" Johnny Scarlet said.

"Because I desire to see the lion," answered Daniel Swale, for it was like the answer to a prayer that a lion had come to town.

He did not think of the strangeness of it, though it was almost the first of those animal exhibitions which, unlike furtive traveling shows, somehow did not incur religious wrath. There had been a trained pig before and two trained dogs, and once a lonely dancing bear, but there had never been a lion. It must have been the unprecedented prospect of the spectacle which made people oblivious to two boys playing at chuck farthing openly and unashamed. The name of the game has changed, but nothing more. It consisted as it does today, of tossing coppers at a mark. John Scarlet made a hole with his heel and marked a line four paces off.

"Chuck," he said. "What are you shivering at?"

"I'm not shivering," said Daniel Swale, but he knew it was not true. He forgot that he was playing chuck farthing in the public square. He seemed to be a long way off, and all he saw was the brown ground and broad copper pieces in the dust, until a hand seized his collar so roughly that he was jerked backward off his feet. And then he turned about to see the Reverend Mr. Dole, all in black broadcloth, towering above him with a frown upon his face. There was no gentleness with children then, and Mr. Dole was earnest in his duty. His voice was laden with horror and disgust.

"Ah," he said, "so the children are at it too? It's heaven's own justice fallen on us. Pick up that filthy money."

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As Daniel stooped to pick it up, Mr. Dole dropped his collar and seized him by the ear.

"Eight pence, eight pence," Mr. Dole was saying. "You'll thank me when you're older for the punishment I give for gaming in the public square. The money must go to the poor, Daniel. It is not fit to keep."

Mr. Dole's fingers were very strong. He had twisted the ears of other boys. The pain made Daniel wish to cry aloud. The tears were starting from his eyes, but even in his pain he thought of Mr. Whistle's counting-house.

"Please, sir," he said, though he found it hard to speak, "I wished to see the lion if you please."

"Daniel," said Mr. Dole, "have you the brazenness to say aloud that you'll risk your immortal soul to see a lion? Take that, then, for your speech!"

Daniel took it, for there was nothing else to do. With his free hand Mr. Dole had boxed his other ear.

It was a blow and nothing more, and it was a time when blows were freely given. Yet that blow was different, though Daniel could not tell why. It gave him a sense of indignity and of grave humiliation. It had awakened something in him which had slumbered up to then, and Daniel knew that Mr. Dole would not have struck if Daniel had been strong. The air seemed filled with flashing lights, but he gave no cry of pain. There was a taste of brimstone in his mouth, and all respect and decency were lost to him in a wave of hate. His foot lashed out before he thought, and he had committed sin.

"You imp!" shouted Mr. Dole. "Do you dare to strike your minister?"

"Then give me back my eight pence!" shouted Daniel Swale. There seemed to be a swarm of bees buzzing in his head, but he heard another voice.

"Leave him," someone was saying. "Leave him for the moment, prithee, Mr. Dole."

As Daniel looked up he saw that two gentlemen were standing very near him. One was Mr. Whistle, very thin and tall, and beside him was a heavy, red-faced gentleman whom Daniel had never seen, dressed in a riding cloak and boots.

"Yes," he said, "leave down the brat. I've come to speak on business."

Then Mr. Whistle spoke, courteously and pleasantly.

"This is Mr. Dickey," Mr. Whistle said, "who has come among us to see how our collector runs the port."

It seemed to Daniel that Mr. Dole's face had changed as though a hand had swept across it, and Daniel saw him dig his fingers deep into his palms. Mr. Dole did not answer, but simply bowed his head, and Mr. Whistle cast a quick, hard glance at Mr. Dole and took a pinch of snuff.

"Well," said Mr. Dickey, "everyone's gone mad in this cursed country. It is not odd to see a minister in it. Curse me, they're making half the trouble."

"Sir," said Mr. Dole, and Daniel saw that his face was long and white, "I am an unworthy man and weak. Fifty years ago you'd be in the pillory for half that speech."

"Why," said Mr. Dickey, "damn you for a rogue ——"

"Sir," said Mr. Dole, "damn me how you please, but do not damn our cloth."

Mr. Whistle waved his hand for silence, looking hard at Mr. Dole.

"Hush, Ezra," he said. "I beg you leave this to me. Mr. Dickey, you find yourself in a wild harsh place where all of us have our wrongs. I trust you'll report them, Mr. Dickey, when you sail for home."

"Sir," said Mr. Dickey, "I wish to heaven you were with me there and I'd have you safe in Newgate."

Mr. Whistle raised his eyebrows and tapped his fingers softly on his chin.

"Sir," he said, "you use harsh words. You say we have made a false declaration. Your collector, who carries His Majesty's commission, has passed our cargo."

"And I tell you"—Mr. Dickey raised his voice—"the collector is a piece of all the rest of you, and cursed vile! I tell you—confound you, sir, don't stop me while I speak—your schooner came in deep laden from the Indies. You made declaration on five hogsheads of molasses. Do you take me for a fool? There were twenty hogsheads in that hold if there was one. Now, where's the rest?"

"Where indeed?" said Mr. Whistle gently.

Mr. Dickey drew in his breath and seemed to control himself with an effort as he turned to Mr. Dole.

"Sir," he said in a different tone, "you were speaking of the cloth just now. This is no dealing for a minister. Make a full confession and I'll leave you out."

"Sir," said Mr. Whistle very quickly, "Mr. Dole gave me a small sum for a venture. I have told you he knows nothing."

And Mr. Dole did not speak. He stood with his head deep bowed, and his face was very pale.

"Thomas," he said, "Thomas ——"

"Peace," said Mr. Whistle; "Ezra, leave this to me. Mr. Dickey, your government does wrong to interfere with trade. We've made this land, not you, and there'll be bloodshed yet."

Mr. Dickey smiled and blinked his hard blue eyes.

"D'you think I'm to be threatened by a lot of cursed smugglers?" Mr. Dickey said.

Mr. Whistle smiled also, and for a moment both those men stood looking at each other in dull silence.

"Whistle," said Mr. Dickey at length, "will you open your warehouse doors or will you have me smash them down?"

Mr. Whistle took another pinch of snuff.

"May I ask," he inquired, "just how you're going to smash them?"

"Did you ever hear of a writ?" asked Mr. Dickey. "I've got one in my pocket with rights to break and force."

Mr. Whistle rubbed his chin, and he and Mr. Dickey stared at each other for another moment.

"Thomas," said Mr. Dole, "Thomas ——"

"Ah," said Mr. Whistle, "those writs of assistance? You're not in England, Mr. Dickey. Do you want to raise a mob? Who'll help you, Mr. Dickey? I can only think of one man with the courage."

"So you'll resist the law, will you?" Mr. Dickey raised his voice again until it rang across the square. "I've a dozen troopers following! They'll be here in town by night'"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Whistle, "there's no use being round. I've told you there were only five hogsheads in the hold. The rest were water casks for ballast. Surely I've said enough."

"That you have," said Mr. Dickey, gathering up his cloak. "We'll look at those water casks tonight as soon as my men ride in."

Vaguely Daniel understood, for there was always talk in those days of the Sugar and Molasses Act, and every boy knew then that rum and sugar and molasses made our town. The lines on Mr. Dole's face were deeper, and he seemed almost ill. Mr. Whistle alone seemed undisturbed. And then Daniel saw that Mr. Dole was looking at him strangely, as though he had forgotten that Daniel had been listening.

"Get you home, boy," said Mr. Dole, "and pray the Lord to forgive. You've smitten a servant of God, though he may be an unworthy servant. I'll report it to your father before the evening meal."

Then the bell of the town crier was ringing, and Daniel heard his voice above the other noise:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! A lion in the George Inn yard!"

Mr. Whistle sighed and touched the lace upon his wrists, looking thoughtfully about the square. From a distance men were staring at them, standing in small groups and whispering. Daniel Swale thought nothing of it then. He only knew much later that he had witnessed an event of a turbulent time that was bound to lead to greater trouble before many years were gone. He was thinking of the lion, and he wanted to be strong, if only to resent the injury which Mr. Dole had done him.

It was Pomp who told him when he got home. Pomp was the Swales' black slave, and the story was that he had been a king, but Pomp was carrying a load of wood, like any other man, toward the kitchen door.

"Master Dan," he said, "the prayer man, he been here."

"Did he see my father?" Daniel asked. "Is my father angry?"

Pomp showed his white teeth. They had been filed to points before he left the Guinea coast, and there was a great hole in his flat nose from which there had hung a ring. He was like a picture a boy might scratch upon a slate, and who could tell what he was thinking, if he thought at all?

"Pomp," said Daniel, "there's a lion at the inn. Tell me, Pomp, is it true that hairs from a lion's tail will make you strong?"

Pomp showed his teeth again and scratched the matted hair upon his head.

"Mebbe so," he said. "Black man no can tell. When I was boy like you—me, I had the lion claw from witch fella. Me - he made me strong."

When Daniel reached the dark front entry he heard his father calling him from the parlor. It was a small room, and the paneling was simple and unpainted. The furniture was mostly oak, such as richer families had discarded for mahogany not so long before. Upon the wall by the chimney there hung a steel cap and breastpiece which his great-great-grandfather had worn when he led a regiment in King Philip's War. His father was standing by the window, a grave man in threadbare snuff-colored clothes, and his Aunt Levesser was there also, sitting in an old oak armchair. She had come to live with them after Daniel's mother died, after a short hard life which was then the rule with women.

"Daniel," said his father, "is it true you kicked our minister?"

Before he answered he saw his aunt was looking at him with a half smile on her lips, which seemed to tell you everything, yet nothing.

"If you please, sir," said Daniel, "he took my eight pence and wrung me by the ear."

"Take off thy coat," his father said, "and fetch the birch from behind the door."

It was like his father—that even melancholy justice which stood above adversity and joy. Daniel always remembered him as he rose and took the rod, testing it in his heavy hands, somberly, without a change of feature.

"Daniel," he said, "Mr. Dole is a good and honest man, as you will know when you are older. Come here and take your stripes."

Richard Swale laid the birch smartly a dozen times across Daniel's shoulders, while Daniel held his breath and bit his underlip. Though he felt the gross injustice, he could feel no resentment against his father for it, but, instead, a growing anger against the Reverend Mr. Dole.

"Richard," his aunt said, "stay your hand. You always strike too hard."

"There," said his father, "is the end, and justice. Daniel, why were you so late in coming home?"

"If you please, sir," said Daniel, "there's a lion at the inn. Please, sir, may I have a shilling to see the lion?"

His father walked to the window and stood looking out, his hands clasped behind his back. It was always the way of Richard Swale to ponder over small things as though they were very great.

"And why," his father asked at length, "do you wish to see a lion?"

"Fiddlesticks!" said his aunt. "I'll give the boy a shilling."

"Silence," said his father. "Why do you wish to see the lion?"

But Daniel could not tell him.

"If you please, sir," he said, "because I wish to see."

Richard Swale turned from the window and walked across the room and back.

"Very well," he said, "you'll have no shilling, and you, madam, you shall give none to him. You shall go to the minister instead, Daniel, and make what apology you may. That will cost you nothing, and he shall be your lion."

Only long afterward Daniel knew there was a similarity between his father and himself—the same harsh humor, the same unbending will. And that was when their wills both clashed for the first time and the last. Daniel heard his own voice, thin and high, and it did not sound like his own.

"I'll not go, sir," he said. "You can beat me how you will. He wronged me as much as I did him."

There was a long, dull silence. He could clearly hear the thudding of the wood which Pomp was piling by the kitchen door, and it seemed to Daniel that all time had stopped. The look on his father's face was very strange—more of bewilderment than anger—and his aunt was first to speak.

"Why," she said, "now heaven help us! There's still life in the Swales."

His father had laid his hand on a chair back. His lips were thin and straight, and Daniel saw that something which his aunt had said had turned his father's wrath.

"Madam," he said, "do you taunt me because I obey the law?"

Madam Levesser had risen and was standing tall and straight. There was something in that room which Daniel could not see, but he could feel it in the silence.

"Richard," she said, "even the boy sees clearer. Will you send him to make apologies to an—informer, Richard Swale?"

"Daniel," said his father, "leave the room."

And Daniel left, and he was glad to go, for the wrath that was written on his father was terrible to see; but even in the passage he heard his father speaking.

"Madam," he was saying, "I am an honest man. If anyone is an informer, it is I. Mr. Dole came here to ask me my advice. What was there for an honest man to give? I told him to lodge information with authority. I told him to tell what he knows and be free of it—that the molasses will be moved to Mr. Whistle's barn tonight."

That was how Daniel knew, and he knew that his father was an honest man. All at once he could see it very clearly. He could see why Mr. Whistle had taken his snuff and had smiled in the square that noon. There would be no molasses when they smashed his warehouse door that night, for he would move it after dark. He knew that Mr. Dole would tell, and that telling would be right—and yet his heart was beating faster. He was at a crossing of the ways where right and wrong were strangely mingled.

He was standing in the dooryard, and the wind was blowing toward the trees, softly, as it sometimes did toward evening, and, from where he stood, he could see the river and the wharves and the masts of all the ships, like a strange small forest along the river bank. The new clock in the First Church was striking out the hour of seven when he turned and saw his father standing near him.

"Daniel," said his father, "Daniel ——" Then he stopped as though he could not go on, and Daniel remembered how tall his father seemed, and how the wind blew at his wig. "Daniel," said his father, "will you go to Mr. Dole?"

Daniel knew long afterward that his answer was like all the Swales, but it seemed then as though his life were in the answer.

"No, sir," he said, "I will not."

His father stood silent, looking toward the river, not a muscle moving on his face. Those were the days when parents ruled with a hand of iron, and when disobedience was unthinkable.

"Daniel," said his father, "if you do not go you will not be welcome in my house."

And Daniel knew his father spoke the truth as surely as he knew that he could not go. The wind was blowing from the sea, as salt and bitter as the tears that filled his eyes.

"Father," he said, "father ——" For he knew his father loved him in a hard way

(Continued on Page 113)

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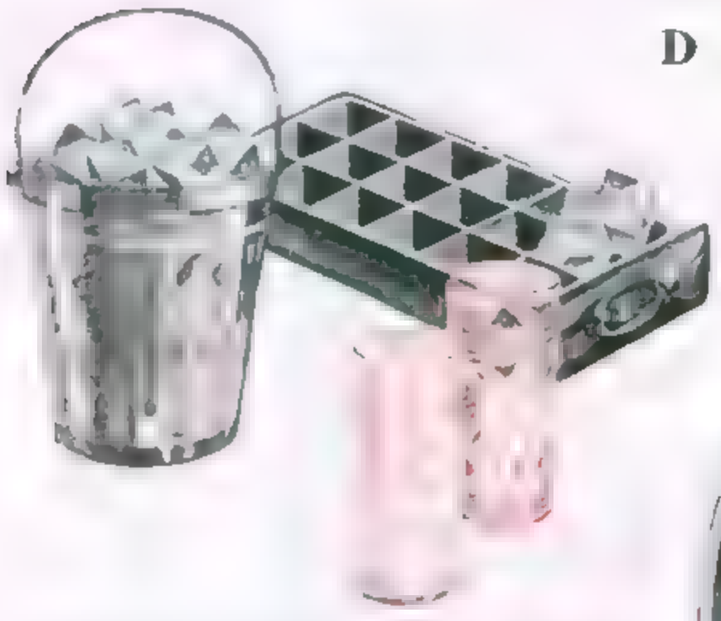

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200-Mile, Altoona, Louis Meyer, September 3.
100-Mile Dirt Track, Detroit, Cliff Woodbury, June 10.
Altoona, winner, Louis Meyer, June 15.
1929 A. A. A. Championship, Louis Meyer.

Miscellaneous

Pikes Peak Hill Climb, New Stock Car Record, Studebaker President Eight, Glenn Shultz, September 2.
Stock Car Speed Record, Studebaker President Eight, 30,000 miles in less than 27,000 minutes, Atlantic City.
Non-stop wheel, and engine endurance run, Indianapolis, July 1. Roosevelt Straight Eight, 440 hours, 31 min.

European Events

Grand Prix of Belgium.
Grand Prix of France.
Grand Prix of Algeria.
Grand Prix of Spain.
Grand Prix of Monaco.
Grand Prix of Rome.
Grand Prix of La Marne.
Irish International Grand Prix.
International Grand Prix of Antibes.
Grand Prix of Endurance (Le Mans Circuit).
Grand Prix of Italy.
Targa Florio.
Ulster Tourist Trophy.
Italian 1000-mile Race.

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British International Trophy—Gar Wood in Miss America VIII, September 2.
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President's Cup—Richard Hoyt, September 14, Washington, D. C.

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The recent advances in spark plug design, materials and manufacture made by Champion are in a great measure responsible for the advances made in modern high speed, high compression engines, and their fuels. Few motorists realize that the exact character of engine performance today is directly dependent on the spark plugs, their design, construction and operating condition.

Spark Plugs Must Yield High Efficiency

Engine performance is determined by the completeness of combustion by instantaneous ignition, which simply means the conversion of the highest possible percentage of the fuel used, into power.

Anything less than 100% efficiency on the part of the spark plug means incomplete combustion. Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust; power, speed and acceleration are greatly impaired.

Champion Spark Plugs assure you of the 100% efficiency which gives Championship performance by virtue of exclusive and obvious superiorities.

Sillimanite Is Nature's Finest Insulator

Champion and only Champion has a Sillimanite insulator. Champion owns and controls the world source of supply of this the greatest of all insulating materials. Ceramic science, disinterested and seeking the finest, recognizes Champion Sillimanite as the best insulator—not only for spark plugs, but also for a variety of other commercial applications.

The advanced new Sillimanite glaze renders the insulator practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits. Molded solid copper gasket seals retain the manifold advantages of Champion's two-piece construction, and remain permanently gas tight against today's high compression. Special analysis electrodes resist pitting and burning to the utmost, and their positive parallel sparking surfaces insure a full capacity spark at all engine speeds, and under all operating conditions.

With these exclusive features, Champion Spark Plugs insure maximum power, speed and economy. Install a complete new set of Champions in your car, and learn the thrill of championship performance.

Prepare Your Car for Winter Driving

Cold weather requires that your car be in good condition to insure satisfactory service. Operating parts should be inspected and repairs made wherever necessary. Spark plugs should be removed, thoroughly cleaned and the gaps properly set. Discard plugs that have been in use for 10,000 miles, and install a complete new set of Champions. They actually pay their cost in oil and gasoline savings alone, insure easy starting in the coldest weather and improve performance. All motor car manufacturers recommend and millions of motorists have learned that maximum engine efficiency and economy are maintained by changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio Windsor, Ontario

There is a correctly designed Champion for every Engine. Buy by number.

Auburn	4	Nash Big and Special "6"	6
Hi Comp. Head	0 (formerly 21)	Light "6"	4
Buick (to '29)	6	Nash New Ser. 400 Sp. and Adv. "6"	15
Buick 1929	9	Standard "6"	8
Cadillac	2	Oakland (from '24)	3
Chandler (from '23)	3	Oldsmobile (to '27)	6
Chevrolet "6"	9	Oldsmobile (1927)	4
Chevrolet "4"	5	Oldsmobile "6" Model F	8
Chrysler	2	Packard (to '26)	2
Red Head	2 Sp.	Packard (from '26)	3
1930 Models	10	Paige	4
Cord	10	Peerless "81"	8
De Soto	10	Model 125	9
Diana	2	all others	4
Dodge "4"	3	Pierce-Arrow	4
Dodge "6"	4	Plymouth (to '29)	2
Dodge "B" (1930)	10	Plymouth 1929	10
Duesenberg (to '29)	9	Pontiac	3
Duesenberg 1929	10	Reo (to '27) 31 (formerly 7)	
Durant 55-60-65 and 65	4	Flying Cloud (to '28)	1
Model 75	8 sp. (formerly 14)	Flying Cloud from '28)	10
Elcar (from '28)	4	Wolverine (to '28)	1
Erskine (to '29)	3	Wolverine (from '28)	10
Erskine (1929)	4	Rolls-Royce	
Essex	9	Model 40-50	8
Ford, Model A	3X	Model 40-65	9
Model T	X Long	Roosevelt	4
Franklin to Ser. 12	6	Star "4"	3
Franklin Ser. 12-B	9	Star "6"	4
Gardner	4	Stearns-Knight	1
Graham-Paige, 835	8	Studebaker Dictator (to '29)	1
all others	1	1929	4
Hudson (from '21)	9	Commander (to '29)	3
Hupmobile "4"	2	Commander (1929)	2
"8" (to '28)	2	President	4
Hupmobile Century "8"	1	Big Six	3
Hupmobile "6"	3	Stutz and Blackhawk "6" and "8"	8
Hupmobile "6" Model S	10	Blackhawk Hi-Com. "8" .8 sp. (formerly 14)	
Jordan "8" Model JE	10	Velie "66"	6
all others	4	Velie "77" and "88"	1
Kissel	2 Spec.	Viking	10
La Salle	2	Whippet "6"	3
Lincoln (to '28)	4	Whippet "4"	4
Lincoln (from '28)	3	Willys-Knight "4"	4
Lincoln Turbo Hd	3	Great "6"	2
Locomobile (from '28)	8	Light "6"	1
Marmon, 75 and 68	4	Windsor White Primer	8
Marmon 78	1		
Marquette	10		
Moon 8-80	8		
all others	2		

Championship Sporting Events

Hear Champion Sparkers' new feature every Thursday night, 8:30 to 9:00 Eastern Standard Time, over Blue Network of N. B. C.

John A. Watkins *picks a pair*

#1908 *and* #1925

Nash pattern No. 1908 is a worsted herringbone—one of those rare fabrics that make up equally well in a suit or top-coat. Note the smart lines and perfect drape of the fabric when tailored, as shown in the photograph.

Brown is in extremely high favor this Fall, and Nash pattern No. 1925 is one of the most attractive shades. A sturdy herringbone, it wears as well as it looks.

AS President of John A. Watkins & Company, Realtors, and member of the St. Louis Real Estate Board, Mr. Watkins knows the value of appearance—both in real estate and the men who sell it.

So, when ordering his Fall top-coat, Mr. Watkins selected this distinguished grayish-black herringbone—Nash pattern No. 1908. Conservative, yet wonderfully smart, it makes up into a top-coat that may be correctly worn, in the daytime or evening, with any of the Nash suits in Mr. Watkins' extensive wardrobe.

Particularly does it look well with the suit which Mr. Watkins is wearing in this photograph. For pattern No. 1925 is a herringbone, too, and the brown shade gives a pleasing contrast.

This is only one of the many suit and top-coat combinations suggested by the 210 Nash patterns, now being displayed by more than 1800 Nash-trained resident representatives, everywhere.

Your local Nash man will gladly call on you, at any time that is convenient. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MR. JOHN A. WATKINS, *President of John A. Watkins & Company, Realtors, St. Louis, Mo., and a member of the St. Louis Real Estate Board, is typical of several hundred real estate men who may be distinguished by their well-dressed appearance, and who regularly wear Nash clothes.*

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

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(Continued from Page 108

of his own. He knew it then, for his father laid a hand gently on his shoulder.

"There," he said; "that is better."

He did not know why Daniel wept. He did not know, because the Swales were always blind, with a stubborn blindness of their own.

"That is better, Daniel," said Richard Swale. "Let me know when you come back."

As he turned and walked away Daniel watched his father's shadow on the grass. It was dark and very long, and ugly, like the shadow of a thought. He was turning from the dooryard when a strange thing happened, which he was never to forget.

"Daniel!" he heard someone calling. "Stop a moment, Daniel!"

It was his aunt who was calling. She was coming down the path, past a cluster of sumac bushes, tall and very pale.

"Daniel," she whispered, and pressed something in his hand. "Here's thy shilling, Daniel."

Then suddenly her voice broke, and he remembered that her voice was sweet like running water, and that her arms were about him and that she pressed him to her close; and then he found himself sobbing, his head buried in her gray silk dress.

"Poor Daniel," she was saying. "He's hard—cruel hard. Take thy shilling. We love bright things, you and I."

The George Inn stood on the main street then, some distance away from the shipping. It had the same simplicity of line as the older tavern by the water, but it was larger, with fine, paneled chambers and a high, carved doorway. Instead of one great room with a sanded floor, there was a ballroom, long and narrow, where a fiddler sometimes played, and a parlor, and a taproom which opened to the yard, where the Boston stage changed horses. On the street outside, Daniel was surprised to see so many people, most of them mechanics and sailor men in rough clothes, with tanned faces and with torn and calloused hands.

"Curse the customs," he heard someone saying. "Why don't they suck our blood and call it quits?"

"Aye," said a voice that Daniel knew, "speak up and stand for your rights. Now, there's the bully boys!"

It was Captain Marigold who was speaking. Captain Marigold was one of Mr. Whistle's masters then, a small broad man in canvas breeches, who, all the better townsmen knew, was steeped in sin. Captain Marigold's face was wrinkled and brown as walnut stain. His hair, already white, was done up in a clubbed eel skin, and the whiteness of his hair seemed to bring out all the little wrinkles that surrounded the captain's eyes and mouth.

"Ay," said Captain Marigold, "now there's the bully boys. There'll be rum enough tonight."

"Master," someone else was saying, "tell me this: How can we make rum without molasses, and how can we buy blacks without the rum?"

Their voices were low; they kept staring at the inn door as they spoke, but farther on, at the Anchor Tavern, Daniel could hear other voices that were louder.

"Curse the customs!" someone was shouting down the street. "Huzzah for free trade and rum!"

Captain Marigold looked very pleased. He cocked his head to one side, and the wrinkles deepened about the corners of his mouth.

"Look lively, boys!" he called. "Here comes Mr. Whistle! Huzzah for Mr. Whistle, and give him a helping hand!"

But Daniel Swale hardly heard them. Those voices were only the background of his thoughts, turbulent and stormy. He was on a greater errand, which put him far above them. The blow on his face that noon and his father's words and blows had set his mind on fire. Sure enough, Mr. Whistle was walking down the street, bland and smiling, with a gold-headed walking stick tucked under his right arm.

"Marigold," he said, "does everything go well?"

"Aye, sir," said Captain Marigold, "fine as silk. The boys are ready."

"Right," said Mr. Whistle. "Then you'd best be moving."

And Daniel knew as sure as he was standing by the inn that they would move Mr. Whistle's molasses from the warehouse as soon as it was dark, and he knew more, besides. He was sure, with some intuition of his own, that Mr. Whistle did not know that Mr. Dole had told. His heart was beating wildly as he walked through the tavern door and turned into the taproom. It seemed to Daniel that he had never been so small and weak, and a leaden weight was on his mind. Should he tell Mr. Whistle when his father had not told?

He always said that something was surging through his blood, that there was something contagious in the air. He did not know that it was old blood calling from a distant time. If he were only strong enough, he knew that he would tell.

The taproom was already lighted by candles on every table. Two boys in white aprons were carrying bowls and pewter cups to all the gentlemen. William Scarlet, the owner of the inn, was in his apron, too, standing by a trestle table where a dozen men were seated, smoking long, clay pipes, talking in low voices and staring across the room. Mr. Parlin was there, and one of the Levessers, and Mr. Busk, and Daniel knew the faces of the rest.

"Look you," said Mr. Parlin. "Here comes one of Swale's brats now."

"Ah," said Mr. Levesser, "here's a toast for you. Confusion to all telltales. Tar 'em and roll 'em in a feather bed!"

Goodman Scarlet cast a furtive glance across the room.

"I beg you be more easy," he said softly. "There's trouble here enough."

Daniel followed his glance across the room, and saw that he was looking at a gentleman seated all alone, who was drinking placidly at a glass of flip. It was Mr. Dickey, whom Daniel had seen in the square. Mr. Dickey was still in his riding cloak and boots, and something in his look made Daniel sure that Mr. Dickey had been told. Mr. Dickey was only waiting until his troopers came.

"How?" said Goodman Scarlet. "What want you, Daniel Swale?"

"If you please," said Daniel, "I've come to see the lion."

Goodman Scarlet took his shilling, balancing it on his broad red hand.

"Then get you out," said Goodman Scarlet. "It's small trade the lion has tonight, what with all this trouble."

Outside in the inn yard it was growing dusk, but four pine knots were lighted, so that anyone could see. In the flickering glow a knot of men stood about a great cage upon a heavy wain. The wheels of the wain were painted red and yellow, making it as resplendent as Pharaoh's golden chariot. There was a cage upon the wain, like the Sabbath breaker's cage upon the square, and in the cage Daniel saw what he had sought—a lion.

Now that he saw, he felt a disappointment, which was often to come upon him when he saw the other wonders of the earth. The beast did not seem large—nearer the size of a dog than a calf, he seemed—and his coat was mangy and ragged. He was pacing back and forth inside his cage, and staring out with dull, sleepy eyes.

"I warn you," his owner was saying, a man mangy-looking like the lion. "I warn you not to come too near the cage."

Then someone began to laugh, but Daniel hardly heard as he edged nearer. He knew that he must. All his life was in the balance. If he drew back he would not be strong.

For a moment he hesitated, close to the cage, where there was a sharp, unpleasant odor, like the smell of a thousand cats, and then he seemed to be as cold as ice. His eyes were on the beast's tail that was moving softly like a great rope cable frayed upon the end. He was as cold as death, but it seemed to him that something inside him made him move without his own volition, and he could never tell exactly what occurred.

"Hold!" he heard the keeper shout, and then he heard a snarl that was like a clap of thunder. He had snatched for the lion's tail between the bars, and next he was staggering backward. Someone had pulled him back.

There was a gash upon his arm. All at once his sleeve was red and moist, but he could see, even though his sight was dizzy, that in his hand he held a tuft of hair.

The next he knew he was in the taproom, where they must have carried him, seated on a bench, leaning against the wall. It was as if a curtain were drawn from before his eyes. A roar of voices was about him, first blurred, then clearer, and Mr. Whistle's face, and Goodman Scarlet's, and Mr. Levesser's, and Mr. Dickey's were all staring at him. Someone was binding a cloth about his arm, and the lion's owner was speaking.

"I tell you, sirs, it was no fault of mine," he was saying. "He stepped straight up and tweaked his tail."

"Aye," someone else was saying, "he stepped up as cold as ice and tweaked his tail."

"Lord!" said Goodman Scarlet. "It's always been the way. It's what I tell you, gentlemen—there's a devil in them Swales."

"Give him a dram!" said Mr. Dickey. "Now why the devil would he want to be pulling at a lion?"

"Ah, Mr. Dickey," Mr. Whistle said in that pleasant voice of his, "we breed a hard race here. Mark you! We may twist a greater lion's tail before we've done."

Mr. Dickey smiled like a man who could afford to smile.

"Some of your provincials are strong," he said, "and some are deuced weak. May I remind you, Mr. Whistle, my troopers should be here inside an hour?"

"We must be opportunists," Mr. Whistle answered. "Mr. Dickey, will you join me in a glass of wine?"

"Praise the Lord," said Goodman Scarlet. "It's naught but a scratch, which won't hurt the likes of him. It's what I tell you, gentlemen. There's a devil in them Swales."

"Here," said Mr. Dickey. "What's the noise out yonder? Do I hear a wagon rolling in the street?"

"Mr. Dickey," said Mr. Whistle, "I'd advise you not to look. The shutters are all drawn, and it's a hard walk to the door."

"Very well," said Mr. Dickey. "You've as good as told me I'm a prisoner in this room, but may I add my troopers will be coming?"

But Daniel Swale hardly listened. He was filled with a fierce happiness, such as he had never known. He was looking at his hand. It was still tight clenched, for all the blood upon it, and the lion's hairs were in it, dripping with the blood.

"Daniel," said Goodman Scarlet, for Mr. Scarlet was a kindly man, "are you feeling better now?"

"Yes, thank you." Daniel got to his feet. The floor seemed to move beneath him, but he kept his balance. The floor was like a swaying deck, and he seemed very light, as though a burden had been lifted from him—a burden and a curse—and he knew that the witch was right. The lion had made him strong.

He remembered that, not so long before, he had sailed a small boat to the river mouth. He remembered how still she had been, dull and loggish, tied against the wharf, but she had been like a living thing, once he had pushed her free, and it seemed to him in some vague way that he had the same freedom. The lion had made him strong. His arms were the same—thin and puny. His cheeks were pale and sunken, but he had dared; and all at once he knew that in the daring, rather than in the strength of arm, there lay the mystery that made men strong or weak.

"Mr. Whistle," he said, and his voice seemed different, "may I see you in the private room?"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

HERE'S HOW!
a single pressure .... and that's all!

Aha!
That's why they sell, sir!
No wheels to spin!
No tricks to learn!
No smudges to clean!
Just press,
And it's lit!
You can't ask more than that!

THE One-finger Ronson Automatic Movement is the secret. Mechanically perfect and perfectly mechanical—its action is always the same, always produces the same result.

A flip and it's lit—
Release and it's out.
Just as sure as shootin'!

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NEW 1930 MODELS
RONSON
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THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE

"Very good," said Mr. Whistle. His perceptions were very quick. "Scarlet, a candle, please."

Then they were alone in a small white-paneled room. There was a table in the center, Daniel remembered, covered with cards. Though cards were forbidden by the law, everyone knew that gentlemen played at them every night. It was all a part of the hypocrisy that hid beneath a cloak of righteousness.

"Well," said Mr. Whistle 'be quick. What is it, boy?"

Daniel drew a hard deep breath. His head was light, but his thoughts were very clear.

"Mr. Dole has told, sir," Daniel said. "They know you are moving the molasses from your warehouse to your barn. They'll seize it there tonight."

Mr. Whistle was looking at him, and as he looked, he reached to the table, took up a card and tore it sharp in two. Daniel Swale looked back at Mr. Whistle, and he was filled with an icy calm. He knew what he had done. In speaking, he had sailed away. He had taken the path of wrong and darkness. He could never return to his father's house, for his father was an upright man who obeyed the law.

"Many thanks," said Mr. Whistle. He did not seem surprised. "Many thanks. I should have known better than do business with a parson. I should have known he'd think of his cloth. Very well. I'll move the molasses on."

"They'll be watching, sir," said Daniel, "for any other wain upon the road tonight."

"The devil!" said Mr. Whistle. "Exactly! That is true."

"Please you, sir," said Daniel, "I've been thinking you might do this: You can take the lion's wain."

"How?" said Mr. Whistle. "The lion's wain?"

"It is in the yard here," said Daniel Swale. "It's painted red and white. Draw out the wain, sir, and the lion's cage. Leave the lion in your barn and put the hogsheads on. They'll think it is the lion, moving out of town."

Mr. Whistle was looking at him, but his look was different. It was the first time that Daniel had ever seen Mr. Whistle look surprised, and it was as though it was the first time that Mr. Whistle had really seen him.

"May I ask," said Mr. Whistle, "how you ever thought of that?"

"Please you, sir," said Daniel, "it came to me when I pulled the lion's tail."

"By Gad!" said Mr. Whistle. "It's what that old fool Scarlet said. There's a devil in the Swales."

For another moment he stood silent, staring hard at Daniel, and you could not tell what thoughts were moving behind the mask of Mr. Whistle's face, for he was too astute a man.

"Master Swale," said Mr. Whistle, and his voice was very grave, "the Swales have an old name here. Did you know that the first of the Swales was magistrate of the first plantation? There has never been a Swale who has not abided by the law. Why do you wish to break it, Daniel Swale?"

Now how could Daniel answer that, when the fierce urge in him was something he could not put in words? He could not know that there was a strain in all the Swales which was very much the same, whether it was light or dark. All at once he saw all things clearly, though no one had ever told him. The truth was written on Mr. Whistle, for all at once Daniel, in that miracle that was upon him, seemed to know men with an older intuition. He knew that Mr. Whistle was true to some light of his own. Somehow he knew, though no one had ever told him, that the very life of his town rested on the breaking of a law, that there could be no town without the wharves and shipping, and that Mr. Whistle was the man who made the shipping sail.

Mr. Whistle was watching him, and it seemed to Daniel Swale that Mr. Whistle was watching him as if he were a man.

"What are you thinking?" Mr. Whistle asked.

"Sir," said Daniel, "I was thinking what you said. The door was opened to the countingroom. You said the ships must sail."

There was no doubt that Mr. Whistle understood him, for he began to laugh.

"Aye," he said, "the ships must sail, and you'll be one who'll make 'em. Wait here. I must look sharp. Wait here till I come back."

It did not seem long to Daniel Swale, for he knew that he was waiting on the threshold of the unknown. When Mr. Whistle returned, Captain Marigold was with him, somewhat out of breath, his face twisted into wrinkles.

"Here he is," said Mr. Whistle. "It was his idea."

"Blast me," said Captain Marigold, "but he'll make a pretty trader afore I'm done with him. And he looks like an angel, don't he? Blast me! So he thought of it when he pulled the lion's tail!"

"Master Swale," said Mr. Whistle, "will you ship with Captain Marigold? He leaves tomorrow on the tide for Africa with a hold of rum. He's slender, Marigold, but, believe me, he'll be a great man before he's done. It will be my pleasure, Master Swale, if you still wish to go to sea."

Daniel nodded, because he was too close to his destiny for speech, and because another vision was before him—the vision of his life in loneliness and violence and storm. Yet, in his heart there was exultation. There was one thing that he knew. They had not said it, but they knew that he was strong.

By the Piers, Gloucester, Massachusetts

DANGER AHEAD . . . WINTER . . .

Protect yourself against COLDS *and* SORE THROAT

EVERY year thousands die as a result of neglected colds and sore throat. Thousands more suffer from these complaints needlessly. Many cases might have been averted by proper preventive measures.

Colds, sore throat, influenza and more serious diseases usually develop in the mouth. They are caused by germs which breed there by the millions. When body resistance is lowered by wet feet, sudden changes of temperature and fatigue, these germs get the upper hand. Disease follows.

It must be apparent to you, as it is to physicians, that the more you can do to combat germ growth in the mouth, the greater your chance of health.

Therefore, as an aid in preventing sore throat and colds, gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, twice a day at least. And should colds or sore throat get a start, repeat the gargle as often as convenient. The reason for this is obvious.

Full strength Listerine, though safe and healing in action, kills germs. The deadly Bacillus typhosus (typhoid) yields to it in twelve seconds. The dread Pneumococcus (pneumonia) and the equally dangerous Streptococcus succumb in fifteen seconds. Even Staphylococcus aureus (pus), the most difficult non-sporing germ organism to kill, yields to it.

This has been incontrovertibly established by bacteriological laboratories of national repute, using methods recognized as standard by the U. S. Government.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and, at the first symptom of trouble, use it until your physician comes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

(Continued from Page 11)

It was shortly after this that we went back to Oxford and the lodgings in the Haymarket there. I say we went back, although this second visit was the first to impress itself upon my memory. And of that very little remains except the personality of Jenkins. It was Jenkins' house that we lodged in, and he was a very important man; one could tell it from his manner. Besides, he had once been butler to a marquis, which gave him a great deal in common with Nursie Schofield, and together they seemed to look down as from a great height upon the poor ignorant Americans intrusted to their care, and I often overheard "hobjections" which they had to our ways. For mother, however, they seemed to have a modicum of respect, having in some way discovered that her father bore the title of count—perhaps from seeing the little coronet on the back of Grandpa Sanchez' letters to his daughter. Of course it was only a Spanish title, but then, wasn't the Queen of Spain English?

Jenkins could do one thing really well, and so he did it constantly. He made splendid gooseberry tart. We had it for luncheon every day, until my mother could not bear the sight of it.

"Jenkins!" she finally implored him. "No more gooseberry tarts, please! Let us have a different dessert tomorrow."

The next noon gooseberry tarts appeared again, this time of diminutive size.

"But I told you I didn't want gooseberry tarts!" my mother protested indignantly.

"Ah, these are not tarts!" explained Jenkins in his superior manner. "These are tartlets!"

But there is a fate which sooner or later overtakes all proud persons, and this even Jenkins could not escape. Despite the fact that the marquis never ate them, mamma insisted upon ordering cold lobsters for luncheon. She even offered to show Jenkins how to prepare them—an offer of assistance which he refused with an air of gently restoring her to her proper place. But Jenkins' pride was the cause of his fall. He didn't know which was the bad part of the lobster, knew so little, indeed, of the inner workings of that questionable beast that he ate the discard and was taken violently ill. In fact he blamed my mother for the whole affair. If she had followed the impeccable footsteps of the marquis who, presumably since Dick Whittington's day, had been doing exactly the right thing, and avoided lobster and other odd and vulgar American culinary vagaries, the present predicament could have easily been avoided. Jenkins was so pointed in his remarks that we left the shelter of his hospitality and took a little house on the river, where a splendid view was to be had, the following spring, of the scull crews in training.

My father had entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the English university and took the keenest interest in their sports. He had rowed at Yale, and the rowing naturally attracted him tremendously.

We went to the Eton-Harrow race, and I remember his rich barytone voice ringing out with the others in the Eton boating song:

"Others may take our places,
Dressed in the old light blue,
But we'll be there at the races
And to our flag prove true,
And youth shall shine in our faces
As we cheer for our Eton crew!"

It brought a pleasantly painful lump into my throat to hear them. There was something so sad about youth coming through the old faces, like a light flickering up in the nursery grate at night as the fire was dying down to dust and ashes.

The music was wonderful at Oxford, too, when the solemn dons gave a concert and sat in a great semicircle in black gowns and funny little hats and sang harmonies about "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!"

A Round, it was called, and I thought it very undignified and silly of them to use such childish words to such lovely music.

Father was always in white flannels with a gay Neapolitan sash tied about his waist to keep them up. All the men dressed that way on the river, on the cricket field and on the tennis courts, where daddy held his own against the best of them. He was extraordinarily handsome, his coal black hair already white over the temples even at twenty-five years of age, and to me he moved as a sun god, supremely perfect in all things. His singing voice was beautiful but untrained, and my mother had a rich contralto which blended with it delightfully. They would often sing "parts" as we called it, and the first thing I remember being taught, was to stand in a far corner of the room, my fingers in my ears, singing the aria while my parents sang alto and tenor to the tune. At first it was almost impossible not to falter in my part and slide off into one of theirs. But gradually I could stand nearer and nearer, and by the time I was five I could carry the tune faithfully without my ears stopped.

We all had the rather unusual gift of absolute pitch, and singing was meat and drink to us. Yet the only lullabies I know of as having been sung to me were those I overheard after I had been put to bed. Almost invariably mamma would go to the piano directly after dinner, when she and daddy would sing duets for an hour—the most divine music imaginable, it seemed to me—and I would fall asleep to the sweet agony of their harmonies. Often we all sang together, drifting about in our punt, and mamma tinkled out little tunes on her mandolin. Those days seemed all sunshine and the nights all stars. But I do remember one heavy yellow fog in London, when the thick murky stuff puffed into our sitting room. I thought that the whole of outdoors was burning up, and that the devil, whom Nursie Schofield had by then introduced into my field of general information, had come out of his pit in the center of the earth. I was terribly worried until my parents got home safely, having, fortunately, escaped him.

Perhaps it was the devil who hurried us out of England. I cannot be sure, for after the fog followed one of those blanks with which the sequences of childish experience are separated. But somehow, mysteriously, we were in Spain, where mamma was excited and at home, and talked very fast in a language which I could not at first understand. The great yellow pile of a building toward which Nursie Schofield and I trudged homeward through the dusty sunshine was the palace of Uncle Señor Don Alfredo. Inside it was cool and dark and large, with very little furniture, there being a tiny wash-hand outfit of silver set on a vast dressing table of faded pink damask in the alcove where Nursie washed me with many a grumble about the 'eathen ways of foreign devils. On the bedroom wall hung a huge mirror with a broken frame of gold-plaster lacework. I could see myself in it only by standing on tiptoe and peering between the worn black patches with which the mirror part was besprinkled. The floor was bare. All the floors were bare, and made a lovely noise when the little black-eyed cousins ran shouting across them with me. And the rooms were so vast and so numerous as to be rather terrifying. But in the patio an old Moorish fountain splashed pleasantly down on a few lazy golden carp, who actually came to be fed when called.

Though the vast house, with its severe-eyed portraits, its scanty, stiff furniture, and its formal meals, was poverty-stricken, it was important, and everyone who came paid Uncle Señor Don Alfredo and his lean wife the greatest respect. Many years later the stiff green drawing-room suite and one of the terrifying portraits passed through my mother's New York drawing-room; the one on its way to the Pittsburgh palace of a famous American collector, and the other, I believe, to an art museum. And for this reason my proud Valencian cousins, who are still living, shall remain in the haughty incognito which they possessed to my child's mind on the occasion of this first visit.

The city of Seville was a nice place too. It had a cow in the shadowy corner of a great cathedral where daddy and I went to look at the rose windows. When we issued from the dimness of the interior I was supposed to be thirsty, and the cow was tapped for two cups of milk. The milk was warm, and I didn't really want it, but the cow watched me with her great reproachful eyes, so I drank mine to the last drop in order not to hurt her feelings.

My father took me everywhere. All through the long picture galleries and the ancient, ornate churches. He explained things so carefully that it was a joy to listen. And objects of beauty became important, vividly living things to me, because he made them so. Indeed, to my father I owe one inestimable debt. He made a knowledge of painting, architecture, poetry, and music a natural delight, when so often and so easily, knowledge of this kind is made so tiresome that the child forms an understandable prejudice against the lot. They were the chief delights of my father's life, and he shared them with me as soon as I could talk.

On one very hot afternoon mamma lay on the sofa in her boudoir and played her mandolin while Teresita danced. Teresita was mamma's maid, and mamma wanted to dance, but the day was too warm, so she made Teresita do it for her. It was nice to see the girl swinging about to the tune of the *seguidilla*, her arms moving slowly, her feet moving twice as fast, swishing the full black petticoats about her white cotton ankles, while the mandolin tinkled and the castanets clicked and clicked until I fell asleep in the drowsy air. Then aeons later I was waked up in order to drink the afternoon chocolate, so thick the spoon would stand up in it, and of which Nursie Schofield did not in the least approve as a substitute for tea.

Then, close upon the experience of Spain, came Italy. Daddy moved us there when I was about six years old, and the change was made at the instigation of a certain Mr. X. This gentleman, a rich and distinguished fellow countryman of my father's, was in difficulties with his son, Rollo, and wished daddy to take the boy under his care. This suggestion must have come as a welcome one to my parents, for it was at about this time that Grandpa Wilcox found himself in financial difficulties and was obliged to cut down my father's allowance.

Mr. X. was willing to give my father a liberal salary in return for keeping an eye on his boy, and, whatever the exact arrangement, I am certain it was a welcome one, for it enabled my family to remain in Europe. Rollo, the handsome giant of eighteen, was wild, so they said, but he never bit, scratched or whooped, as I had supposed wild men did; although for the first few days after he joined us I watched him carefully for symptoms. Then we arrived at the charming little Villa Bordeaux in San Remo, and Rollo's possibilities as a medium of excitement melted away in the greater interest of exploring new surroundings; within, of course, the limits set by the vigilance of Nursie Schofield, who still accompanied us, despite the fact that little Lady Gladys had never been required to traipse around with her parents.

Behind the showy pretentiousness of the Villa Bordeaux, with its marble stairways, red velvet hangings, and gilt furniture, was a gray olive grove, crookedly climbing the dusty, rocky hillside. And in this grove, during her leisure hours, could be found fat Tomasina, the cook, occupied fascinatingly, if repellently, in eating snails right off the trees. She caught them when they were not looking, snatched them from their shells with a clever twist, and devoured them with only the rind of an equally raw and knobby lemon for flavoring.

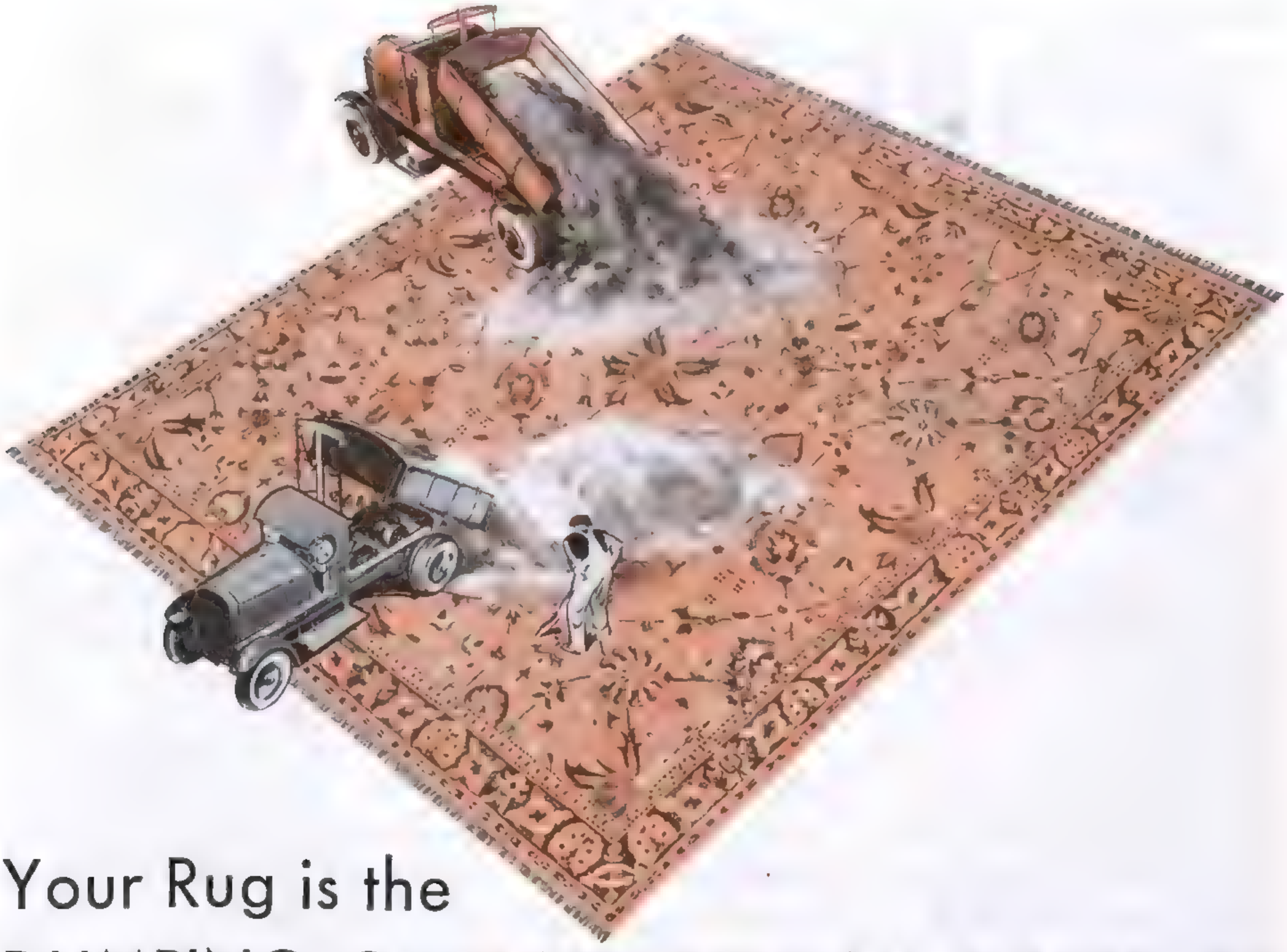
Then Marianna, the housemaid, obligingly threw herself into the well one afternoon because her sweetheart had left her. It seemed a poor sort of reason, but furnished a tremendous diversion when they came to pull her out, quite unharmed. The only noticeable result, once the excitement had quieted down, was that mamma insisted upon my having red wine mixed with my drinking water to disinfect it.

The cook's baby was permanently done up in a dirty bundle, and I decided that rosebushes had nothing whatsoever to do with its origin. It had undoubtedly been dug up out of the onion patch. But the most thrilling thing in all Italy was the queen's bodyguard, the *Bersaglieri*.

Whenever I heard them coming I had to run and see. My fat legs in their olive-green cloth leggings would automatically start twinkling in the direction of the bugle call which marked their tempo, my wide felt hat, held on by rosetted ear muffs for the warmth of the Riviera winter was as fictitious then as now would bounce upon my smooth brown head as I flew for a glimpse of my idols, Nursie Schofield panting after me indignantly. Then the regiment would swing into view, their red-lined cloaks floating, the gleaming cocks' plumes on their wide hats fluttering in the breeze, their polished high boots flashing, the regimental lines regular despite the slow lope with which they moved, for this regiment never walked; they ran. Every man jack of them, I was told, had a title, a valet of his own, and received a penny a day salary from the Italian Government. No wonder they were a princely lot, too proud to travel at the pace of ordinary mortals, but like the gods, went charging through space, sweeping all before them. The queen's very own! And well might she be proud of them.

Besides Rollo, we had two new additions to the household, now. Tosti, the famous composer of Good-Bye to Summer, and a nasty little white fluffy dog named Chichi which he brought as a gift to my mother. Tosti wrote his Venetian Song and the Barcarolle on the grand piano in our ornate little drawing-room, and mamma composed a high second part to the refrain of the Venetian Song. She sang it with the Italian quite too delightfully, standing at the back of the piano, her crisp bustle of snowy Swiss muslin, her long ruffled train, and her perky bows of blue ribbon giving her a curious likeness to the white peacock which disputed the proprietorship of the garden with the detestable toy dog, of which I was insanely jealous. When the little Italian played for mamma to sing, I almost forgave him for having introduced my woolly four-legged rival into the household. But when Tosti took one end and my young mother took the other of the bright red seesaw in the garden and went flying up and down with shrieks of youthful laughter, a black hatred possessed my heart. For although the seesaw had been placed there ostensibly for my benefit it was more often the little white dog which mamma held in her arms as she flew skyward on the shining toy. For two cents I could have murdered all three and smashed the seesaw to bits. Instead, however, I retired to the rear of the house near the kitchen door where I constructed a parody of the scene with my dolls, utilizing Coco, my little clown, for Signor Tosti, and my best, bespangled *bambina* for mamma, and ending the performance by flicking Tosti-Coco into the well—from which, unlike Marianna, it may be added, he was not rescued; a fact which filled me with unholy satisfaction.

(Continued on Page 121)



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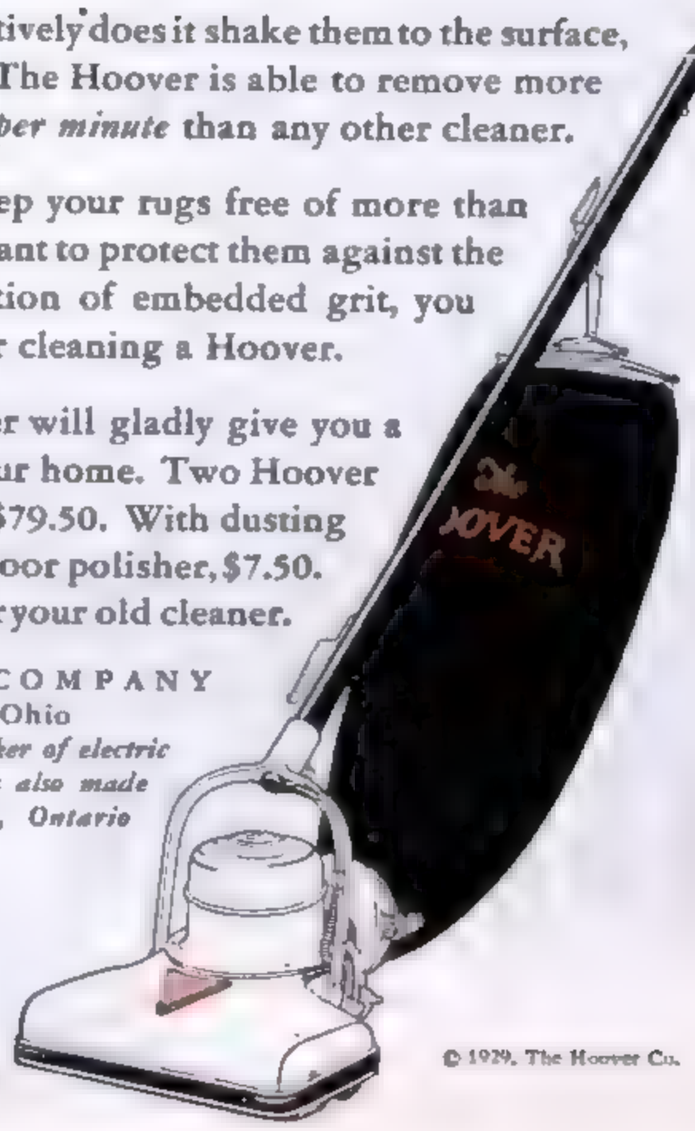

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KFVS Cape Girardeau—Hirsch Bat. & Radio Co.
WCBU Charleston—Ba Broad Co.
WAOD Chattanooga—Radio Co.
KFUM Colo. Springs—Curley Mt. Highway
KFRU Columbia—Stephens College
WAIU Columbus—American Insurance Union.
WJBL Decatur—Sprs. Donaldson
KOA Denver—General Elec Co.
WEBC Duluth—Head of Lakes Broad Co.
WTAQ Eau Claire—Gillette Rubber Co.
CJCA Edmonton—Journal
KTSM El Paso—Tri-State Music Co.
WFDH Erie—Disp.-Herald Co.
WGBF Evansville—Evans. on Air
KFBL Everett—Leese Bros
WDAY Fargo—WDAY Inc
KFXY Flagstaff—M. M. Costigan
CJRW Fleming—Richardson & Sons
WOWO Fort Wayne—Main Auto Supply Co.
WKBS Gwesburg—P. N. Nelson
WJKS Gary—T. J. Johnson
KFJM Grand Forks—Implement Dlrs. Fire Ins. Co.
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WRBQ Greenville—J. Pat Scully
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WFBM Indianapolis—Indianapolis P. & L. Co.
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WMBL Lakeland—Lum & Moore
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WEJC Lancaster—Kirk Johnson
CJGC London—Free Press
KFWB Los Angeles—Warner Bros.
WKBZ Ludington—Ashbacker & Sons
WMAZ Macon—Junior C. of C.
WIBA Madison—Cap. Times Co.
WJW Mansfield—Broad. Assn.
KFJB Marshalltown—Marshall Elec. Co.
3DB Melbourne—Herald
WCOC Meridian—Miss. Broad. Co.
WQAM Miami—Miami Broad. Co.
WISN Milwaukee—Wis. News
WCCO Minn.-St. Paul—Washburn Crosby
CJRM Moose Jaw—Richardson & Sons
WMMN Morgantown—Holt-Rowe Novelty Co.
WLBC Muncie—D. A. Burton
WNBH New Bedford—New Bedford Hotel
WJBO New Orleans—V. Jensen
WGH Newport News—Va. Broad. Co.
WJAG Norfolk—Daily News
KUO Ogden—Perry Pkg. Co.
WLBW Oil City—Radio Wire Pro. Corp.
WDBO Orlando—C. C. Johnson
CKCO Ottawa—Radio Assn.
W[illegible]A Pensacola—[illegible] Station
WMBD Peoria—Charles Adams
KFAD Phoenix—Ariz. Equip. Co.
KGEI Pocatello—Broad. Assn.
WBBZ Ponca City—Carroll Serv.
KGW Portland—Oregonian
KPJM Prescott—Miller & Klahn
CFLC Prescott—Radio Assn
KGHF Pueblo—Ritchie & Finch
CJRC Quebec—Quebec Broad. Co.
WTAD Quincy—Illinois Stock Med. Broad. Co.
WPTF Raleigh—Durham Ins. Co.
WRAW Reading—Ave. Radio & Elec. Shop.
KICK Red Oak—R. W. Anderson
WIBU Roanoke—Richardson-Wayland Elec. Corp.
WHEC Rochester—Eastman Kodak Co.
WAOM Royal Oak—Royal Oak Broad. Co.
CFBO St. John—C. R. Munro
KGBX St. Joseph—Joseph Hall Tire Co.
WSUN St. Petersburg—C. of C.
KSL Salt Lake City—Radio Service Corp.
KGKL San Angelo—Standard-Times
KGKX Sandpoint—C. F. Twiss
KPO San Francisco—Hale Bros. & Chronicle
CFQC Saskatoon—Elec. Shop
WGBI Scranton—Broadcasters
KOL Seattle—Seattle Broad. Co.
WSBT South Bend—Tribune
KHQ Spokane—Louis Wasmer
WMBS Springfield—C. H. Messter
KGB State College—N. M. Col. Agr. & Mech. Arts
KWG Stockton—Portable Wireless Tel. Co.
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KUAR Tucson—Motor Serv. Co.
CKCD Vancouver—Province
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KGCR Watertown—Cadwell Radio Broad. Serv.
WWVA Wheeling—W. Va. Broad. Co.
KGKO Wichita Falls—Wich. Falls Broad. Co.
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CJRX Winnipeg—Richardson & Sons
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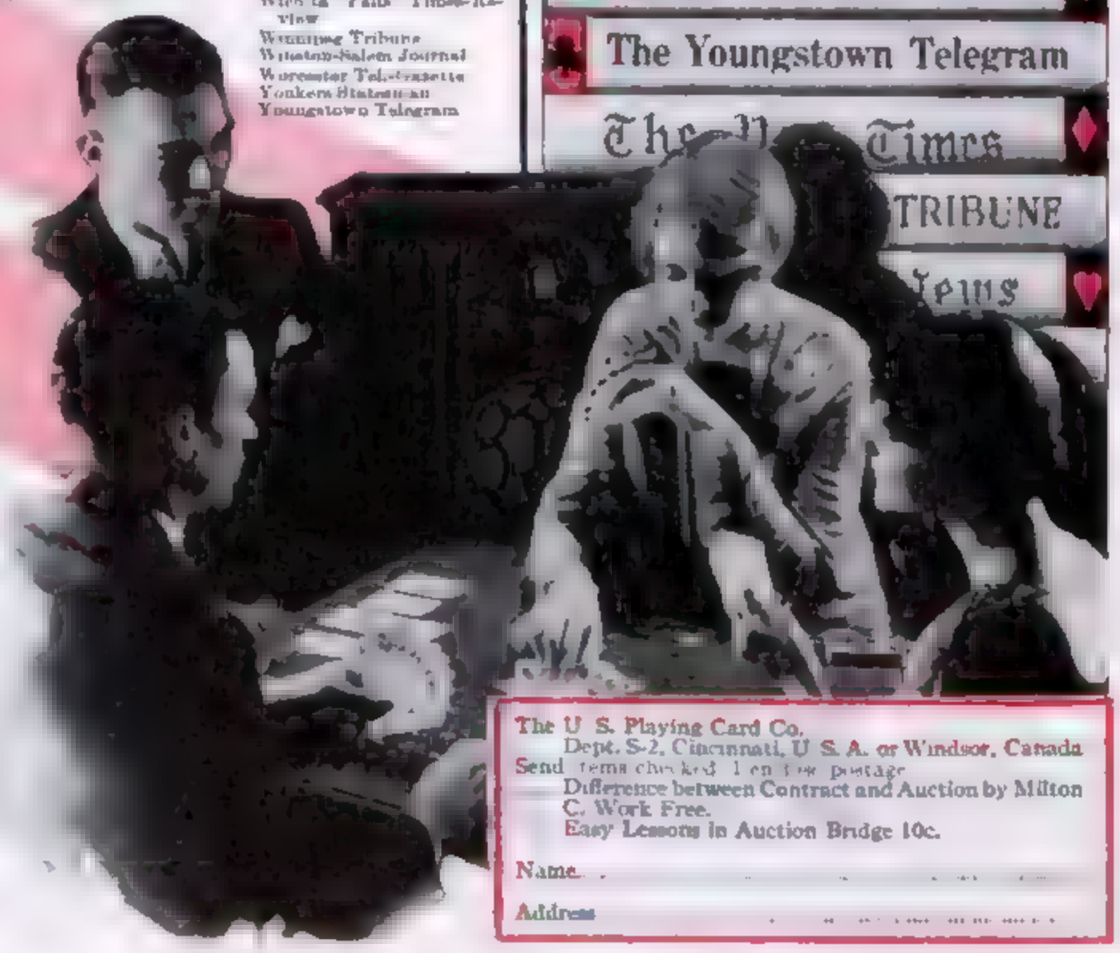

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The comparison table at right gives it to you. It is an important document. It shows you how the best standard priced tires of 13 well-known makers compared with the Miller Geared-to-the-Road Balloon in the most unusual tire test, we believe, that has ever been conducted.

We made this test—to find out *who* builds the best standard price tire. We found out in the most exacting road test in all our experience.

An amazing result

In every case, the new Geared-to-the-Road Balloon outlasted and outwore the competitive tire. At the end of the entire test, not one Miller tire had failed.

That is the *proof.* There is just one reason why this unsurpassable guarantee can be made. It is offered with an *unsurpassed* tire. See it now at your Miller dealer's, let him give you all of this unusual story.

The new Miller Geared-to-the-Road Balloon is available now in all popular sizes, at Miller dealers. Standard 4-ply, for ordinary service conditions; Special 6-ply, heavy construction, for use where overloads must be carried and service is severe.

How the New Geared-to-the-Road compared with the Biggest-Selling Tires in America

If you have believed that all tires are alike—note the difference proven by this chart.

Taking mileage of New Miller as 100%

Tire No. 1 ran 93.9%	Tire No. 7 ran 51.4%
Tire No. 2 ran 85.7%	Tire No. 8 ran 45.8%
Tire No. 3 ran 68.0%	Tire No. 9 ran 40.3%
Tire No. 4 ran 67.0%	Tire No. 10 ran 38.5%
Tire No. 5 ran 61.5%	Tire No. 11 ran 36.6%
Tire No. 6 ran 58.7%	Tire No. 12 ran 33.9%

Tire No. 13 ran 25.4%

NOTE: Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N Y
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

MILLER

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOV FOOTWEAR · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 116)

Then, abruptly, disasters began to pile upon us. It all seemed to start with the advent of a traveling circus which came to San Remo and set up its dusty canvas in the public square. I thought it was a lovely circus, having never seen one before, and the lady who wore the short white skirt and rode the dappled gray horse appeared to me as perfection itself. Of all the performers she held me most enthralled, and my surprise and delight may be imagined when, a day or two after my visit to the circus, I came across this lady in the bathtub at our villa.

It was quite by accident, too, that I made this startling discovery. I had been for the whole day confined to the top floor of the house by Nursie Schofield, because mamma was busy below. Mamma was crying—I knew that—and I wanted to go and comfort her, but nursie wouldn't let me. However, when nursie went downstairs late in the afternoon in search of the tea tray, I managed to slip out of the day nursery and look for my mother. I looked in all the bedrooms in vain. Then the bathroom door attracted me; I pushed it open, and there, staring at me over the rim of the old-fashioned tin tub, was the pretty bareback rider of the circus. I looked about for the spangled skirt, rose-colored bodice, and dainty white-leather whip, but they were nowhere to be seen.

"Heavens," said the lady in the tub, "how did you get in here? Please go right out."

It wasn't exactly a cordial greeting, but I was too paralyzed with astonishment to move. Then suddenly I was seized from behind and violently withdrawn into the corridor.

"Nina!" exclaimed mamma, shaking me thoroughly as she set me down. "Don't you know any better than to go into the bath without knocking?"

"The lovely lady!" I gasped. "Who is she, mamma?"

"That's Mrs. Rollo," said mamma grimly, "I deeply regret to say!"

"But where is her horse?" I wanted to know. "Did she leave it at the circus?"

"Yes, yes!" my mother replied impatiently. "And I wish to heaven she had left herself there too!"

Mamma seemed terribly angry and upset, but not with me, and she had told me the truth. For Rollo, the young man intrusted to my father's care, had slipped such vigilance as was put upon him and had actually run off and married the circus rider.

Personally, I thought this was very nice indeed, and that Rollo had shown great taste and discrimination. But it was quite evident that my parents were of another opinion. I soon gathered that her having married Rollo would in some way affect daddy's income. Indeed, the money Rollo's father had been sending was promptly cut off, and on top of that came word from America that Grandpa Wilcox wouldn't last much longer. I heard this much at breakfast on the flowery terrace overlooking the sea.

And so, suddenly our little world broke up in confusion. We were going home to America. Trunks were hauled about noisily. Tosti's reams of manuscript music disappeared from the rosewood piano and he slipped away. Whole battalions of *Bersaglieri* came to say good-by, their swords clanking, their feathered hats sweeping off in formal farewells. What became of Rollo and his wife? I have never known, except that they drove away in a closed carriage in the rain, with the red wheels spinning through the mud and the little bell on the horses' harness tinkling dolefully, down the hill. But last summer, almost forty years later, I received a post card from Rollo, congratulating me on a story I had written. It was the first and only word I ever had of him again. He wrote:

You won't remember me, but I was an old friend of your father's. And I often wonder why you always live in America, when the beautiful Riviera could offer so much material for your facile pen, and add so much charm and happiness to your personal life.

Remember him! I'll never forget him. But he put no address on the card, and all I can surmise is that there were none of the usual regrets following his hasty choice.

We were to lose another member of our family group through this disruption of our plans, for Nursie Schofield simply would not go with us to the United States.

"No, moddom!" she reiterated firmly. "I'm too old to cross all that water honly to end in being scalped by savages!"

"But the Indians are all far away!" mamma assured her despairingly. "I don't know what I shall do without you, and really, nurse, there isn't the slightest danger!"

"Indians are Indians!" replied Nursie Schofield stubbornly. "And a body can't be sure. No, moddom, I prefer to die in my bed."

It was Jenkins and the gooseberry tarts all over again, and nothing could change her. Her fears communicated themselves to me, and I began to look forward with terror to my native land, upon discovering with dismay that it was full of howling, painted savages, and that nobody had afternoon tea. I wept over this at intervals, but I managed to keep my fears secret. Mamma was already sufficiently disturbed about going home, and far be it from me to add to her troubles. But once, on the S. S. Anchoria, as she plunged through the wintry seas, mamma did catch me weeping bitterly. None of the present surroundings were half as nice as they had always been before. To begin with, the ship wouldn't keep still. The lamps above the long dining tables swung horridly, and the food slid about. Then there were stewards who took away my appetite just to look at them, and a terrifying stewardess who undressed me at night. Altogether I felt that life was too complicated to bear. But when mamma questioned me tenderly about the cause of my sorrow, I could not explain. Especially about the Indians who were waiting on the dock ahead of the churning waters, their tomahawks ready sharpened. Instead, I divulged what was really the least of my troubles, although it was a real enough one, at that.

"Oh, mamma!" I cried in English, flinging my arms around her neck. "We're going home and I can't speak one word of American!"

II

IT IS curious that any native daughter, now so intensely American in thought and feeling as myself, should at the age of six not realize English was the language of her home and land. But my distress about not talking American was soon forgotten when we landed at New York. After a long cold wait on the docks, we made directly for Fleischmann's restaurant on Lower Broadway, where my fears were vanquished by the sight of two people eating corn on the cob, a spectacle which convulsed me with mirth, and which has since afforded equal diversion to many another stranger on our shores. The sight also caused me to forget to look for Indians, and soon I had accepted my native land in the casual fashion with which children adapt themselves to new environments the world over.

We went straight from New York to Philadelphia, where my father was to edit the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia Press and mamma to settle a small, dark house in Little DeLancey Place. How my father managed to step at once into such a responsible position is still something of a mystery to me. Certainly the two delightful but rather amateurish books he had published while abroad and his handful of erudite verses scattered through sundry staid magazines were not sufficient to warrant the offer. In all practical matters, such as an editorship calls for, my father must have then been, and indeed always remained, helpless as a child. And I believe it was Henry Martyn Hoyt, afterward an assistant attorney general under several Presidents, who was responsible for daddy's good luck. Mr. Hoyt, who was the father of Elinor Hoyt Wylie, the authoress, and her equally successful sister Nancy, had married the daughter of Morton McMichael, an important man in Philadelphia at that time, and undoubtedly this influence helped my father into the editorial chair.

But seven years of easy living on Grandpa Wilcox's generous allowance and the desultory writings of a leisured amateur were poor training for a young man suddenly forced to the necessity of earning a living for an extravagant wife and a child. Grandpa Wilcox died shortly after our return home, and then it was discovered that the large fortune made in groceries during the Civil War had gradually melted with the resumption of normal business conditions, so that eventually there was barely enough money left to support my grandmother in the old white house on York Square. The war which freed the slaves of the Southern States had also cost my maternal Grandfather Sanches his fortune, for Spain gave liberty to her colored men during the same period, and the old tobacco planter, unable to hire his erstwhile slaves, had been forced to abandon his plantations and now wore his title like a shabby halo, in a small New York apartment. He, it appears, was forced to ask rather than offer financial aid. So my father's salary as editor of the Press came as a godsend in more ways than one. And while the job lasted we lived charmingly, if far more simply than before.

I remember that my clothes now changed in character. My bare legs—for I had always worn socks in the European manner—were finally covered. The sight of my chubby pink knees was an offense to our neighbors and friends, and eventually, out of deference to public opinion, mamma was forced to put stockings on me. I wore worsted dresses with crisp muslin pinafores over them for play, and a dark blue velveteen with a point-lace collar for dancing school, to which I went with the little Merrills. These were the children of William Bradford Merrill, late editor-in-chief of the Hearst newspapers, and their impeccable behavior constantly reminded me of little Lady Gladys. But they, together with the three Hoyts—Elinor, Nancy and Henry—were the only playmates I was allowed. I infinitely preferred the company of a little girl who lived in our alley. I made her my companion whenever I could escape the slack watchfulness of a half-grown colored nurse who attended me. This child, Rosie, had lovely curls and always played exactly as I dictated. But she had something alive in her head besides her brains, and when this was discovered, a quick end was put to our acquaintance, much to my grief and distress over losing the first friend of my own choice.

Poor daddy did not keep his high-sounding position for very long. It was considerably beyond his executive powers, and he was shortly succeeded by Bradford Merrill. And simultaneously with the loss of his position my sister was born; a squally little red mite, done up in a bundle, who took all the attention of the household quite unjustifiably and actually forced Chelsi, the woolly white dog, and myself upon each other for comfort and companionship. The advent of my little sister made me suddenly hate Philadelphia. I felt that if we had not come there, this horrid intrusion would never have occurred. The child was christened Eleanor Gertrude, after my mother, at an elaborate ceremony where I was found drinking the dregs out of the punch glasses and summarily put to bed for my sins, hating the baby worse than ever and blaming it for all my troubles. After that we left town, and I was not to see its quaint whitestepped houses, its towering patron saint, William Penn, on his high pedestal above the city, and the air of transient, ordered industry with which it goes about its business, until many years later, when I came down to see an editor and talk over work.

From Philadelphia, about 1893, we went to New Haven, back to the house where the famous rosebush grew—the one under which I had been found. Grandmamma was at the door waiting for us, and she was clad in one of the gray printed cotton gowns whose style she had not changed since the Civil War.

Her hoop skirt spread all across the door of the pillared porch, and her pretty pink face, wrinkled as an old rose leaf, smiled a doubtful, timid welcome to the poverty-stricken little family which had run to such shelter as she could ill afford to give. Her heavy hair was snow white and her eyes as blue as May cornflowers, though her voice was a soft Southern drawl, for grandma had been born in Georgia.

"Well, son," she said with a gentle sigh, "you-all are welcome! You'd better take your old room. Everything in it is just the same. But I reckon you'll find a lot of other things changed."

Perhaps the place had indeed slipped from the eminence of its former glory, but to me the house and its gardens were an unending source of pleasure. Everything seemed on a huge scale after our narrow box of a home in DeLancey Place. The great folding doors between the lower rooms were of polished mahogany with solid silver knobs. The furniture was early Victorian and, though shabby, still presented a certain appearance of stolid magnificence. On the drawing-room mantelpiece the candelabras' dripped cut crystal, and the roses of the carpet were as big as cabbages. And if lack of proper servants had forced a change in the household habits, the bulky table silver still shone gloriously and the napery was heavy with embroidery. Two pretty and unmarried aunts, Cassie, whom I adored, and Mabel, the beauty of the family, helped in keeping up appearances, doing their share of the housework with surreptitious gentility in the intervals of going out; for they were very popular.

On the whole, the house seemed full of people, gay with continuous activity, and the tangled garden with its neglected box hedges, its decaying greenhouse, and the stableful of vehicles for which there were no longer any horses, promised me a fertile ground for exploration and imaginative games. As a beginning I threw both my arms around the neck of a cast-iron figure—that of a little negro boy in a painted turban—which stood eternally by the entrance gate, waiting for horses to be hitched to his outstretched hand, and I talked to him as if he were alive. In time I entered into many lengthy conversations with this extraordinary Ethiopian, who was my original yes man, and never, even many years later when I held an important position in Hollywood, did I find one dumber or with a more satisfactorily solid head. Personally, I hoped we had come to grandma's to stay.

But we were not completely welcome in that spacious abode of genteel poverty, although, heaven knows, there was room enough to house half a dozen families our size. The Spanish members of my family—those gaunt Valenciennes—had been far poorer than the Wilcoxes, but their welcome had been warmer—to my mother, at least.

Poor mamma, what a trial she must have been to her New England in laws! For despite Grandma Wilcox's Southern birth, years of living in the North with grandpa had made her as Puritan in her viewpoint as the rest of them. And mamma's offenses were many. To begin with, she was as young as the unmarried aunts and terribly pretty.

Poverty failed to destroy her chic, and she persisted in looking more like a visiting countess than a dependent poor relation, a circumstance which must have been subtly annoying in itself.

But more serious offenses lay in her European habits. Mamma smoked cigarettes! In Europe respectable women did smoke, even in those days, but the sensation she caused by this habit in the New Haven of the 90's may well be imagined. Moreover, she also drank light wines with her meals, although she soon found it

(Continued on Page 124)

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"SIMBA!" shout the natives, as they spot the king of beasts. Martin Johnson sets his motion picture camera into action. His wife stands guard with a high powered rifle. Defiance and cunning are written on the fierce beast's face, as he gazes straight at the camera. Suddenly he charges! Mrs. Johnson fires. The lion crashes to earth only a short distance from the camera.

But once she missed . . . It was while photographing lions in the Tanganyika. Coming unexpectedly upon a magnificently maned lion, they decided to secure it for the museum. Mrs. Johnson sprang from the car, rifle in hand. The lion slyly retreated—it seemed as though the cunning beast were trying to lure her away. Mrs. Johnson followed, running to shorten the distance. Her husband, sensing the danger, called, but she kept on. Alarmed, he seized his rifle and followed. Suddenly the lion wheeled and charged. Mrs. Johnson fired . . . missed! The next instant her husband fired, dropping the lion almost at his wife's feet.

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(Continued from Page 121)

expedient to get Doctor Dagget to prescribe this as a tonic, after which grandma not only condoned the habit but experimented with the tonic herself, and, I believe, found it beneficial. But the smoking was relegated to the privacy of mamma's chamber, much to mamma's amusement; for she never could see any wrong in it, and later, when, at the age of eleven, I emulated her example, I was neither reproved nor restrained. It was taken for granted that if I wished to smoke I should do so. I was never once sick from it, and this was perhaps due to my portion of Spanish blood or, possibly, to some strain inherited from a pipe-smoking New England ancestress. I was also given wine and black coffee as early as I can remember.

Mother wore dainty flowered tea gowns about the house, and little satin mules without heels. The young aunts whispered about it in my presence. But their criticisms of my adored mamma were not the only unpleasant things I overheard. They felt, legitimately enough, that my father should earn his own living. He had been thoroughly spoiled for doing this, but the fact apparently never occurred to them. There came a time when I felt that every spoonful of food I carried to my mouth was being counted, and, overhearing as much as I did of what was said behind my parents' backs, I suffered keenly for them. Lying with my head half buried in the pillows of the trundle-bed on which I slept at my parents' feet, I heard them discussing the situation in the night.

"Malango, *mio*," said mamma. "Don't mind leaving me here alone with them. They can't hurt me, really. And it's far better for you to go. There is no longer any chance of work for you here." She meant at Yale. There had been a Wilcox ancestor in the first class held by the university after its separation from Harvard, and unquestionably daddy had vaguely thought that the unbroken line of Wilcoxes which had been attendant ever since constituted a sort of personal claim upon the faculty in his quest for reëmployment by them. But this illusion was now dispelled.

"All right, mousey," replied my father. "I don't know what to do, but I'll go off and try."

Shortly afterward he left for New York, and mamma, without consulting any of the relatives, went out and got a position teaching French and Spanish in a fashionable girls' school. Contrary to all preconceived notions, this act seemed to enhance her social standing, and led to Hillhouse Avenue acquaintances with whom the aunts had no connection.

Meanwhile, life was very full for me. I had a friend who embodied all the beauty and virtue of little Lady Gladys, without any of that paragon's stuffiness. Her name was Edie Easterbrook, and she lived only two doors away on York Square. We walked fences together or sat in her cherry tree and dared each other to swallow cherry pits. We picked white violets in the garden of Madame Urtle, a mysterious Russian singer who lived in the shuttered house across the way. Together Edie and I explored the near-by graveyard on Ashman Street, clambering over the old tombstones in terrified delight.

Upon one occasion Edie and I found a quarter of a dollar embedded in the soft tar sidewalk of York Street and shared this enormous, unexpected wealth, purchasing an assortment of penny candy which included marshmallow bananas, chocolate cigarettes, licorice whips, all-day suckers, jelly beans, and little tin dishes of some poisonously pink paste. Sometimes the baker gave us each a sugar bun from the depths of his warm, sweet-smelling wagon. And these we carried off under the Tales From Shakspere to devour in a leisure which was drawn out to the last possible sugary moment. Edie always ate her frosting first because, as she explained, "I mightn't live to eat it, otherwise!" Poor child; as a matter of fact, she actually died at the age of eleven. I, on the contrary, preserved the vanilla frosting for dessert and tortured myself with anticipation.

I had also an imaginary companion who, for no particular reason except that it had a warm, comforting sound, was called Furrie. Edie, too, had an invisible friend named Stark, and the four of us played elaborate games in which our shadowy companions took sides each with her owner, for both were girls, and these ghostly companions were in many ways more satisfactory than any I was to meet in later life. Sometimes I am inclined to wonder if perhaps they were not, indeed, realities; possibly, the spirits of lonely, unborn children who sought us out in their need for life. I am no spiritualist, but it does seem to me that the innocent eyes of childhood perceive many spiritual influences to which, later, their adult senses become impervious. At any rate I have no recollection of deliberately inventing Furrie, and it was many years before she left me, as abruptly and mysteriously as she had come.

Edie had a doll's house, and it was in connection with it that I made my first venture into the financial world. In the window of the little shop on Broadway, New Haven, where we bought our penny candy, there stood a most delectable doll's laundry set of wood. The tiny washtub was bound with copper, the little scrubbing board and wringer were in perfect proportion, and there was even a miniature iron and ironing board included in the fairly reasonable price of twenty-five cents. Edie tried to get her family to finance its purchase, but in vain. Then I canvassed mamma, the aunts, and even grandma, without satisfactory results. Somehow, a means of earning it must be contrived, and at last I hit upon an idea.

There had often been read aloud to me a story called The Little Match Seller, a tale concerning a little girl who froze to death in the snow. There was an illustration which showed this unfortunate child sitting on a doorstep, a shawl pinned over her head, the matches which nobody wanted falling pathetically from her unconscious hand, the snowflakes all about her. In my case there was no snow available, but somehow I realized that pathos was the basis of this child's appeal, and since matches were such an obviously unwanted commodity I decided to base operations principally on the pathetic appeal of the shawl. In our garden a few early sweet peas were in bloom, and I knew they were a rarity because Aunt Mabel had said something about wearing them to the impending church social. I managed to pick five small bunches, and at five cents a bunch, the desired sum of a quarter began to quiver on my horizon. I then secretly possessed myself of a shabby little plaid shawl which the laundress wore to work, and pinning it over my head in the fashion of the frozen match seller, kicked off my shoes and stockings and went to work.

I walked up and down Broadway for an hour, looking as pathetic as I could and telling passers-by that my mother was starving. They smiled, but the scheme was a success, and before my last bouquet of stolen sweet peas was hopelessly wilted I had amassed enough to purchase the coveted toy. With a whoop of joy I threw away the shawl and bounded for the shop. Then with my treasure under my arm I headed homeward, there to encounter two jet-bonneted maiden ladies, neighbors of ours, who were in the midst of a horrified recital to my grandmother concerning what I had been up to. With a chill of foreboding I realized that I had unwittingly offered my wares to these very ladies, and it was easy to realize that trouble lay ahead. And it did. The lovely laundry set never reached its haven in Edie's doll's house. According to grandma's interpretation, the sweet peas were stolen goods, and therefore the money they had brought was not mine. I was forced to return the toy and get the money refunded. The agony of mortification which the debacle of my initial business enterprise caused me is the first distinct blot on the bright memories of my childhood.

When at length papa came home from New York he had made a valuable connection which was destined to last many years. He had been engaged as literary adviser and editorial writer by the house of Harper Brothers, and so at last had the means of removing mamma, the baby Eleanor and myself from under his mother's roof. He had a fearful row with mamma when he found out that she had been working at the school.

"It's a reflection on me, mousey!" said he sternly. "I won't have you doing such a thing while I am well and strong!" But mamma only laughed.

"Keep your claws in, Malango, *mio*!" she said, smiling. "I've had a lot of fun at it, but now I am tired of those silly girls. I'll promise never to work again while you make it charming at home."

Then she ran off to pack up her things, including the mandolin, which had been silent now for many months. And we removed to New Rochelle—all but the white dog, Chichi, which was no more, having been run over by the first automobile which ever traversed York Square. A distinguished death, even for an Italian dog of his degree.

I visited York Square many times after that, and, once the burden of our financial obligation was removed, the old white pillared house held nothing but beautiful impressions for me.

It was on one such visit that I discovered a picture in the drawing-room from which my first conscious realizations of romantic beauty were drawn. A young girl stood in a daisy field, surrounded by sweetly modest companions, and the tender wistfulness of her pictured face held me dreaming by the hour. Grandma noticed my absorption in this tableau and promised me that when she died I should own it. She kept her word, and when, a few years ago, it came into my possession I had occasion to remove it from its frame for repairs and found the signature of Benjamin West, one of the most important of our early native American painters. It belonged to his later period, and had been bought in an auctioneer's lot when my grocer grandpa contracted with a dealer to cover his walls with pictures at so much a square foot.

And again I came back to find that Edie was dead. Her weeping mother let me see the doll's house, now dusty and somehow uncanny and undesirable. I was told to choose something out of it for a souvenir, and I grabbed a little chair and promptly ran, eager to get away from the play room I had once loved so well.

But soon a gorgeously handsome young Uncle Urquhart, grandma's youngest son, fresh home from art school, pervaded the old house, bringing laughter and new life to it with the strumming of a guitar and the wheezing, gay voice of a phonograph whose cylinder announced: "Dolly Grey, as sung by Cyril Scott," and then made good in a nasal rasping fashion which was perfectly fascinating. And when Uncle Urquhart condescended to draw Gibson girls for me, my sorrow over Edie Easterbrook was soon forgotten.

Many attempts were made, in mamma's absence, to counteract the influence of the religious upbringing she provided. With conscientious regularity grandma took me to the Congregational service at Center Church, on the New Haven Green, under which a remotely connected ancester, John Davenport, lay buried. I was constantly instructed about my father's Puritan stock, about the Revolutionary Wilcoxes, the signer of the Hartford Charter, John Wilcox, and of the faith and ideals for which these antecedents had fought and died.

Of her Southern family my grandmother said nothing, all her allegiance being to her husband's tradition, and she took every opportunity of seeping me in the creed which he had professed, for which instruction I am eternally grateful. The Roman saints of my mother's faith became gradually melded with the Puritan progenitors on my father's side, so that my saints became Puritans; an excellent combination though, doubtless, the result was something

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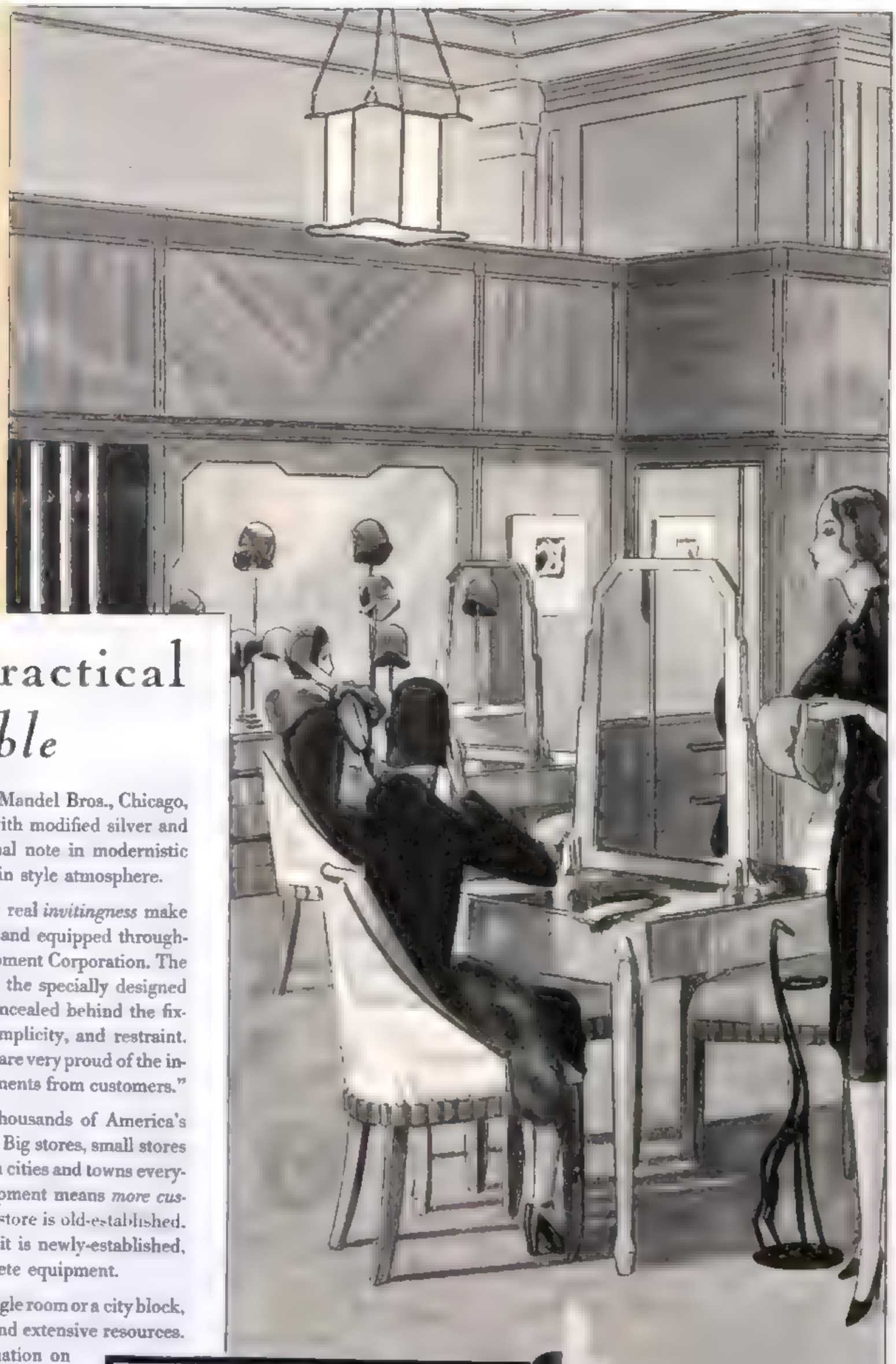

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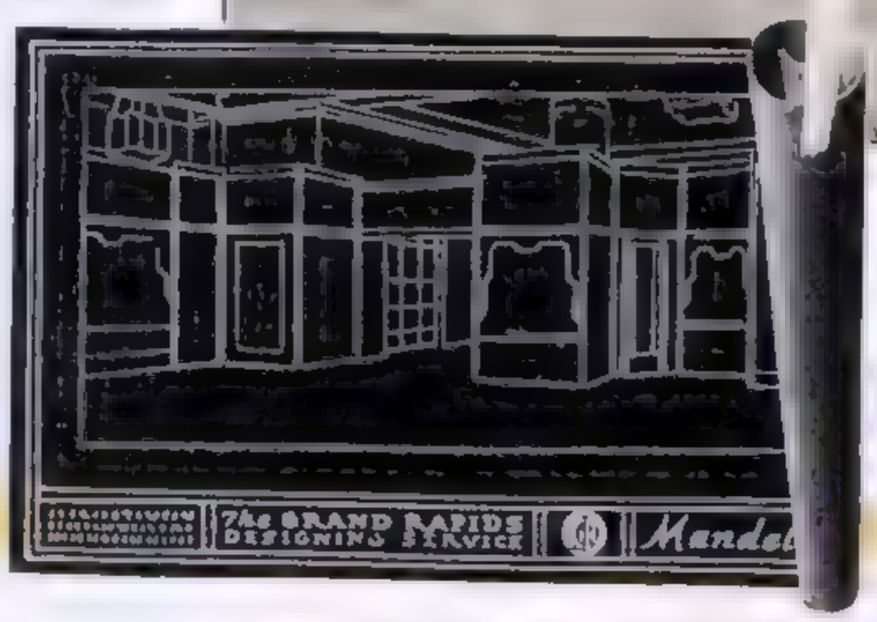

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(Continued from Page 124)

very different from what the dear old lady meant to offer me.

At night grandma would sit at my bedside and read a chapter from the Bible to me before I went to sleep. The often exceedingly plain terms of the Old Testament came calmly from her pure lips, but sometimes upset me terribly. However, to her I owe my real love for this great Book, and an uncommon familiarity with its contents.

Sometimes she varied her reading with Pilgrim's Progress, but the trials and tribulations of poor Christian were more than I could bear, and I would cry out in protest, so that she would have to stop and comfort me, holding me in her soft arms and crooning an old, half-forgotten cradle song such as the negroes had sung to her long before the Civil War, and which she had sung in turn to all her ten children and to most of her nineteen grandchildren. Then I would fall asleep, consoled for all the pain of the world, of which I was beginning inescapably to become aware.

These visits were the more memorable because they were made alone. At home, back in New Rochelle, there was always the baby, Eleanor, to come first in my parents' affections. At grandma's I was a free individual and respected as such. And to these vacations I owe an early developed sense of personal responsibility. Also, from my grandmother I learned to cook, an accomplishment of which I am inordinately proud.

Indeed, all the gentler arts were at my grandmother's finger tips, but, unfortunately, not at mine. I could not emulate the fine seams she set me to sew, and the colored silks of the pansy-bordered centerpiece I was supposed to make as a Christmas present for mamma tangled hopelessly. Everyone in grandmamma's house made Christmas gifts, and as early as September aunts and visiting cousins were busy with fancywork which would be hastily covered with a towel at the approach of a footstep, or displayed secretly under strict promise not to tell. But while all that sort of thing thrilled me properly, I had no talent for the minute detail necessary for it.

But I learned many other things in that house. I learned the beauty of a quiet domestic life, a life without social strivings, without the greed for money or the discontents of ambition. And to this day, when I am in need of peace and refreshment for my soul, I take a big bowl of warm soapsuds into the drawing-room of my New England cottage and put in an hour washing the crystals of the candelabra, dipping each dangler separately, wiping it with a soft cloth and polishing it with a flannel, as my grandmother taught me to. As there are sixty-eight crystals in all, the sedative has plenty of time to work

This occupation is one which unfailingly restores to me the essence of that peace which reigned supreme in the old York Square house; a home where the Victorian ideal held one of its last strongholds. And nothing since has been able to destroy for me my early impression gained within its walls—that good exists principally in very simple things.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Putnam. The second will appear next week

Mountain Hemlocks on a Slope of the Washington Cascades

Capo Ferro's Cloak gave an Extra Service!

Capo Ferro was a Florentine gentleman—a gentleman of the sword. His sword was at once the fear and the admiration of all Italy. His sword—and *his cloak! For Capo Ferro, ever alert to improve his dueling prowess, used his cloak for more than protection against the chill of Italian nights. He found that, folded over his free hand, it could be thrust at his opponent with great success—to entangle the rapier and confuse the vision. Capo Ferro obtained from his cloak an* Extra Service!

• • •

... an *extra* service!

Look for it in the things you buy... find it in the things you use!

When you need motor oil, for example, get the *Extra Service* that Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil gives your engine.

Here is the motor oil that gives more than thorough protection for your engine. Here is the motor oil that also gives *Piston Seal*—prevents power from blowing by—improves the performance *of your engine!*

Perhaps you do not realize it—but motor oil's biggest job is to go into the space between the pistons and the cylinder walls of your engine to provide *piston seal*—no matter how *little* or how *much* that space is worn—up to the time when your pistons must be refitted or new rings installed.

Opaline comes in several grades, sold on the basis of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication.* A new car with snug fitting pistons needs a lighter oil to seal the space between piston and cylinder wall. At 2,000 miles, a car needs heavier oil. At 12,000 miles, and over, still heavier grades!

The mileage on your speedometer, indicating the degree of wear in your engine, determines which grade of Opaline you need in your engine for piston seal!

Having the right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the right *quality*. It is the responsibility of your Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get *both.*

Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will give you the grade of Opaline that will render you the *Extra* service of *Piston Seal* to prevent power from blowing by.

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk.

• • • •

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power!*

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Meets every demand of present-day engines and seals power at every degree of wear.

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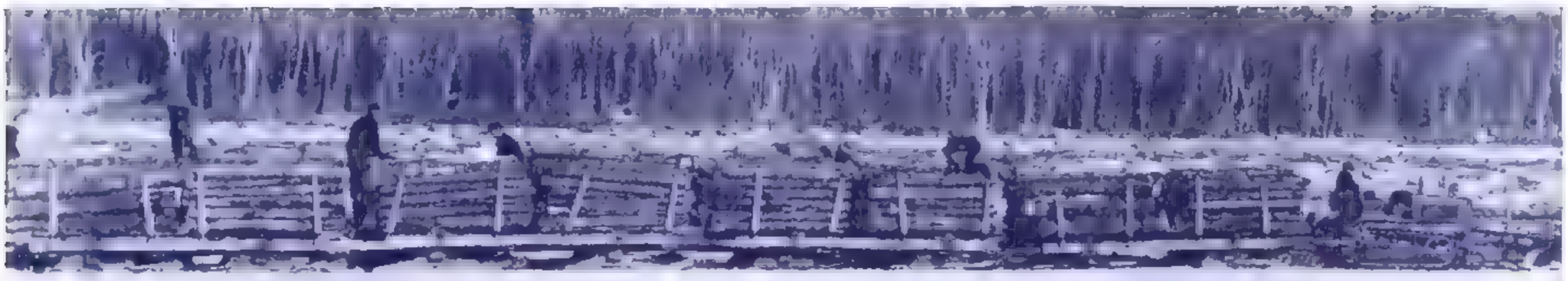

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THREE "Caterpillar" Tractors seed 1200 acres a day—work is done at just the right time, costs cut, acreage increased.

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PEORIA, ILL. *and* SAN LEANDRO, CAL., U.S.A.
Track-type Tractors · Combines · Road Machinery
(There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

CATERPILLAR
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TRACTOR

MILE upon mile of smooth road unrolls behind the "Caterpillar". These modern track-type Tractors save men, money and minutes by doing the world's hard work on a *wholesale scale.*

THE SHYSTER

(Continued from Page 51)

"That's seven dollars more than I expected. If you get jam up against it I'll lend you a little—that is, if you're real. I don't more than half believe in you right now. I think somebody sent you here to have fun with me. You wouldn't surprise me much if you piped up and said you never took a drink and don't smoke cigarettes and wouldn't mind coming down to the office on a Sunday."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Yes, sir, what?" he barked, fixing me with a hostile glare.

"Yes, sir, I don't drink and I don't smoke cigarettes," I explained, "and I would be pleased to come here any Sunday or any other time you need me."

"Oh, Blake!" he yelled, loud enough to be heard in the next block. "Come here! Bring Smith and Rutherford! See if my boy has come back and bring him too!"

"What's up?" Blake yelled. His voice was unsteady. Not receiving an immediate answer, he called again: "What is it?" And I could hear him running toward us. As he appeared in the doorway Brinstead said: "Hanged if I know what it is, Blake." And he pointed at me.

"See that?" he asked. Blake batted his eyes, and took another look at me. "That says," Brinstead informed him, "that he wants to work here and will appreciate the opportunity to use our library and ask us questions because he is studying law. He will sweep the floor or look up citations on demand, including Sundays, and wouldn't demand pay. What do you think it is? It looks like flesh and blood, but I'm hanged if I know. It may be a joke and then again it may be a liar." Blake stared first at Judge Brinstead and then at me.

"Young man," Brinstead said, solemnly, "we don't really need a clerk or a janitor or a junior partner or anything else around here, but while I'm in my right mind I wouldn't let you get away from me. If for no other reason, I'd like to have you around as an example to my son. We'll find a way to use you. I don't know what we'll pay you. For a while I'm not going to pay you anything. I want to see, first, whether this is all on the level. But the library is at your service and I'm at your service and we'll all take pleasure in directing your reading. Now go on out there and have a look at the book shelves. You'll find a real library there."

While I was collecting my hat and bundle a little, dark, dried-up, bent man who looked like a wasp came in unannounced and whispered: "It's Mrs. Brice. She wants a hundred dollars."

"How much has she had?" Judge Brinstead asked.

"Five hundred." The whisper could be heard clearly.

"Well, you tell her," Judge Brinstead said, "that she better go slow. The doctor reports that that case isn't anything but a broken leg. Six hundred is a pretty good-sized advance on a broken leg. She better be careful or the Brices'll go broke before they get their verdict, much less their money."

"Do you want to give her the hundred?"

"Sure, give her the hundred, but tell the good woman to look out."

"All right, sir." And the whispering wasp tip-toed silently out.

Standing near the door with my hat in one hand and my bundle in the other, I said: "Judge, a friend of yours gave me a letter of introduction to you and I forgot to present it. Would you mind looking at it now?"

"Certainly not, young man," he drawled. I gave him the penciled note. He read it and smiled. "That's Billy," he remarked. "Billy's a good Indian. He does some scouting for me. I don't mind your knowing about Billy, but make no public announcements. Billy sits in a very strategic position to hear about accidents, and being a kindly soul he tells me about them before the traction company's claim agents get in their work. Billy is a useful citizen. You'll like Billy. Get better acquainted with him. For that matter, get acquainted with everybody. You're going to have a great opportunity in that street-car job to meet people that will be useful to you later, so use it. Getting acquainted is three-fourths of the law business, son. No acquaintance, no business, see?"

As I departed the whispering wasp returned to make another report; doubtless someone else wanted an advance on his injuries.

I spent half an hour examining the library, which was not only the best I had ever seen but far more extensive than I had ever imagined a law firm might have use for. Then I sallied forth to find the home of Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, hoping, I may as well admit, that they would have no room for me. Then I would be free to go my own way.

Much to my relief, the Snodgrass home proved to be a neat five-room frame cottage surrounded by a well-kept lawn. Mrs. Snodgrass, wearing a kitchen apron, opened the door, read my note, welcomed me into the living room, and called to her husband, who was sitting in a rocking-chair on the back porch, reading a newspaper. When he rose and turned toward us I observed that his face had been badly cut and bruised recently; it was now healing. We introduced ourselves and then adjourned to the back porch, while Mrs. Snodgrass returned to the kitchen, where she was preparing supper.

"I was in an accident," Snodgrass informed me. "My car hit an ice wagon. The brakes slipped. I dern near went through the window. It's a wonder I didn't get my throat cut."

"What kind of a car?" I asked.

"Street car. I was a motorman."

"Why don't you sue the company?" I asked, thinking what a marvelous stroke of good fortune it would be if I should find a client on the very day of my meeting with Judge Brinstead.

"I did," he answered, shattering my day dream.

"How much did you get?" I inquired, unable to drop the thrilling subject. But he was not in favor of the question-and-answer form of narrative. He wanted to tell his story in a more leisurely fashion.

"They took me to the hospital," he began, "and, do you know, the claim agent was waiting for me when they wheeled me out of the operating room? But there was an orderly in the hospital—that's a man nurse—and he told me a few things while he was wheeling me back to my room. He was pretty slick, that fellow. 'Look here, friend,' he said, 'whenever anyone gets hurt around the head like you are, if there's a chance for a damage suit, the claim agents generally try to settle just as quick as they can. That's because you can't always tell what's going to come of that kind of an injury. I don't think you're hurt much, but don't you settle till you've talked to your lawyer.' I told him I didn't have any lawyer. What would I be doing with a lawyer? And he said he'd get me one if I wanted him to, so I told him to go ahead. Then he said he couldn't exactly do that—he was slick—but for me to send for Judge Brinstead; and I got the head man of the hospital to come up and he sent for him. The judge came and we talked it over. I told him they'd offered me five hundred dollars.

"'Well,' he said, 'that's not a bad settlement, unless something shows up later. Let's not be in too big a hurry. Even if nothing bad shows up I think I can get you a thousand dollars if you don't mind the trouble of trying the case. You've got a pretty badly bunged up face for a jury to look at.'

"Well, that sounded pretty good to me, because it would pay off all I owe on the home here and leave a little change to work on while I look for a job, so I decided to turn down the five hundred. Judge Brinstead brought suit and we thought we were going to trial last month, but the judge of the court got sick and all the cases had to be postponed. Now, it'll be another month, he says, before we can get to trial. By that time my face will be just about healed up and it looks like the scars aren't going to amount to anything. You wouldn't believe it—even with the cuts still showing as much as they do today—if I was to tell you how I looked at first. But glass makes clean cuts and the company doctors did some neat work. It's hard to say how much the jury'll give me now. The claim agent was around again about two weeks ago, but he thinks three hundred is enough now. Of course, I can't take three hundred because I owe nearly that much to Judge Brinstead right now. He's been mighty good to us. I'd like to go back to work. I feel all right, but the judge says it'd be better not to until after the trial. I can see what he means. Naturally, it would make a difference to the jury whether a man was still laid up or had a job. The judge is probably right. I get kind of nervous, though, doing nothing but sitting around home, living on borrowed money, with everything going out and nothing coming in. It's a kind of a tough proposition to decide."

The overshadowing effect of this "tough proposition" was painfully apparent at the supper table and throughout the evening. Even the two small children seemed subdued and vaguely worried. All of them had lived with the problem too long. I felt very sorry for them, but there was nothing I could do except pay for my board and room. We agreed on a very moderate rate.

Next morning I went to the car sheds and gave Gus my address. Then I went to the law office and read all day, sitting at a little table between two of the eight long racks of books that reached up higher than my head. Late in the afternoon Judge Brinstead strolled into the library and said: "Hello, cowboy, how'd you get on with my Snodgrass friends?"

"Fine," I answered. "They're good folks."

"Did he tell you about his case?"

"Yes, sir. . . . Judge, he talks a little too much, don't you think?"

"No-o-o," he drawled. "He's all right. He's an honest fellow and anything he says about the case will be the truth."

"Yes," I agreed, "I believe that; but he told me all about the hospital orderly. He ought not to do that; he might get that fellow fired."

Judge Brinstead smiled.

"That's right; that's right," he agreed; "but it doesn't make any difference now. The damage is done already so far as that orderly is concerned. He lost his job long ago. But I've got two other people there to look after my interests. I ought to have warned Snodgrass about that matter, but sometimes you take a simple-minded, honest, country fellow like Snodgrass and it might not set well with him to know that I paid that orderly ten dollars for the case. And, yet, why not? It's a service to all concerned. Suppose nobody ever put in a word of advice at such a time. Wouldn't that leave matters kind of lopsided in favor of the other side? Fellows like Snodgrass are entitled to legal advice just as much as anybody else. But how are they going to get it if all the lawyers hide out and call it being ethical?" I nodded agreement. "That's a question," he continued, "that never bothered me much, Boyd. I go after the business. When I get it I give my clients the best I've got in the shop, but I never could see any good reason for hiding from them. What do you think?" he asked. I agreed with him heartily and said so. He listened with pleasure and then remarked: "I'm going to make a lawyer out of you. I like the cut of your jaw."

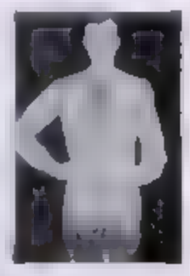
(Continued on Page 132)

"Here's to Your Good Health!"

An old toast expressed in a new way! For a Puritan V Kote will keep you as warm as toast—and guard your health against all the whims of the weather! Have a Puritan V Kote handy on these changeable autumn days—outdoors and indoors, there'll be many an hour when its warmth without weight will be welcome.

Made of 100% Virgin Wool in 12 smart colors—guaranteed never to fade. Reinforced at all vital points, and provided with two roomy pockets. The handiest, most useful garment you ever owned—smart, sturdy, comfortable—"the coat of a hundred uses".

If you prefer the Pull-over style—see the "Standish"—tailored by Puritan—with all the good qualities of the V Kote. At good stores everywhere—write for name of nearest one.



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Science now way of caring

This wonderful polish, in either paste or liquid form, is the same Johnson's Wax which has protected beautiful floors from generations of tramping feet. It will protect your furniture, too, from scars and scratches, besides keeping dust away.

Johnson's
FOR FLOORS

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points out an easier, better for floors and furniture..

GOODBYE! goodbye! to hours of drudgery. Half your dusting now can be banished. And your floors can have new beauty...and keep it...with almost no effort on your part. Yes, actually.

These two welcome ways to dispel housework have been discovered in one source —Johnson's Wax Polish.

Dust cannot cling to furniture polished with wax. Chemist Henry W. Banks, III, has definitely proved it, with countless laboratory tests like those shown at the right. In fact, he has demonstrated that less than half the dust caught by the oily film of ordinary furniture polishes remains on Johnson's Wax. What little lingers is easily whisked from its hard and dry smoothness.

Equally desirable as a floor polish, wax is now the easiest of all finishes to have, with the almost magical aid of the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. This amazing invention works while you admire, skimming along by itself, without any pushing or bearing down. At a snap of its switch, it swiftly burnishes all your floors (linoleum also) to glorious radiance.

You can rent this Polisher for a whole day for only $2. Or you can buy one, complete with ¼ gallon of wax and applying mop, for the astonishing price of $29.50. We shall gladly send you the name of a nearby dealer who carries it, a 25c can of Johnson's Wax to try on your furniture, and a FREE booklet on its many uses—all for our bare mailing cost, 10c. Mail the coupon now.

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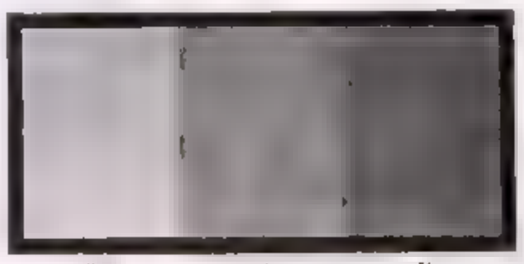
RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)
Waxes, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes
Fillers, Wood Finishes

What the microscope revealed

Notice how dust sinks into oily polishes; how it is caught and held.

Little dust lingers on dry wax polish; and it is easily whisked away.



A fan blew dust towards three panels. A and B, polished with ordinary furniture polishes, soon became filthy. The wax-polished panel remains clean.

The dust cloth at the left was used on a wax-polished table. The one at the right was used on a table polished with oily polish. Both tables were exposed equally to dust, but note the striking difference!

Send coupon for 25c can of wax and free booklet

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Send me a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ Send me the name of nearby dealer who rents Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers.
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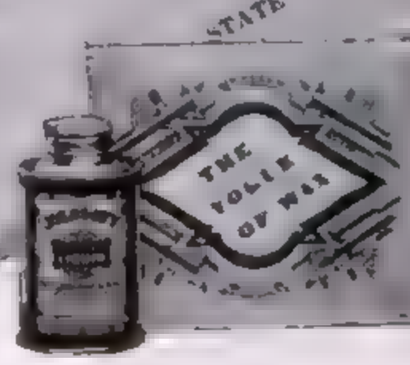

Wax *Polish*
AND FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 129)

It did not occur to me that he had sent me to the Snodgrass home in order to find out what I would think of the unfortunate situation there. Not until years later did I learn that this was the most important point in his investigation of me. Youngsters of my age who would have viewed that problem so entirely from the position of the lawyer in the case were rare. What would become of Snodgrass didn't trouble me for a moment, and I must have disclosed the fact with entire clarity.

Judge Brinstead leaned over my shoulder to look at the book I had been reading, then asked casually: "Is Snodgrass thinking of looking for a job?"

"He's undecided," I answered.

"Hum-m-m. Well, he better get a job, I think. Encourage him a little along that line. His is going to be a hard case to handle. You see, the brakes on his car really were defective, so the company fired the employe who was responsible. I've kept track of that fellow right along so as to use him on the stand but now he tells me he's got an offer of a job in Missouri. If he goes there he'll be out of our jurisdiction, and I can't afford to make it worth his while to stay here for a case no worse than this one. That means I've got to prove the company's negligence with Snodgrass' unsupported testimony. Of course, I can get a verdict; the company has admitted he's entitled to something. The question is how much. His face looks better every day. I think he might as well look for a job. It's tough luck but you can't ever tell how these things will work out, so you've got to wade in and take a chance. If he'd turned out to be wrecked for life that would have been one peach of a case."

What interested me more than anything else this case disclosed was the amazing cleverness of the firm in planting agents where information about accidents would be certain to come. I soon found myself studying the organization with enthusiasm, for here were secrets of success every bit as important, in my opinion, as a thorough knowledge of the law.

This firm was a real organization with specialized departments. For example, the younger Brinstead did scarcely anything except hire the firm's secret solicitors and informants.

It was a long time before he and I became really acquainted, although I did my best. At first he avoided me so adroitly that I suspected nothing. Finally out of sheer cubbish friendliness I virtually backed him into a corner. Then he fled in panic. Naturally this led to explanations and it developed that he had felt certain I would be a studious, idealistic person with literary tastes and a desire to increase the world's visible supply of justice. Such people were poisonous to him. He not only despised scholarship in general but cared very little for legal lore. How anyone could have forgotten as much as he seemed to have jettisoned in the three years since graduation from the university was more than I could understand. We discovered in time that we were kindred spirits, about equally ignorant. For a while I couldn't believe it, but the years have taught me many things. I know now that a determined young man who has his own motives for going through a university can come out with a degree and be barely literate. Young Brinstead worshiped power and money, and loved intrigue. For that firm he was the right man in the right place. I often wondered, during my apprenticeship, why his father wasn't more appreciative of such shrewdness and energy.

Rutherford's activities puzzled me at first, because none of the actual work of the firm ever went to his desk nor was he called in conference, and yet not even Judge Brinstead was treated with more respect. Rutherford seemed to spend most of his time dictating speeches to his stenographer. I marveled that a partner in such a busy firm could give so much time to clubs, societies, fraternal orders, banquets, committees, and all that sort of thing. Judge Brinstead finally explained the mystery one day by referring to him, jocularly, as "our ad," meaning advertisement. It was Rutherford's sole business to belong to everything, speak on all possible occasions, serve on all committees, and get his name in the newspapers.

Another important but mysterious employe of the firm was known as Lem. He was not a partner, nor did he try cases, but he always attended court when one of the firm's cases went to trial, and he was always seated behind the trial lawyer. He was a pleasant, ineffective, soft-spoken little man of about fifty, who reminded me of a rabbit. When he spoke to me at all it was invariably to ask, "Mother and father well?" Since he had never seen them and probably never would, his unfailing interest in them seemed strange, but after a while I noticed that he always asked everyone about relatives, and in the most kindly manner. What puzzled me more than anything else about him, however, was that he didn't remain in the court room throughout a trial. If the case happened to be called at ten o'clock in the morning—as cases usually were—you could be almost certain that Lem would come back to the office before noon, and not return to the courthouse. Finally I learned what his job was. He was the jury picker—knew approximately everyone in the county and could name everyone's uncles, cousins, brothers-in-law and aunts. But still more important, he remembered the jurors in nearly every case that had been tried during the past quarter of a century, and whether they showed any definite trend of thought with reference to damages in civil suits or convictions in criminal cases. Beyond remembering faces, names and relationships perfectly he seemed to have no mind. Practicing on his own account he had failed to make a living.

One of the busiest members of the firm, and one of the smartest, was an oversized, clumsy lout of a country boy who would have been a brilliant success on the vaudeville stage, because he was a perfect mimic. He took care of the rural business that drifted in from a dozen surrounding counties, nearly all small cases, but worth having. They were especially worth having because now and then they led to a whale of a big case. But this fellow worked like a day laborer trying the small cases. He rarely lost one, good, bad or indifferent. About the worst that could happen to him, apparently, was a mistrial. If he had an impossible case he simply laughed the other side out of court. He would burlesque their witnesses, mimic opposing counsel, and actually imitate the mannerisms of some amusing juror. One of his favorite stunts when trying a case before a jury of farmers in some very remote courthouse was to walk up and down in front of the jury box with the peculiar, uneven step that sometimes afflicts a veteran plow hand. It is one of the most ridiculous gaits known to mankind. The plowman following a team of mules often walks for long distances with one foot on solid ground and the other in the furrow he has just turned; he comes lurching along as though one leg were absurdly longer than the other. A clumsy man may fall into the habit of lurching. To see a man do this in a court room is side-splitting.

Why it should win verdicts I don't know, but it did. However, I must say for this clown that while he could, at will, look like a half-wit, and never looked really bright, his was as able a legal mind as I have ever encountered. And men sensed this even while he convulsed them. I think the judges would have put him in jail for contempt but for the fact that they realized his remarkable talent.

Judge Brinstead himself tried as many cases as he could handle. He liked the court room. And so did Smith. Both of them had that fortunate gift which makes men feel, after a very short acquaintance, that they have known them for years.

Blake was the least conspicuous member of the firm but recognized as its most cunning mind. He devoted nearly all of his time to looking up citations, and he had made this drudgery an art.

In addition to being the firm's most skillful trial lawyer, Judge Brinstead directed its strategy in all major operations. He regarded the court room as a football field and everything that took place there as a gay game—rough at times, but most enjoyable. Clients were footballs that you carried across the goal line. I not only shared his sporting attitude toward the practice but I found his business conduct sane and sound. They had told me in the university that a lawyer might do his full duty by his client, lose the case, and retire with good conscience. That sounded to me like moonshine. If you took a case at all you took it to win, and if you didn't win you were licked. Probably by a better lawyer. I thanked my lucky stars that it was Judge Brinstead, and not some muddle-headed, dreaming professor who had said to me: "I'm going to make a lawyer out of you." The future had no terrors for me when a man of his ability could say to me, "I like the cut of your jaw."

I returned to my room that evening with these fateful words crackling through every nerve in my body. My face felt so red and hot that I went to my room and washed in cold water before undertaking the interview with Mr. Snodgrass. When, finally, I strolled out to the back porch I found him talking to a man whom he introduced at once as Judge Dunlap. With blunt honesty he informed me that Judge Dunlap had come to suggest a change of lawyers. I asked a few questions which quickly disclosed that Dunlap himself was not a lawyer but the ambulance chaser for the firm he recommended.

He had begun by asking Snodgrass if Judge Brinstead had sent him to an oculist. Judge Brinstead had not. He then asked if Snodgrass had suffered from headaches since the accident. The answer was in the affirmative. Snodgrass had suffered more from headaches than in any other way. Did he still have headaches? Yes. Then it was quite possible that his eyes had been injured, and the injury might become worse. Snodgrass had been sitting on the back porch reading steadily for weeks; no doubt he had developed a little eyestrain. He now felt sure that his eyes were by no means as good as they had been before the accident. Under the circumstances he would like to have my advice. I told him that he ought to think the matter over and make a decision tomorrow. Why not discuss it with his wife too? Dunlap finally left, feeling pretty certain that he had got the case. As soon as he was safely off the premises I faced Snodgrass and said: "Look here, you can't throw down your friend in any such way as that. If you think there's anything wrong with your eyes, tell Judge Brinstead. He'll see that you get an examination. You don't have to change lawyers in order to consult an oculist."

"That's right," Snodgrass agreed, coming out of the fog. "Yes, sir, of course."

I hurried out and telephoned a full report to Judge Brinstead.

"That's fine," he commented. "It seems to me that Dunlap is a good Samaritan. If Snodgrass has been convinced that there is something the matter with his eyes I can find an expert to name and describe the malady. But he must be sure. His testimony must not wobble. Sound him out a little farther along this line tomorrow. Stay with him all day. And the next day, too, if it seems advisable."

"I'm expecting a call to work, any minute now," I said. "Do you suppose I could put them off a day or two without losing my chance?"

"Son, tell them, when they call, to go and take a long running jump into the nearest duck pond. I wanted you to work for those people awhile in order to serve an apprenticeship under my friend, Billy, but you aren't nearly so green as you look. I need you right now. In other words, you have a job. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. Suburbanite: "Have You Something Nice in a Small Cow That Gives Just a Quart?"

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"The Best Motor Oil in the World for Winter Driving"

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96 seconds

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CHART SHOWS HOW

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FOLLOW THE CHART! (Right) Wherever you see the Denatured Alcohol sign you will find this protection chart that shows how much your car needs to be fully protected.

Save time and money with DENATURED

and your car is SAFE *from* below-zero weather!

No special servicing . . No extra fees . . *No heavy investment!* Just *complete* protection with *safety* for your motor when you use DENATURED ALCOHOL in your radiator

IT'S at hand, motorists! Wintry weather with its sudden cold snaps . . . driving storms . . . snow packed roads . . .

And . . . the ever-present danger of frozen motors, damaged radiators, permanent loss of motor efficiency!

But don't worry! At the nearest garage or filling station you can make your cooling system completely ready for zero temperatures . . . in ninety-six seconds, by actual timing!

No special overhauling is necessary with Denatured Alcohol. It does not require tightening of hose connections, or servicing of pumps.

Denatured Alcohol *can't hurt* either metal or rubber parts. No reason, then, for going to great pains to prepare your car for its use.

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So play safe! Rely on the oldest and most fully tested anti-freeze.

Just drive in to the nearest garage or filling station. Ask for Denatured Alcohol. Watch the attendant put in as much as your make of car requires . . . then away you go! Fully protected . . . and with no misgivings as to the safety of your power plant.

Yes, winter's at hand! Protect your valuable car . . . by taking a couple of minutes today!

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., Graybar Building, New York City.

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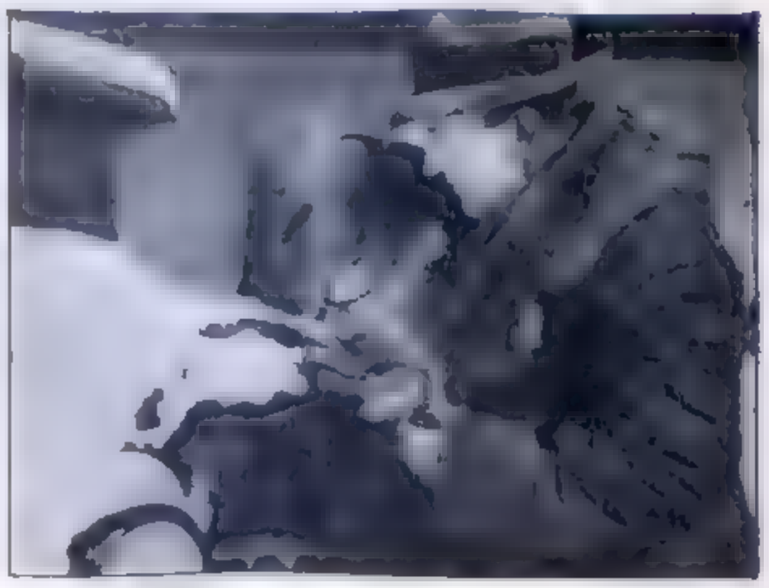

A FEW QUARTS of Denatured Alcohol in his radiator would have made this unnecessary. You can get it anywhere . . . and be protected in 96 seconds. Play safe . . . rely on the trustworthy Denatured Alcohol.

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You've heard a lot about anti-freezes. Here are the real facts in the case . . . the indisputable reasons why more motorists use Denatured Alcohol than all other anti-freezes combined.

1. An entire season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs less than half as much as one filling of some preparations.
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6. You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, any time. Buy when you need it, wherever you are.

ALCOHOL

. . . THE SAFEST, CHEAPEST ANTI-FREEZE

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PARIAH

(Continued from Page 21)

through the muck and slush of the water front to the ship, a gaunt, ugly black shape, with green-banded funnel and stumpy masts against the snowing sky. Steam was up, and a wisp of white floated from the funnel valve. At the top of the gangway Stranger dismissed them.

"Away aft, and stop there," he growled. "And in case any o' your mates has funny notions, ye can tell 'em the undertaker's waitin' on the wharf, if they care to step ashore."

He raised his big boot, and they fled along the deck toward the forecastle. Stranger walked forward presently, shouting for the steward, and was shown into the disagreeably familiar atmosphere of his old cabin.

The Termagant swung away from the dock at ten minutes past midnight and drifted out into the Pool, gathered a ripple under her snub bows and steamed out through the winking harbor lights toward the convoy rendezvous. The snow had ceased, but the night was like ink, with an icy wind that hounded the vessel down the long harbor reach and struck her broadside as she rounded Horseshoe Reef lightship and stood out to sea. She lifted her nose to the first long comber and plunged it deep in the next. White water fountained through the hawse pipes, and Captain Stranger, muffled in his greatcoat behind the weather cloth on the bridge, stepped into the wheelhouse for a glance at the dimly lit binnacle

Coming out on the wet deck again, he walked to the after end of the bridge, leaning to the slant of the vessel as she rolled. According to wartime orders, not even running lights were showing, but his eyes were focused to the darkness and he could see. Smoke billowed from the funnel crown and was snatched to leeward by the gale. One or two men on watch hugged the galley for warmth and protection from the razor wind. Far below, in the Termagant's ancient bowels, a stoker hammered blasphemously with his shovel on the steel bunker bulkhead, signaling for more coal. Stranger could not see the poop, but he knew that one of the naval gun's crew was awake and alert, while his mates slept in the house near by.

Stranger's old command, outwardly like any other sea-worn old tramp dragged from senility and kicked into the maelstrom of the Western ocean wartime trade, slogged through the winter night. He stood once more upon her bridge, a master. But he wished to his heart's depths that it had been any other vessel on all the wide seas.

Someone was at his elbow. He turned, jumpy as a cat. It was the second mate, a sallow-faced youth named Cummings.

He said, "I've just picked up Banner Island light, sir. I thought we had passed it in that squall a half hour ago."

Stranger felt a quick, inward freezing. Was her wicked old heart alive already? He went to the rail and studied the black, rushing water as it washed against the Termagant's rusty side and swirled astern.

"Ye thought, ye numskull!" he growled. "Why didn't ye make sure, or come to me? Any current setting against us? There shouldn't be."

"Nothing to speak of, sir. And the wind is swinging aft."

"Get a log reading."

The log showed that instead of doing eight knots odd, the vessel was kicking off only five point nine.

Mackay, the chief engineer, answered Stranger's summons. He was a squat, hard figure in a greasy boiler suit, with bowed legs and dour, smallpox-pitted face.

"Aye, I ken all aboot it, sirr," he said coolly. "'Tis yon coal. We've struck a bad patch, full o' slate and what not, and it's impossible for tae keep up steam wi' it. The men is sweatin' the hair off o' their chests, but it's no good. We'll just have tae work through it, that's all."

"We've got to be at the convoy rendezvous at five A.M. So ——" Stranger looked up as the blurred white face and wind-tossed hair of the radio operator swam through the dark toward him, a message form in his hand. "What's this?"

"It's from the escort, sir, asking our position, and warning us not to be late. They seem kind of fidgety."

Stranger took the message form.

"Let 'em fidget. We'll be there when we get there!"

Sparks shivered in the cold blast. "Any reply, sir?"

"I just gave it to you," Stranger replied savagely; then upon reflection he amended: "Never mind. No reply." No use antagonizing the battle cruiser's people. He might need them before he got through. He faced the chief again.

"Turn some men to, and trim that coal. And drive her."

"They're turned to, sirr. But we canna drive her. Them engines is like a bairn's mechanical toy the day after Hogmanay—all loose parts and stray gear. However, we'll do whut we can."

But it was nearly seven o'clock and broad raw daylight before the smoke of the escorting battle cruiser streaked the seaward sky, and the Termagant rolled sulkily into position with the rest of the impatiently waiting convoy.

There was no let-up in the gale. The merchant fleet heaved and squattered through it in a long, uneven, double column, throwing off the smashing seas. The Termagant floundered along astern, shipping green water, and swinging wide off her course in simple defiance of the vitriolic commands of the escort about keeping position. Captain Stranger humped his big body across the forward rail of the bridge, staring wrathfully into the eye of the wind, beads of ice on his bushy brows, and his mouth a drawn wire. He was weary with cursing the antics of his command. She would obey neither helm nor steam pressure until it suited her. The chief jawed about defective steering gear and leaky boiler tubes, but Stranger knew her. And she knew him.

His hard fist crumpled the latest of the battle cruiser's messages, its terse naval phrasing blistered with sarcasm. The Termagant was holding up the convoy; dragging it down from its scheduled eight knots to a bare seven, so that the faster vessels constantly had to reduce revolutions to keep position, and having reduced them, accelerate again to accommodate the Termagant's unexpected and contrary bursts of speed. It was only afternoon of the first day, and already she had been damned and sworn at from end to end and crossways of the steaming columns. She was the pariah of the fleet. And they blamed him.

The crew of the Termagant gathered in whispering knots and threw covert glances at the grim, shaggy bulk of the master on the bridge, and the wiseacres among them wagged their heads and spat three times into the wind, and even the gun's crew stuck close to the gun, with vigilant, never-ceasing eyes sweeping the roaring seas. It was not weather for submarines, and the convoy was hardly far enough east; but you never could tell, when you sailed in a Jonah box like this twister, what sort of a mess she'd slam you into. So they kept their eyes skinned.

Mr. Evans, the antiquated Welsh mate, normally phlegmatic, was taut and watchful, and when night fell he remained on the bridge during his watch below, and kept the third mate company until midnight. They were both on edge, and they marveled at the taciturn, motionless figure of the Old Man as he stood, hour upon hour, behind the weather dodger in the starboard wing of the bridge, peering into the freezing murk ahead and wrapped in God knows what somber thoughts. They did not venture to approach. He was a queer one, anyway, and an obvious hard case. Best leave him alone.

By morning the weather had eased a bit, and with daylight, patches of blue sky showed through the wrack. Occasionally the sun shone, bright without warmth, and the spirits of the ship's company revived. The cook's full barytone blew out of the galley with the cheerful smell of frying bacon:

"Oh-h, I jumped on an alligator,
Thought it was a hoss,
With a hoo-da, doo-da-day!
So-o blow, boys, blo-o-ow
For Californio-o!"

He interrupted himself to glance out over the side, and shook a long-handled fork at the convoy ahead.

"Hey, look at her zooming along now, mates! Watch out, you bumboats, or we'll roll ye down!"

It was true. The sea, though lumpy, no longer drove its might into the convoy's teeth, and the Termagant, perversely, exhibited no difficulty in keeping position. At noon, when sights were taken and the log was entered up, the mate grinned.

"We are improving, sir. Nine point two knots now, whateffer; and she can do more if she likes, so the chief says. We are well into the good coal, therefore we should haff an easy ——"

He stopped speaking and listened. The pound and clang below decks abruptly was halted, the quiver of the screw died, the Termagant glided without propulsion, and with rapidly diminishing speed, to a complete halt.

Captain Stranger's language melted holes in the frosty air as he went to the side and watched his vessel roll, bulwarks under in the trough, lopping the crests from the seas into the well decks. He stepped into the wheelhouse, and after a heated conversation through the engine-room tube, waited until the chief engineer came up from below, wiping his streaming face with an oily sweat rag. Stranger met him at the top of the bridge ladder.

"What the purple-starred hell's gone wrong now?"

"Breakdown, sirr. Bursted b'iler tubes." The chief continued bitterly: "She was gangin' along fine too; although how this vessel ever was passed fit for sea beats me. The thing's little better than junk, below."

"How long will we be held up?"

"Well, there's the bursted tubes has got tae be plugged; then the valve seat o' the feed pump what pumps water frae the condenser to the b'ilers is liftin'. . . . Give me eight hours, and I can do something. Otherwise we'll be halting every day o' the voyage, for two or three hours a day, to make repairs. Best stop here and get the job done, where subs isn't so plentiful."

Stranger's face was pinched gray under its weathered veneer. He summoned the wireless operator.

"Send a message to the cruiser: 'Unable to continue for eight hours. Engine-room breakdown.'"

Five minutes later a reply came back:

WE ARE PROCEEDING WITHOUT YOU.

The chief's eyes were fixed upon Stranger's face. He laid a calloused hand on the Old Man's arm.

"I'll get her in shape to run away frae that lot yet, sirr," he promised.

Stranger stared after the departing vessels of the convoy, like multicolored zebras, poised on the bright rim of the sea. He described his opinion of his command in well-chosen terms, nor did he stop for breath.

"I'd like to run her to hell," he ended dispassionately. "She's cooked my tripe for me, for I'll not get another ship after that battle cruiser reports. But I'm not finished with her yet, mark that, chief. She'll go over or she'll go under."

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THE balanced feel of a fine tool—just the right spring to the handles—keen knives of steel that make light of the toughest cable—tough jaws that grip and won't let go—the lineman knows his pliers are the best he can buy when they carry the Klein trademark. On his tools and harness, on his gripe and spurs—on all the equipment he uses, you will find the Klein trademark—recognized by Public Utilities as the maximum in quality—the maximum in safety "since 1857".

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FOR they give not merely rocking chair rest, but stimulating ease. Are not only hurtless but helpful... Arch Preserver comfort is more than perfect fit—goes far beyond freedom from discomfort. It is health, vigor, and action because:... The arch construction prevents the strain that saps the strength. The metatarsal support removes the cause of fatigue. The flat inner sole enables nerves, muscles and blood vessels to function freely... The eye cannot see this super comfort, but any man can feel it... $10 to $15... Send for name of nearest dealer and free booklet. Address Dept. S-112.

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Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

"Yon's a grand man," Mackay later confided to the mate. "Have ever ye heard the like o' his language? It's a fair treat, and I'm proud tae be under him!"

But the chief's eight hours had stretched themselves to twelve before he released his exhausted men and called it a job. He signaled the bridge.

Stranger growled:

"Crack her wide open. I am going to rejoin that convoy before it clears the Lizard if I have to burn her up."

He went into the chart room and found the mate, with poised dividers, pricking off distances on the chart. The mate looked up and clucked doubtfully:

"Dear, dear! They haff more than a hundred miles start of us, whateffer; for without us they will be logging nine knots or more. That is something to overcome, sir."

Captain Stranger's big fingers gripped the table edge.

"We'll do it just the same, mister. I'll break her crooked heart before she breaks mine. I'm going to turn in now. Have me awakened for the log reading every two hours."

Fair weather broke, frosty but clear, and the Termagant steamed through a sheen of new ice on a deep-blue smooth sea, reeling off the knots with a wide ribbon of foam under the bows and a straight wake astern. Mackay, coming up from below for a smell of air, stood beside the fiddley, rubbing his hands contentedly.

"Stuff to give 'em!" he said to the mate. "What is she logging, Mr. Evans!"

"Near ten knots, chief. Can she hold it?"

"She'll bust her guts tryin'. I'll see tae that," the chief promised grimly. "How's the Old Man behavin'?"

"He is not saying much, whateffer. Just tramping the bridge, with the red head of him throwing off sparks, and a face like the Rock of Gibraltar. He hass no faith in this vessel. But we are walking up on the convoy, right enough. Before long we should step on their tails, eh?"

Smoke was reported ahead at dawn, some days later, and by nine o'clock the convoy was hulls up. At two o'clock in the afternoon, to a chorus of ironic hoots, the Termagant slipped primly into her place in formation, and Stranger shut down a bit. She kept her position without difficulty, and Stranger felt a faint stirring of hope. Three days more would see them past Land's End and into the English Channel, well protected by mine fields and the destroyer patrol, and after that it did not matter greatly what sort of capers she cut. He would at least be certain of making port. When the convoy was well within the submarine danger zone, lookouts were doubled and courses frequently changed. Through all the hours of daylight guns' crews stood to their weapons, hard, fit, ready for anything.

Vessels passed the convoy in increasing numbers—tramps and empty transports, west-bound in ballast, sailing ships of all descriptions and nationalities, the unsightly products of frenzied shipyards, converted yachts and Great Lakes whalebacks, all out to defeat the undersea menace. Once, at evening, a laden troopship overtook them; a giant liner, crack ship of a famous company, knifing past at twenty-five knots, her tall sides tinged pink in the setting sun and her crazily painted houses, rigging and funnels a densely clustered mass of cheering khaki. From across the water drifted the quick music of a military band—"Over there, over there!"—and the wharf-rat crew of the Termagant lined the rail and whooped themselves hoarse.

For a moment, standing solitary on the bridge of the Termagant, Stranger was uplifted. It was all part of a tremendous game; the long, twin lines of the grotesquely camouflaged tramps; the grim, escorting battle cruiser; the racing trooper, crammed to the gunwales with fighting, clear-eyed youth, against the deepening curtain of the night. Even the filthy old Termagant, her worn decks thrumming with the steady beat of the screw, was a tiny but important cog in the great machine of victory, and Stranger's hard face lightened, his jaw muscles relaxed, as he put his hand to the whistle lanyard. Scalding drops showered the waist below, as the hoarse siren of the Termagant blared three farewell blasts to the liner, melting rapidly into the dusk ahead.

He watched her disappear; then, as he was about to leave the bridge for an early supper, a deep-toned concussion rolled along the bed of the sea. Half seen in the gathering dark, a fountain of spray and smoke shot skyward, midway of the starboard column of the convoy, and a nine-thousand-ton food carrier raised her shattered stern with slow majesty from the water, and disappeared with a bubbling roar.

The convoy broke into agitated but orderly confusion as the vessels zigzagged under forced draft, while the alarm spread from ship to ship. Smoke and fire belched like red curtains of hell from the battle cruiser's funnels, and buds of scarlet flame burst from her side as she swung in a wide arc and fanned like a well-trained sheep dog along the convoy's flanks.

From the bridge, Stranger could see his own gun's crew ready on the poop, the firing lanyard taut in the practiced, bronzed fingers of the lean-backed gunner's mate, his men grouped immobile at their stations with tight-lipped grins, keen as whippets, and awaiting the moment to fire. The crew of the Termagant poured out of the forecastle, doubling noisily to boat stations, according to orders.

Stranger roared, quelling their excitement: "Stop that talking!" They obeyed instantly.

In the wheelhouse the helmsman swung the wheel in quick gyrations, changing course every few minutes. The other vessels, as they fled, added their thunder to the gunfire, directed to starboard and somewhat ahead of the Termagant; but, so far, Stranger could see nothing. Then someone shouted.

He felt the double concussion of heated air as his own gun cracked off. It fired again, and then he saw the silver jets of water bracket a slender pencil of steel which was cutting through the smooth water and converging upon his own course about nine hundred yards ahead. He took his stand by the wheelhouse door, giving coldly accurate steering directions to the man at the wheel, and watching from the corner of his eye the approaching rush of the battle cruiser from abaft his starboard beam. He heard the quick whine of her shells as her forward turret guns let go.

The mate was at his elbow. The Welshman's customary stolidity was transmuted to a rodent, fighting viciousness. His fingers dug into the master's arm. "Oh-h, for one lusty smack at them!" he snarled, his words punctuated by the thudding gun on the Termagant's poop. "Whateffer are you going to do now, Captain Stranger?"

Stranger shook him off, glaring, the lust of battle in his hard face, his hair a red, disordered mop.

"I'm going to ram the swine!" he roared. "She's almost under our bows!"

"But look the cruiser ——"

"To hell with her. This is my meat!" He stepped back to the wheelhouse. "Half port!" he commanded crisply, but the wheelsman had seen what was threatening them, and lost his head. He spun the flashing spokes and the bows swung off.

Someone screamed on the forecastle head. Flame belched out of the fast-growing darkness and the vast gray shape of the battle cruiser roared down on them at nearly thirty knots. Stranger wrested the wheel from the seaman's paralyzed hands, and the spokes made a glittering full circle of light as he swung it over, hard, held it; then brought it coolly, skillfully back again. Death licked along the side of the Termagant as the long hull of the cruiser slid by, carried away the starboard boat with a crash of splintered wood, then shot clear.

(Continued on Page 140)

—*and in addition to surface:* Hammermill Bond is available everywhere, and always in thirteen practical colors and white, bond or ripple finish, with envelopes to match all colors and both finishes. And the price is moderate.

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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK

It is our word of honor to the public

"SURFACE—*that's the thing*"

"Talk all you like about paper, but take it from a printer, what you're buying is a surface to write, typewrite or print on. Feel this sheet. See what I mean? Real quality that says a good word for your house wherever your mail goes. I could give you a dozen reasons why it is a good paper—but one is enough, it's Hammermill Bond."

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Gentlemen: Please send me the new booklet, "Safeguarding Uniformity," which illustrates how Hammermill quality is maintained. Include also a sample book of Hammermill Bond, with specimens of the paper in all colors. (Free to business executives anywhere in the U. S. Canada 20c.)

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Position

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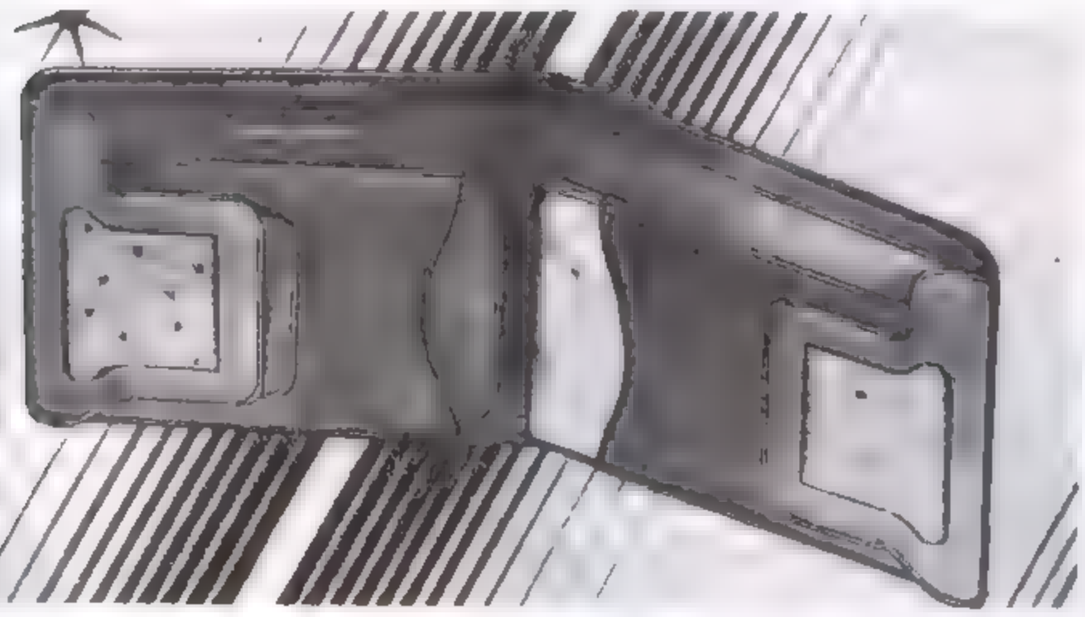
TASTES
differ in neckties

But men agree that the old style bulky billfold is out of date



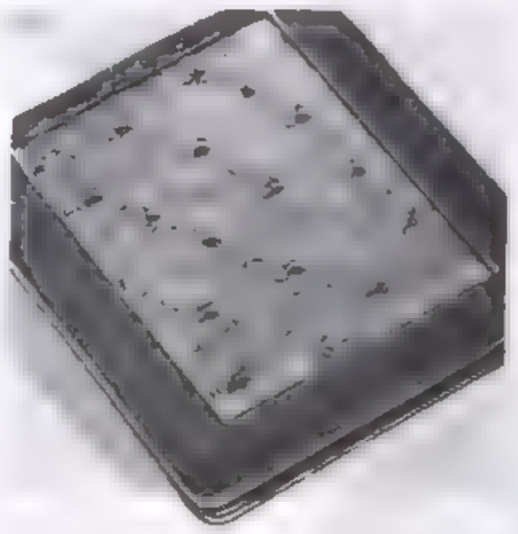
WELL-DRESSED men are fast discarding the bulky billfold, the cumbersome wallet with its needlessly elaborate folds. It was clumsy to handle. It buckled and bulged, wouldn't stay folded. It distended a man's pockets, made them sag, threatened the trim tailored lines of his suit.

Now bulging billfolds are superseded by the Bill-Tainer—always flat, slim, compact.

Because of its patented "sliding" and stitchless construction, the Bill-Tainer *can not buckle or bulge*. Cram it with bills. Still it's slim and sleek. Trim as a fine watch, yet as capacious as a wallet.

Two compartments divided by a full-length partition—a place for small bills—a larger pocket for big bills, checks, miscellaneous papers—and a special place for cards, licenses, stamps

Ingeniously folded together instead of sewed, the Bill-Tainer hasn't a single seam to rip or tear. Long outwears ordinary billfolds. Definitely guaranteed to last as long as the sturdy leathers of which it is fashioned. If it gives out at any point, it is replaced free.



Beautifully hand-worked throughout. Illustration immediately above shows the Bill-Tainer finished in Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin. Priced at $10. Other distinctive leathers from $3.50 up.

If your regular dealer does not yet carry the Bill-Tainer, write to Buxton, Inc., 114 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

NOW THE SMALLEST BILL-TAINER

At left is the new simplified form of the Bill-Tainer, *smallest practical billfold that can be made.* Slips readily into a woman's handbag—a man's vest pocket. In many distinctive leathers. Priced from $2.00 upwards.

BUXTON BILL-TAINERS
Not a stitch to rip or tear

Continued from Page 138

"What a shave!" said the mate shakily, and his face was sweating in the cold night wind. But Stranger was out on the wing of the bridge with a megaphone, swearing like a bargee at the battleship's rapidly disappearing stern.

The survivors of the torpedoed vessel were picked up and the convoy resumed its formation, secure in the darkness from further attack. Captain Stranger, of the Termagant, sitting at his saloon table, was reading, between bursts of abuse and savage laughter, the message signaled to him from the battle cruiser's radio room.

"Hark at them pass the buck, the swag-bellied nincompoops!" he told the chief. "If they hadn't shoved their oar in there'd be one less U-boat in the North Atlantic tonight. Listen to this!" He read:

YOUR RECORD FROM COMMENCEMENT OF VOYAGE DAMNABLE STOP BY TRIVIAL DELAYS YOU HELD UP AND ENDANGERED CONVOY STOP TODAY IN ALTERING YOUR COURSE TO STARBOARD TO CROSS MY BOWS YOU MASKED MY FIRE AND PREVENTED CERTAIN DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY SUBMARINE STOP HE MAY THANK YOU FOR HIS ESCAPE STOP YOU ARE AN INCOMPETENT ASS STOP I WILL EXERT UTMOST INFLUENCE TO HAVE YOU REMOVED FROM COMMAND END MESSAGE

By a supreme effort, he controlled his rage and contented himself by flashing off, in reply, as coldly and studiously insolent a message as he could contrive. A man cannot consume his own smoke forever, and the outlet did him good. The dull, aching resentment at life that burned continually within his turbulent soul was assuaged, and even the chief's announcement, an hour later, that the Termagant would be forced to heave to again to effect repairs upon a defective circulating-pump casting, had no power further to cast him down. After all, his vessel was a scrapper. She had stood by him for once and had done her best. The failure was not hers this time, and he took some small grain of comfort from that.

The breakdown was a matter of four hours, but it reduced the Termagant's speed thereafter, and some time passed before Stranger again caught sight of the smoke of the convoy, up-channel, and far ahead. He got a wireless report from a shore station and passed it on to the mate.

"Warn all hands to keep their peepers open," he directed. "There's a U-boat hunting these waters."

The gun was manned and double lookouts posted, but nothing happened. Weather was blowing up, and Stranger kept the bridge with the mate. He was completely indifferent, now, to whatever was in store. There was a slim chance that if he got the Termagant safely into the Humber he could claim to have succeeded, but in the face of the cruiser's certain report, this hollow victory would gain him nothing.

The early winter dark was shrouding the English coast, and the crowded Channel, with threshing destroyers, ice-caked trawlers, liners and slowly moving tramps, all without lights, made navigation a precarious job. Yarmouth Roads lay ahead, a safe haven, protected on the seaward side by a formidable sand bank, and corked at each end by a mine barrier. From the bridge Stranger watched the vanguard and main body of the convoy, guided by Admiralty pilots, thread their way through the mine field and come to anchor in the near end of the Roads. He rang: "Half speed. . . . Slow," as the naval-examination boat darted alongside. A ladder was thrown over the side and a naval officer boarded him to collect his papers.

The officer was a smooth-faced, audacious infant, efficient, and clipped of speech.

He said smartly: "You are late, captain. You make a habit of it, I hear. However, it is a good job you are in. There's a submarine feller been raisin' billy-o round about here for nearly a fortnight. We can't seem to spot the blighter. That's why you got that warning an hour ago. So the convoy will anchor in the Roads tonight, and proceed on signal tomorrow with the mornin' tide." He grinned. "Think you can find your anchorage without barging into somethin', captain?"

Captain Stranger stuck his iron chin to within six inches of the youngster's face.

"Think ye can get the hell off o' my ship, afore I heave ye over the side?" he growled.

The other backed hastily away. "All right, old chap; don't get shirty. I was just spiffing!"

"Spiff yourself ashore, then!" Stranger rasped, and gave the order to proceed. The mine pilot scanned the Roads ahead.

He said: "There's no room for you at this end, so you'd better go up to the far end of the fairway and anchor there. It will be better, really, because the convoy passes out that way in the morning, and you can fall into position as it goes by."

The Termagant forged slowly ahead. The near anchorage was crowded with the ships of the convoy, and others that had taken refuge for the night from the lurking U-boat outside, and with barely steerage way the vessel began to weave through the anchored fleet. The crews of the convoy lined the rails and made derisive noises as the pariah steamed ignominiously past.

"We don't seem popular, sir," remarked the mate, and Stranger spat curses at them between his teeth. Suddenly the helmsman gave a startled cry, and the Termagant yawed widely off her course.

"Bring her up!" Stranger bellowed. "Straighten out! You'll be into that other vessel in a minute!"

"I can't, sir!" the man wailed. "Steering gear's jammed and she won't answer the helm!"

The mate ran to the telegraph, and Stranger and the helmsman wrestled with the wheel; but before her way was checked the Termagant had gone through the fleet like a bad-tempered harridan, colliding, bumping, sidewiping the length of the crowded anchorage, to a chorus of terrified whistles, sirens and blasphemous shouts. She ended up by shoving her nose gently over the sand bank on the starboard side, and sticking there.

Stranger shook his fist at the demoralized fleet. He roared: "Laugh now, you braying asses! That'll show you, and serve ye damn well right!"

No great damage had been done, despite the chorus of threats and condemnation that went up from the overwrought convoy; and three hours later, well content with the sensation her ill temper had aroused, the Termagant floated off the bank on the flood tide and steamed serenely through the night toward her anchorage at the far end of the Roads. A roar of cable shattered the darkness as she dropped her hook.

Long before daybreak, Stranger was up and pacing the wet deck. There was a cold drizzle, half rain, half snow, that froze as it fell and made slippery footing, and fingers of gray fog reached in from the sea. With daylight it cleared a bit, and visibility was fair when the signal came through for the convoy to up anchor and get under way.

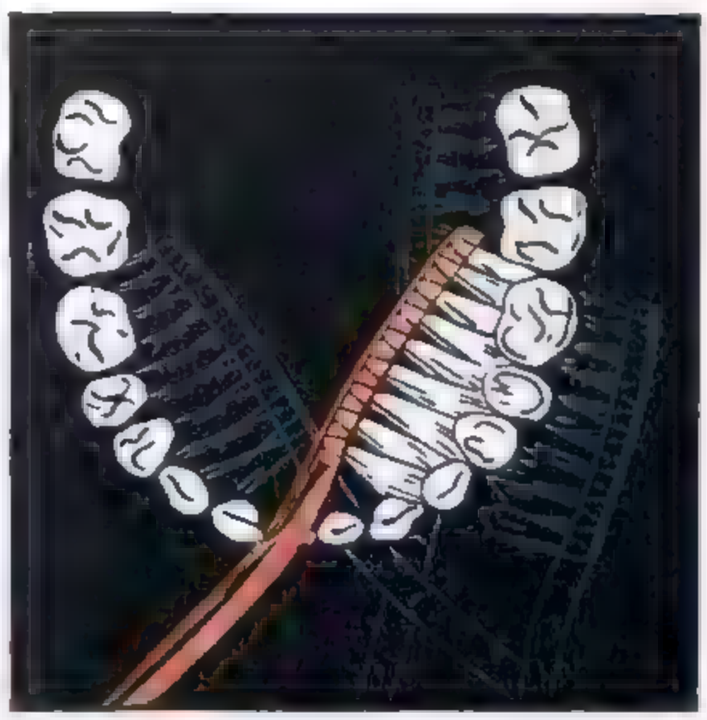
Stranger had a cup of warming coffee in the chart room, then went out onto the bridge again. Rails and deck were beaded with moisture, and the thickly clothed watch flapped their arms about their chests as they moved around the decks, hosing down. One by one the vessels of the merchant fleet glided like ghosts out of the mist and steamed ahead.

In his solitary vigil on the dark of his deserted bridge, Stranger had been thinking things out, and his fighting spirit flamed anew. The Termagant thought she had him licked; and so far as a new command was concerned, he knew that it was hopeless. But wait; he was not beaten yet. And although the keen edge of his resentment unaccountably was dulled, his bones would rot on the cold floor of the North Sea before he would give best to the crooked sea devil who thought she had done him down. He would take her into the Humber, master her that far, and for the rest he was indifferent. In the meanwhile he'd show those lubbers of the fleet how to fall in with a convoy.

Continued on Page 142

Every crevice penetrated by wide-spaced, accurately-trimmed bristle groups. A brush easily kept clean!

Two clues to WHITER TEETH



Correct size and shape; teeth far back are cleaned as easily as those in front inside as well as outside!

Showing the differences that make such a difference in results—as millions have found out

THERE is nothing difficult or complicated in having whiter, more attractive teeth. These plain, common sense facts may aid you.

You should choose a small, correctly shaped brush. Used twice daily, it should not be kept in use for more than 90 days. After that much honest service the cleansing and polishing qualities are impaired. A new brush each 90 days is the rule followed by dentists, for their own teeth.

Also, brush always *away* from the gums—toward the cutting edges; *never across* the crevices. This, too, dentists urge.

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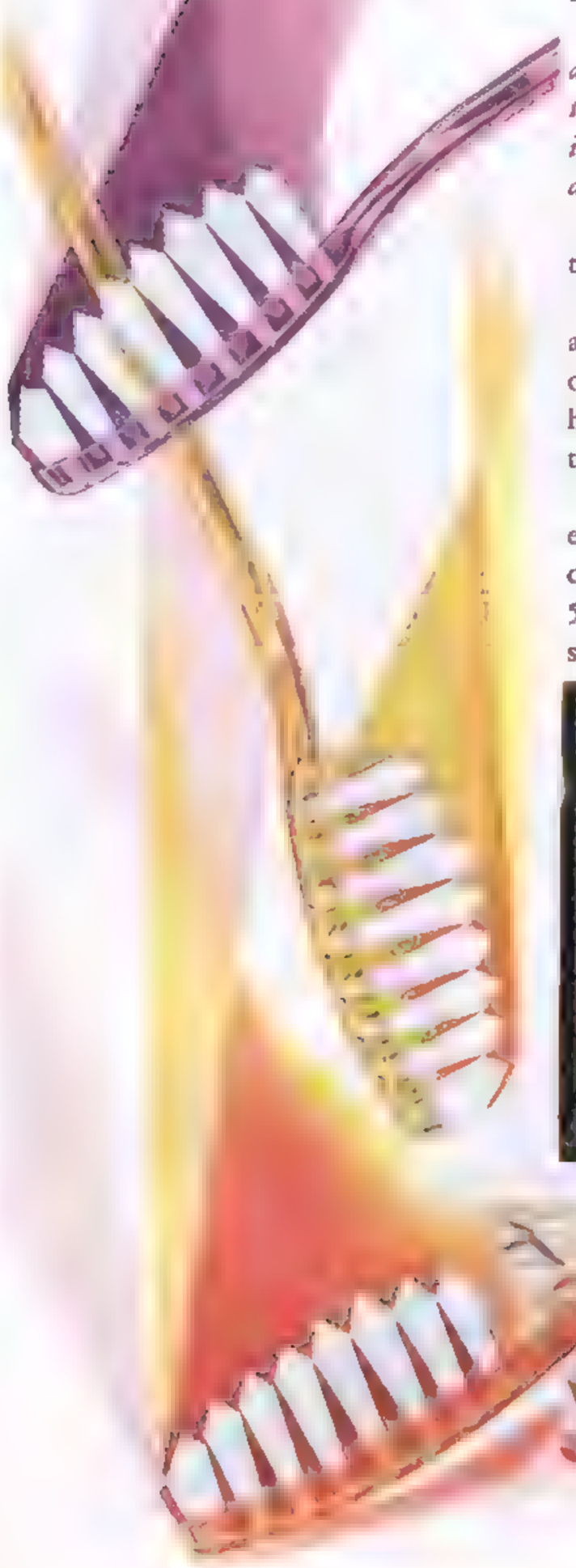

Your dealer will give you, FREE: *big 25c tube of* DR. WEST'S *tooth paste with purchase of the 50c* DR. WEST'S *toothbrush.*

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Or, if you prefer, we will send you the complete Monarch story in our booklet, *"Where Heat Economy Begins."*

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(Continued from Page 140)

He watched in silence, while another vessel's futurist-painted hull slid past; then he leaned over the bridge rail. The mate and the carpenter and a seaman or two were on the forecastle head, awaiting his order. He hailed: "Heave away, Mr. Evans!"

"Heave away, sir! . . . Heave away, Chips!"

Steam hissed. The windlass clanked and turned, and the dripping chain commenced slowly to come in, with a hose turned on to wash away the mud, and lumps of clay splashing the water below the flare of the bow. There were thirty fathoms of chain out and presently the forecastle-head bell chimed twice. The second shackle was in. One by one the giant links rumbled through the hawse pipe and the Termagant crept up on her anchor. A cloud of steam blanketed the forecastle head. The windlass stopped, turned once, stopped again.

After a pause, Stranger hailed: "Is she aweigh, mister?"

"No, sir! I don't know what—heave away again, Chips!"

The chain ground against the pipe and the bow dipped slightly, but there was no upper movement of the links. The last departing vessel of the convoy surged past, white water under her smart bows.

Shaken with fury, Stranger shouted into the mist, forward:

"What's the matter there, Mr. Evans? Is she not aweigh yet?"

The mate's reply was sharp with anxiety, "No, sir. The hook's still fast to the bottom, whateffer. The chain's up and down, sir, and she's dragging the bloody windlass out of her. I'm afeard to heave any longer!"

Stranger left the bridge and ran to the forecastle head. The full strength of the powerful windlass was holding the chain taut, but it refused to come, and the deck plates were beginning to crack and buckle under the terrific strain. Stranger opened the windlass valve himself without result. He leaned out and looked over the bow.

"She's fast to something on the bottom. I don't know — Hello, who's this?"

He answered a hail from alongside. It was a boat of the district naval-transport officer, who was responsible for departure of convoys. He climbed aboard, a bulky, uniformed figure, with steel-gray eyes and a fighting nose. He swept the deck with his keen glance, then turned to Stranger.

"What's the matter, captain?" he demanded. "You are delaying things again. Why the devil aren't you hove up and away with the rest of your convoy?"

Stranger told him, too disgusted and angry even to resent the other's peremptory tone. The D. N. T. O. verified what he was told. He rubbed his chin.

"You are fast to something on the bottom, sure enough," he said perplexedly. "Stand by and I'll send some divers off."

A line of craning heads along the Termagant's rail two hours later watched the round helmet of a navy diver emerge dripping from the icy water under the bows. The diver was excited; that was evident the moment he broke surface. But he said nothing until he was freed of his diving gear. Then, with a queer look in his eyes, he boarded the Termagant and sought the D. N. T. O., who was watching proceedings with Captain Stranger from the forecastle head. He conferred with his superior in low tones.

Stranger, studying the face of the naval man in grim silence, saw it register incredulity, then exultation too tremendous to be repressed. His gray eyes flashed, as excited as a boy's, as he approached Stranger with outstretched hand. He said, with a perceptible shake in his voice:

"You have damned your ship for a number of unpleasant things, Captain Stranger. But you owe her an apology. She has come through for you at last!"

"She's my ship, and it's my privilege to damn her," Stranger replied shortly. Was this beribboned brass hat trying to be funny? He didn't look the type. "What are ye driving at?"

"I mean," said the D. N. T. O. seriously, "that for some time we've had the souls deviled out of us by a U-boat that has been sinking vessels in the Channel under our very eyes, then thumbing her nose at us. And she has defied our every attempt to scotch her. Now here is something I did not know ten minutes ago: Last night she spotted that convoy coming into the Roads, and in the dusk followed the last vessel but yours through the mine barrier. Then she lay up at this end, waiting for them to go out this morning. She is lying here yet. It was the bold act of a courageous man; and if things had gone according to plan, what a bloody mess there'd have been! She would have scuppered that battle cruiser and who knows how many vessels more. But your Termagant, by the grace of the Lord, came blundering along here last night, after having done her crooked best to smash up the convoy, and I'm damned if she didn't drop her hook smack through that submarine's conning tower and drown every mother's son of them! And there she lies! Your vessel may be an ill-tempered vixen, Captain Stranger, but she saved the convoy. You will get a decoration, of course. You ought to be proud of her!"

"Proud of her?"

Captain Stranger looked slowly about him; over the misty, placid waters of the Roads, beneath which ugly death had lurked; in the distance, at the smoke of the disappearing convoy. Then he brought his gaze back to the Termagant; her rusty, weather-eaten, sea-battered plates, her unhandsome, green-banded funnel, the remnants of the splintered whaleboat hanging from the davits, the grimy, uncouth, open-mouthed faces of her crew. Dimly there was brought home to him the thought with which he had struggled on his vessel's bridge at dawn; he himself had been born to contention, was not happy unless fighting something. The old Termagant had fought him. Would always fight him. But she was a foe worth while, and together they'd manage to scrape along. He thought of the new command which had been promised him, and which now was within his reach, and suddenly he did not want it.

"Proud of her," he repeated slowly, and his shaggy red head went up. "Yes, sir! I am proud of her, blast her!"

What destiny *new-born* Power . . .

A MATCH . . . new-born power of heat with endless possibilities. It can waste itself unused . . . or loose destruction through thoughtless handling . . . or light the fires of industry, where heat, confined, directed, *controlled* becomes a most valued tool of progress.

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Savings from any modern Motor Control are certain . . . but their total is determined largely by the *kind* of Control you buy. Details of construction, protective features, convenience, adaptability, past performance, and reputation . . . each should have weight in your selection.

For over three decades, the name Cutler-Hammer has been an identifying mark of profitable Motor Control. You will find that many successful plants specify Cutler-Hammer Control on every motor-driven machine they buy . . . that many machine designers incorporate it as standard equipment to insure full production capacity and convenience . . . that most electric motor manufacturers recommend Cutler-Hammer Control as a sound investment that assures full earnings from electric power.

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New rapid computing machine with a light, short and uniform touch for all keys. Electric operation eliminates operator fatigue; prevents errors due to an incomplete stroke or other misoperation of a key.

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AN AUTOIST'S ALPHABET

(Continued from Page 41)

a close squeak, wasn't it?' I always tell 'em: 'If I hadn't known she would 'a' went, I wouldn't 'a' put 'er there!'"

Road drivers know the rules of the road and observe them. They know, as few local drivers do, that there are eight different sets of hand signals used in the United States today. The one thing they are continually guarding against is the mistake that the other fellow may make at any moment.

S for Speed, and more Speed, and still more Speed. In 1918 the speed limit in twenty-six states was twenty-five miles an hour or less. In 1928 all but three states allowed thirty or more, twenty-two allowed thirty-five, ten allowed forty, four allowed forty-five, with Connecticut, Michigan and Montana setting no limit at all. In 1918 the average legal speed in all the states setting a limit was just over twenty-five miles an hour; in 1928 it was more than thirty-five.

And that is only the beginning. In 1918 the speed limitations for open country were already far out of date. In Minnesota and Texas and Indiana and Oregon, where twenty-five miles an hour was the legal limit, many cars moved at forty to fifty. But today the legal limits are still more out of date. While Texas, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Colorado and California now allow thirty-five miles an hour, the regular road gait of many drivers in those states is around sixty. Sixty-five and even seventy are not unusual. North Carolina and Florida now allow forty-five miles an hour. If you happen to be traveling fifty to sixty, as most cars do in those states where the highway is clear, it's nothing uncommon to have speeders scoot past you going seventy-five to eighty.

This is no longer because drivers take as much delight as formerly in mere speed. It is because they want to get somewhere as soon as possible. Light cars are now built for high speed; they can do sixty miles with comparative safety. Highways are constructed for greater speed. The roadbed is smoother and wider, the turns are not so sharp, the grades are not so steep, the view is less obstructed. There are plenty of places now where sixty miles an hour is as safe as thirty was ten years ago.

The answer does not lie in speed limits which cannot be enforced; it lies in driving that is at once more skillful, more watchful, more courteous and more cautious.

T is for Traffic Light, bane of all motorists. Drivers who have waited to edge into traffic that would pay no attention to them, and drivers who have had to untangle their cars at congested corners where there were no traffic lights, know how valuable a stop-and-go signal may be. But many other drivers, held up at empty corners by village red-and-greens that mean only wasted minutes, know how frequently traffic lights are unwisely installed.

Every stop-and-go light, put in where it is not actually needed, wastes time, breeds resentment, and actually increases accidents instead of eliminating them. You cannot, by passing a law or installing a light, provide a substitute for sense.

U stands for Underpass, common in the Eastern states. Often, when highways pass beneath railroads, some dream of economy or what not has led to the narrowing of the roadway, so that two cars cannot pass abreast. Stone S bridges in Ohio, monuments at dangerous intersections, narrow bridges, and intentionally deep gutters along cross streets in suburbs, are all devised in the same fallacious belief – namely, that by increasing the risk you diminish the danger. You compel drivers to be careful! The deep gutters make them drive slowly, to avoid breaking springs! The S bridges, that cannot be crossed with safety at more than thirty miles an hour, slow traffic down and make it less dangerous!

That particular fallacy was first tried out in California, twenty years ago. To compel motorists to keep to the right at intersections, every hamlet put in stone intersection posts. But instead of diminishing, the number of accidents increased sharply. It was a dull night when some tourist didn't pile up on a stone intersection post. So presently all the little villages pulled 'em out again.

But we learn slowly.

V is for Vehicular. What a word! The states of New York and New Jersey chipped in to help dig a vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River. It cost $48,400,000, and by charging tolls about equal to ferry fares paid better than 10 per cent on the investment during the first months of operation – with more automobiles being manufactured and sold and registered and driven through the tunnel every month.

All over the country this vehicular business is going on, shortening distances, eliminating rivers and mountains, at a terrible rate. In 1910 it took a month to drive from Boston to California without breaking your back. In 1920, with about the same effort, it took twenty days. Now you can do it in ten.

W is for "Warning: Slow Down." "Warning: Curve." "Warning: Side Road." "Warning: Narrow Bridge." "Warning: Intersection." "Warning: Underpass." "Warning: Steep Hill." "Warning: Railroad Crossing." "Warning: Pavement Ends."

Where the warnings are well placed, fine and dandy. The more the better. "Warning: Long Grade, descend in second gear." Excellent. But as soon as some well-meaning chucklehead puts up a warning sign where none is needed and fools you, you begin to get careless. And unfortunately, there are far too many warning signs so placed.

X marks the spot.

X was an excellent amateur autoist,
Scooting along at his speediest gait
Always drove home as if devils were after him.
Sometimes drove faster because he was late.
Right where the railroad track crosses the boulevard
X felt omnipotent—though he was not.
Opened 'er wide in a race with the Limited,
Missed it by inches, and
X marks the spot

Flaming Youth

Y stands for Youth. There lies our hope. If we are ever to get away from our present annual fatality list, it will have to come about through those youthful drivers whose early mistakes are now driving us dotty. Skill comes to them quickly, and experience will follow. If we can only teach them caution and courtesy, the trick will be turned.

Z stands for Zero, that cute little mark on the gauge that should have warned you, right there in your own garage, that your oil was low and your gasoline almost gone. Now you can just naturally get off and walk. Or ask somebody else to give you a lift.

YOU FACE THIS CONSTANT DANGER

at mouth temperature—
98.6°
FOOD DECAYS

No one is immune to this condition—after every meal you eat, a food film coats the 80 square inches inside your mouth. At mouth temperature, 98.6°, food film quickly transforms into a growth of food decay bacteria. The inevitable result? An unclean, unhygienic mouth condition invariably accompanied by the *repulsive odor of decomposing organic matter!* Not only does this undermine your sense of social security, but it is a menace to your health.

This condition occurs in the remote areas never reached, never cleaned by your tooth brush. Mouth washes of merely temporary action lessen mouth odor but do not stop it. La Lasine mixes with mouth secretions, flows over every inch of the mouth area and instantly destroys food film. *It kills food decay bacteria*—stops trouble at its source. Lastingly effective, a mouth rinse with La Lasine leaves a medication-holding deposit on the membrane—a definite security against odor and disease infection.

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AT THE BETTER JEWELERS...EVERYWHERE

LOST IN THE MACHINERY

(Continued from Page 13)

"Hello," said a distant feminine voice. "Is this Mr. Henderson, the service manager?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mary Lee speaking. Are you the man that sends out service men when people have trouble with tractors?"

"Yes."

"And did Mr. Brett just call you up and tell you not to send him a service man?"

"Yes. . . . But who did you say this was talking?"

"My name is Mary Lee—down at Indian Bluffs, Illinois."

"Oh, yes. You're the young lady that threw the ring into the tractor, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, and I feel terribly about it. It was all my fault. And that is why I'm calling you up. I want you to help me. Will you?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Lee; if there's anything I can do."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Henderson. I want you to call up Mr. Brett and tell him that he absolutely must not use his tractor until that ring has been taken out. And then I want you to send a service man right down."

"Well, really, Miss Lee, it seems to me you are asking a good deal. Mr. Brett just told me he doesn't want a service man. After all, he owns the tractor. I can't very well force him to have a man if he doesn't want one."

"Oh, I'm sure you could, Mr. Henderson, if you really made up your mind to. Mr. Brett won't listen to anything that Arthur and I tell him, because he doesn't think we know anything. But he would believe you. He knows you are one of the big men in the tractor factory. All you have to do is tell him that a diamond is the hardest substance known—which it is—and if it got caught in the gears it would just tear his whole tractor to pieces."

"But I don't think it would."

"You could tell him so, anyway, couldn't you?"

"I suppose I could, but I don't want to."

"But you don't understand how serious this is, Mr. Henderson. It isn't just a case of losing a ring. Arthur's whole future depends on it, and so does mine. You see, I have a brother in California ——"

"Yes, yes. Your friend Arthur told me all about that. You're going to sell the ring—which cost three hundred and forty dollars—and use the money to go out to California, where your brother is going to get Arthur a job."

"Oh, Arthur told you that, did he?"

"That and a whole lot more. He talked even longer than you."

"But did he tell you what the job was?"

"No."

"Well, it's a job in the movies—in the talkies. At Hollywood."

"Oh, Arthur is going to be a movie star?"

"No. You see my brother is an electrician. He's what they call a technical expert. He connects up wires and such things. He works right in the studio where they take the pictures."

"Yes."

"And he has written that he can get Arthur a job as assistant technical expert. Of course Arthur isn't an electrician, but you don't have to know anything to be an assistant technical expert."

"That must be a comfort."

"And this job is a great opportunity, Mr. Henderson. You don't realize how important it will be for Arthur."

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Well, it's like this: Arthur is one of the brightest boys I have ever met. He really has a brain. For the past year he has been taking a correspondence course in how to write for the movies, and the people at the school say that he is a natural-born scenario writer. He has what they call a creative imagination. You ought to read some of the scenarios he has written. They would make much better movies than most that you see. There was one about two girls that were twins and they looked just alike. Nobody could tell them apart. And ——"

"Yes, yes. This is very interesting. But why do you have to tell me about it? I'm not in the moving-picture business."

"Of course not, Mr. Henderson. But I wanted to explain why it is so important for us to find that ring. You see, Arthur hasn't been able to sell any of his scenarios, in spite of the fact that they are so good. It's because he is so far away. If you send them by mail you have no chance; they never even look at them. You know that."

"Well, maybe so."

"But if Arthur was working right in the studio he would meet the people that count, and he would have a chance to work up to be a regular scenario and continuity writer. He might even get to be a director. And besides, I want to go out there myself."

"Oh, you want to go in the movies too?"

"Yes. You see I have appeared in a good many amateur plays down here at Indian Bluffs, and everybody says I ought to be a great success in the pictures—especially now that they have talking. Because I can talk as well as act."

"Yes, apparently talking is one of your strong points."

"And so you see that we absolutely have to get that ring so we can sell it. It's the only way we can raise the money to go to California right away. If Mr. Brett uses his tractor this afternoon, that ring is sure to get all chewed up in the gears, and Arthur and I will be completely sunk. By the time we could save up enough money to go to California, the chance to get a job as assistant technical expert would probably be gone. So please, Mr. Henderson, won't you call up Mr. Brett and persuade him to be reasonable?"

"Well, really, Miss Lee, I doubt if it would do any good for me to talk to Mr. Brett."

"But you wouldn't want to see Arthur's whole life completely ruined, would you? And mine too?"

"Why, no. Of course not."

"I'm asking so little of you, Mr. Henderson. All you have to do is call up Mr. Brett. If you just talk to him I know he will listen. In your position you have so much influence. Please, Mr. Henderson."

"I'm afraid it won't do much good, Miss Lee."

"Of course it will. You should have more confidence in yourself, Mr. Henderson. You're going to call up Mr. Brett, aren't you?"

"Well, all right, Miss Lee. I'll talk to him and do the best I can. But don't get your hopes up too high."

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, you're wonderful. I knew you wouldn't fail me. Remember, I'll be counting on you. And you'd better do it right away, before he has time to start the tractor. Good-by, Mr. Henderson, and thank you ever so much."

Mr. Henderson put the receiver on the hook, turned around, and noticed that Joe Mullin had come back to the office. "Well, Joe," he said, "they sent word they didn't need you. But you better stick around a few minutes. I've been soft-headed enough to promise to do some more telephoning, and there's a faint possibility I might want to send you out after all."

Mr. Henderson turned back to the telephone. But before he could make a call the bell rang. He answered, and a loud and excited voice came over the wire:

"Hello! Hello! I want to talk to Mr. Henderson. I want to talk to him right away."

"This is Henderson speaking."

"Well, we're in terrible shape, Mr. Henderson. We're in terrible shape down here."

"Down where?"

"Down here at Indian Bluffs. It's dreadful. And I want you to send a service man right away."

"Who is it speaking, please?"

"This is Simon Brett, down at Indian Bluffs. And I want you to send a service man quick."

"I thought you just told me not to send one."

"I did. But that was before I knew what had really happened. I thought it was just a diamond ring in my tractor."

"Well, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes. The ring is in there all right. But that isn't what bothers me. It's the dynamite."

"Dynamite?"

"That's what I said, Mr. Henderson. I've just discovered that there are eight sticks of dynamite lost somewhere inside the transmission case of my tractor. Can you imagine that?"

"No, I'm afraid I can't."

"And that isn't all, Mr. Henderson."

"No?"

"The dynamite itself would be bad enough, but there are several dozen caps in there too."

"Several dozen cats?"

"No, no. Several dozen of these little caps."

"Kittens?"

"No. Not little cats. Little caps—c-a-p-s. The little caps you use to shoot off the dynamite."

"Oh, I see. Dynamite and caps lost in the transmission case. Well, honestly, Mr. Brett, I don't understand what you people are doing down there. Do you use that machine as a sort of city dump? Anything you don't happen to want at the moment you just heave into the transmission case?"

"No, no. This was an accident."

"Well, you had better put the cover plate back before you lose your watch and the kitchen stove in there."

"Don't worry about me losing stuff into the tractor. It wasn't me that did it. It was that half-witted hired man of mine."

"Oh, this is more of little Arthur's work?"

"Yes."

"When did it happen?"

"It was yesterday—the same time he lost the ring. You see, we were using the tractor to clear up a piece of land. And we had the dynamite out there to shoot some stumps."

"Yes."

"And when this hired man—this Arthur Morgan—drove the tractor into the barn last night, he took the dynamite in a wooden box in the seat beside him. There were ten sticks left over from the blasting. And there were several dozen caps."

"That's a fool trick—carrying the dynamite and caps in the same box."

"Of course it is. That's probably why he did it, the big boob! That's the way he is. And when he got to the barn he started in and for no reason at all took the cover off the transmission."

"Yes, I heard all about that, Mr. Brett. And he told me how his girl came in and they had an argument and she threw the ring at him and it went in the transmission case. But what about the dynamite?"

"Well, the dynamite was still on the tractor seat, right over the transmission. And it seems that when this poor idiot saw the ring going into the machine he made a grab for it, and his elbow hit the dynamite box and upset it. And all the dynamite and the caps followed the diamond ring down in among those gears."

"So that's what happened? Why didn't you tell me about it when you called me before?"

"I didn't know it then. This bone-headed hired man was so scared when he saw what he had done that he didn't dare tell me. He was afraid I might fire him. And he was right about that. I've just given him his time and told him he could clear out. It was pure luck, Mr. Henderson, that I got the truth out of him when I did. A moment more would have been too late."

"Oh, it would?"

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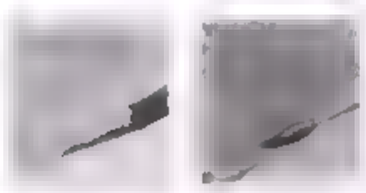

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"Yes. He kept arguing that I ought to get a service man. And his girl tried to tell me the same thing. But they didn't say anything about the dynamite. I suppose they thought your man would get the stuff out and I would never know anything about it. And when I told Arthur to drive the machine out and hook onto the binder, so we could begin cutting oats, he claimed he couldn't start the motor. So I went out myself to crank her up. And it wasn't until then that he finally confessed the truth. He showed me the empty dynamite box. And two sticks, all over oil, that he had been able to fish out. There were ten sticks altogether, so that meant there were eight sticks inside the tractor, and all the caps. It certainly gave me a shock, Mr. Henderson."

"Yes, I can see that it might have startled you a bit."

"It would have startled anybody. It still makes me feel dizzy when I think of what would have happened if I had started to drive that machine. One of those caps would have got caught in the gears sure. The cap would have gone off. That would have set the dynamite off. And the tractor and I and the whole barn would have been shot all over the state."

"Well, the dynamite didn't go off."

"No. But now you see why I want a service man. I want a real careful worker, too; somebody that won't make any false moves. I don't want my tractor and my barn blown up."

"Well, we don't want our service man blown up either, Mr. Brett. We'll send you a good, careful mechanic, and he'll see what he can do."

"I want him right away. I want to get that transmission cleaned out so I can go to cutting oats."

"All right, Mr. Brett. We'll send you a man at once. I think there's another train in a few minutes."

"Thank you, Mr. Henderson."

"Always glad to help you out, Mr. Brett."

Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver and turned to the service man.

"Joe," he said, "I suppose you heard enough of the conversation to gather what it was about."

"It sounded," said Joe, "as if they're all crazy down there."

"Apparently they are. The hired man has spilled a lot of dynamite and caps into the transmission. You had better go down and see what you can do. They'll give you all the details when you get there."

"Very good, Mr. Henderson." Joe pulled a time-table from his pocket and began looking it over.

"And whatever you do, Joe, go easy. We don't want you getting blown up. If the job looks too risky, don't touch it. Let them do the dirty work."

"I'll be careful."

"Well, I wish you luck. And maybe you had better look into the motor too."

"Did they say there was something wrong with that?"

"No. But judging from the way they do things, the crank case of the motor is likely to be filled up with all kinds of junk—pearl necklaces, hand grenades, cuckoo clocks—almost anything."

"All right, I'll look in the motor too. The next train for Indian Bluffs leaves in about ten minutes. Maybe I had better be on my way."

"All right, Joe. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Henderson."

Joe walked out the door. Mr. Henderson leaned back in his chair, yawned, stretched himself, and started in to read a batch of letters on his desk.

Once more the telephone rang, and he answered.

"Hello," said a voice. "Is this you, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"This is Simon Brett at Indian Bluffs."

"What, you again?"

"Yes, and I find I won't need that service man after all."

"You won't?"

"No. Everything is all right. Everything is fixed up, so you won't need to send anybody."

"Say, do you know what you do want? First you say you need a service man. Then you say you don't. Then you say you do. Then you say you don't. How long is this going to keep up? Is this some sort of a merry little game? Or are you out of your mind?"

"No. Everything is all right. And I find I won't need a service man. You see, after I finished talking with you a few minutes ago, I walked out to the barn. And I found Arthur Morgan was still there. I had already told him he was fired, but he was still hanging around. So I told him I didn't want him anywhere near the tractor. I told him he had better get right into the house and start packing up his stuff. But his girl was there, too, and she said ——"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Brett. Wait a minute. I have no time for any more long-winded yarns about Arthur and his girl friend. I've wasted half the morning listening to that stuff, and it hasn't got me anywhere. All I want to know is what to do about that service man. He has started for the station already. If I'm going to stop him, I'll have to get after him right this minute—right this second. Now, try to make up your mind. Do you want him, or don't you?"

"I just told you I don't want him."

"And you won't be calling again in a couple of minutes and saying you do want him?"

"No."

"You're sure?"

"Absolutely."

"All right, then. I'll try to stop him. If I can't, you'll have to meet him at the station yourself and tell him you don't need him. I'll call you later and let you know whether I get him or not. Hang up your receiver so I can use this telephone for another call."

Mr. Henderson jiggled the hook. When the operator answered, he called the restaurant again. "Hello," he said. "Is this you, Hulda?"

"Yes."

"This is Gilbert Henderson, at the tractor factory."

"Yes."

"I wonder if you would just as soon step over to the station and find Joe Mullin. Tell him I don't want him to go to Indian Bluffs after all."

"Yes, Mr. Henderson. I did."

"You did? When?"

"I went over and gave him your message right after you called. It was less than half an hour ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but now I want you to go over and tell him again."

"Why should I tell him again? He understood the first time."

"Yes, but this is another time. The first time he came back all right. But now he has started out again."

"You mean he keeps starting out places he's not supposed to go? And you have to keep dragging him back?"

"No. It's a complicated business, and I'm too tired to try to explain it. But if you would be kind enough, Hulda, to go over and deliver the message, I'll be grateful to you all the rest of my life."

"Well, all right. . . . Oh, here he comes down the street now. I'll call him in and you can talk to him."

There was a pause, followed by Joe's voice asking, "Did you want me, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes, Joe. It's all off again. You're not to go to Indian Bluffs after all. And don't ask me why, because I don't know. You can come back to the factory. And if I want you again, I'll send for you. That's all. Good-by."

Once more Mr. Henderson jiggled the hook, and when he got the operator he called Mr. Simon Brett's farm at Indian Bluffs. "Hello," he said. "Is this you, Mr. Brett?"

"No," came the reply. "Mr. Brett has just gone out to cut oats with his tractor. He has fired his hired man, so he has to drive the machine himself. Can I take the message?"

"Yes. Please tell him that I have headed off that service man. This is Gilbert Henderson, of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company."

"Oh, hello, Mr. Henderson. How are you? This is Arthur Morgan. You remember I was talking to you earlier this morning."

"Yes. But what are you doing answering Mr. Brett's telephone? I thought you had been fired."

"I have been, but I'm in the house here packing my stuff. By the way, Mr. Henderson, Mary Lee tells me she was talking to you a little while ago, and you were awfully nice to her. We're both very grateful to you."

"Oh, you are? Well, then, maybe you can do me a favor and tell me what on earth has been going on down there. Is Mr. Brett driving a tractor that is all full of dynamite? Or isn't he?"

"Oh, it was all a mistake about the dynamite."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when Mr. Brett insisted on using that tractor in spite of everything, I got mad. I was afraid my ring would get all chewed up by the gears. That ring cost three hundred and forty dollars, and I wanted to sell it."

"Yes, yes. You wanted to sell it so you and Mary could go to California. I've heard all that a dozen times. But what about the dynamite?"

"Well, as I said, I got awful mad at Mr. Brett."

"And you put the dynamite in the tractor on purpose?"

"Oh, no. I just hid eight sticks and all the caps in the corncrib, and I dipped the other two sticks in oil. Then I told old man Brett the whole works was lost inside the transmission—all but the two oily sticks I claimed I had fished out. It was a good story, Mr. Henderson, and it worked like a charm. You should have seen Mr. Brett high-tailing it into the house to send for a service man."

"Yes, no doubt it was quite a sight."

"And it was while Mr. Brett was telephoning that Mary came over and we found the ring."

"You say you found the ring?"

"Yes. I just happened to see something glittering in a corner of the barn, and I went over, and there it was. Apparently when it went into the transmission case it bounced off one of the upper gears and came right out again. And it was so dark in the barn we never saw it. We saw it go into the case, but we didn't see it bounce out again. Can you beat that, Mr. Henderson?"

"No, probably not."

"So everything is fine. I dragged the dynamite out of the corncrib, and told Mr. Brett all about it, and he has gone off cutting his oats. And now that I've got the ring and been fired from my job, there is nothing to keep me here in Illinois. And listen, Mr. Henderson ——"

"I'm listening."

"What would you say, Mr. Henderson, if I told you that Mary and I were getting married tomorrow, and leaving right away for Hollywood, where I have a job lined up in the movies?"

"I would say it was a fine idea, Arthur. If your scenarios are only one-tenth as remarkable as the stuff you have pulled this morning, they ought to be knock-outs. And with a wife to talk you up the way Mary does, you should accomplish wonders. Besides, in California you would be two thousand miles away from here and I might get a chance to do some work once in a while. Yes, I'm all in favor of your going."

"Well, that's fine, Mr. Henderson, because that is just what we are going to do. Tomorrow we leave for Hollywood. Hooray, and good-by!"

"Good-by, and good luck!"

Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver and turned to the papers on his desk.

DOES YOUR CAR LEAD or LAG BEHIND

Your car's ability to sprint at the "flash of the green" depends largely on the quality and condition of its valves. Some valves scale and buckle up under the battering rapid-fire explosions of today's high-compression engines and high-test fuels. They simply haven't the backbone to withstand this inferno of heat and pressure; and no amount of grinding and re-grinding is going to put into them something they never had.

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Automobile makers have found this out. That's why you'll find most cars originally equipped with Thompson Valves. In the air—where all moving parts are given a super test—Thompsons are known as the "valves that won't burn" and are used in 95 per cent of all American-built aero motors.

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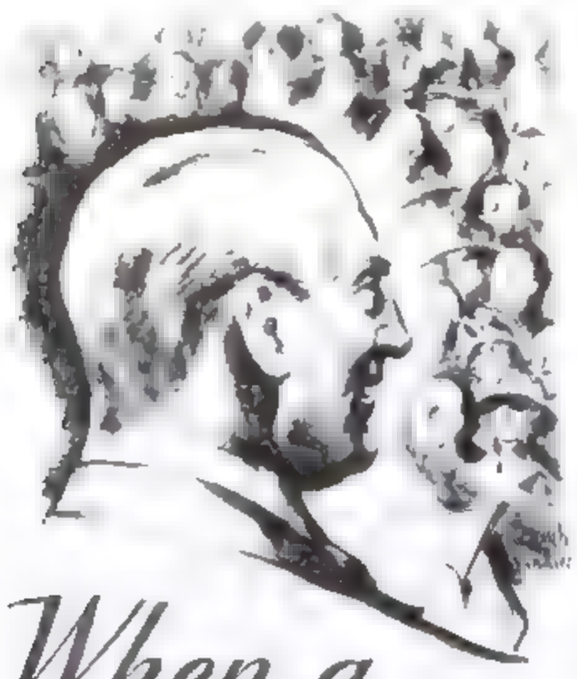

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YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 31)

He was annoyed with Ann. He would have liked to give her a thorough paternal shaking, saying among other things, "What're you trying to do—drive Toby crazy?" At the same time he was obliged to acknowledge privately that the column done by Dwight Knowles was a good stunt from a journalistic standpoint. It was also considerable of a gift to Ann, if you wanted to look at it that way. Reckoned at what Knowles got for his stuff, it was munificent. Shorty grunted, "Why not a platinum-diamond wrist watch and be done with it!"

This had been days ago, but the friendship continued to haunt his mind; it was still a worry and a threat. The end of the journey had not ended it, because there they were. Ann in the Hotel Ambassador, Knowles in one of the several famous bungalows that constitute the Hotel Ambassador's annex. "And I hope," Shorty thought earnestly, "it caves in on him."

The effect of all this on Toby was a thing to be sensed and seen. He said nothing. To date he had not mentioned Dwight Knowles' name in Shorty's hearing or made a single comment on the columns any of them. Shorty wished he would. Often these days he led their conversations to a point where Toby might say something, anything, that could be promptly and vociferously refuted, ridiculed. Shorty longed to argue, "Oh, don't be an ass! She's only trying to make you jealous. Can't you see that?" He had even rehearsed the argument, alone in his rooms. "Don't fool yourself, boy. She isn't enjoying herself. Not any! She's just putting up a brave front—that's the whole thing."

But without the comment, the retort was worse than silence. And Toby had not made a verbal comment. He wasn't talking anyway, nowadays, Shorty reflected. He hardly ever said much. He just drank.

Lolling on the red couch in an attitude that, for all the unease of his mind, was a comfortable one, Toby's perennial comrade and champion thought upon these things. He had tossed the Chronicle-Press aside, and his fingers were locked behind his neck, against a cushion. His brown eyes brooded toward the ceiling. He scowled. He was thinking that Ann didn't realize what she was doing to Toby; that she should be told. He was thinking, "But I can't." He was thinking unhappily, "Can I?"

Supposing he wrote her. What would he say, exactly? "Dear Ann: I know it isn't any of my business, but ——" But what? It wasn't any of his business; there was no getting past that fact. And the two whose business it was wouldn't thank him, either of them, for interposing. He'd be very likely to do more harm than good.

"But they're such fools!" Shorty groaned in his helplessness. "The whole thing's so absolutely dumb!"

Shorty saw. He knew what had caused the breach, and how it could be healed—how readily, with a single explanation. The night Toby told him why Ann had gone away, the black night of the day of her departure, he had exclaimed, "But that's nothing!" in immense, short-lived relief. All Toby had to do was write or telegraph to Ann the truth she had refused to let him utter. It was, Shorty had thought, as simple as that.

He still thought so. But not then, and not since, had he succeeded in persuading Toby to put pen to paper. Toby said, "She wouldn't read it." He said, "It wouldn't be any use." He said, "I won't bother her." He said, "When I can send her a check in full for all the money I owe her, then I'll write. But not till then." He said wearily at last, "Oh, lay off, will you, Shorty? You don't know."

Shorty thought, "Well, I know one thing, anyway." That thing was several things in one—namely, that Toby was drinking his head off; that if it were not for his friends he would be in grave danger of losing his job; that he had already, through his failure to appear at the managing editor's office at a given hour on a given day, lost the ghost-writing assignment he had wanted, that might have been his whole salvation; and, in brief, that it was surely up to somebody to do something.

Reaching this conclusion for the third time in ten minutes and the hundred-and-third time in the past ten days, Shorty, with his lips set and his forehead corrugated, left the red couch, returned determinedly to the desk and seated himself with a thump in the chair before it. Once there, he swept the box of cards and the bottle of ink and the pen to one side, out of his way, and replaced them with his typewriter. He inserted a piece of paper and wrote "Dear Ann." He looked at it.

He didn't like it. He pulled the paper out and rolled a fresh sheet in and wrote: "Listen, baby"—semicolon. Better. He continued, "There's something I think I ought ——"

He tore that out.

On the third piece of paper he wrote: "Listen, baby: I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle ——"

On the fourth he typed, "First thing I want to say is, Toby doesn't know I'm writi——"

The eighth or ninth attempt began: "Dear Ann: I know it isn't any of my business ——."

He gave up finally, pushed the typewriter away and gathered the spoiled pages into a wad and ripped them across. Then he fitted the halves together and ripped them across. It wouldn't do. He couldn't do it. Who was he, to go writing Ann? Thing to do was get after Toby again tomorrow.

He did this. Toby said, "No." He said, "It wouldn't be any use." He said, "I haven't got the money, have I? Well, then." He said impatiently at last, "Oh, forget it, will you Shorty? There's no use talking. You don't understand."

Ann had taken most of her pretty dresses away with her. But she had left a few hanging in her closet, from the rod. There was the yellow evening dress with the pom-pon of tulle on the shoulder; that hung close to the wall, on the right-hand side. Between it and the little blue tailored suit there was space for a dozen dresses. Then, so close to the suit that they touched, an unidentifiable black chiffon slip. Then the green jersey sport dress, and the tan silk with the brown suède collar and cuffs that Ann had worn that day at the game at Princeton. Then four other dresses, marching single file ahead of it, small and straight like Ann, to the left wall.

On the shelves there were various soft little hats and a black-fox fur, a rather worn one. Odds and ends—a white linen smock, a gauzy stocking without a mate, a narrow green crêpe de chine belt with a jade buckle, a chiffon nightgown—depended from four of the many brass hooks around the walls. Some of the pockets of the shoe bag nailed inside the closet door were empty and gaping, distended from habit. The rest exhibited high heels in pairs: A pair of snakeskin heels. A pair of black patent-leather heels. A pair of rhinestone heels, with a few stones missing.

When Ann first went away Toby often stared into this closet, hovering motionless for minutes in the doorway. But lately he had locked it up. The fascination that it had for him was unnecessarily cruel. To be reminded of Ann's dearness and of her loss, he need only glance about him. The apartment was full of her. The room where he slept and the room where, spasmodically, he tried to work—these were full of her absence. The minute he entered the place at night, the rooms and the things that were in them cried out to him, "Gone. Not here. Not anywhere here." And the echo was silence.

When he was sober this was not to be borne. Hence his current custom, his defense, of drinking all evening against the time when there would be nowhere to go but home, no voice to hearken to but the voice of memory. Always the thought of the echoing emptiness that awaited him was a fearful one—until he ceased to think. It was when he had reached the state where nothing but finding his bed would matter that he took himself home or suffered himself to be taken.

He was always making new acquaintances, who became old friends in the course of an hour, and once he learned in the morning that he had put two of these up for the night. Their names, they said when all three awoke, were Bill and Jerry and they were on from Detroit for some sort of convention. They were good fellows. Toby was relieved to note that even a very great deal of liquor did not impair his judgment of young men.

"But where'd you sleep?" he asked, among other questions.

It appeared that one had slept on the divan, and the other—Jerry—on the studio window seat. "You wouldn't let me have that extra bed," Jerry said cheerfully. "You were saving it or something. I started to get in it, but you raised such a row that finally I ran in here like a frightened rabbit and hid on that ledge."

Toby, eyes averted, said that he certainly must have been "tight as a tick."

"Whose bed is it—anybody's?" Jerry inquired. "Or is it just there."

Toby said hurriedly, "Oh, it's just there." He said, by way of explanation, "Just some drunken idea of mine, I suppose. Must 've been. I'm sorry."

But he was curiously glad.

Such excessive consumption of synthetic gin and cut whisky as blurred his evenings could not, unfortunately, be confined to the evenings alone. In the mornings after the evenings there were drinks that he had to have. They were named. There was the drink called "eye opener," and the one, or more, called "hair of the dog." Quick shuddering drinks, for medicinal purposes only.

These, since he slept till noon or later, took him well into the afternoon. And the libations that were necessary to supplement them, to get him into his clothes and into a taxi and to the office, completed the circle. As he drove uptown—the noisome Subway on such days was not to be thought of—he usually felt almost, though not quite, restored to vigor. Just one more shot would fix him so he could do his work.

He would rap on the glass to the driver. "Pull up just this side of the Star Building. See that little black door? Right there."

Often he never got to the office at all.

Puff had discovered Ann's absence. Intimation of this—a note addressed to Toby at the apartment—had come during the second week he was alone. He had known it was Puff's when he took the stiff, square, buff envelope out of the mailbox. The green ink was Puff's, and the green stamps to match, and the capital M's made of one long horizontal and three short vertical lines. He had snorted, looking at it, and his fingers, ripping it open, had not cared if they destroyed it beyond reading.

It had contained a torn piece of newspaper: Ann's story of the day before. With the green ink Puff had drawn a circle around the words "Hollywood, Cal.," and from the circle a green line went to the margin, where was scribbled: "Is she really? For how long? And aren't you lonesome???"

He had ignored this communication. But he could not ignore the Christmas present that arrived a few days later. This was a very large and very handsome silver flask with an inner partition and two caps; it would hold a quart of each of two kinds

(Continued on Page 155)

Terminal Tower, forming a new skyline in the heart of Cleveland, crowns the new Union Station development, pyramiding the [illegible] acres into one of the most remarkable groups of buildings in the world

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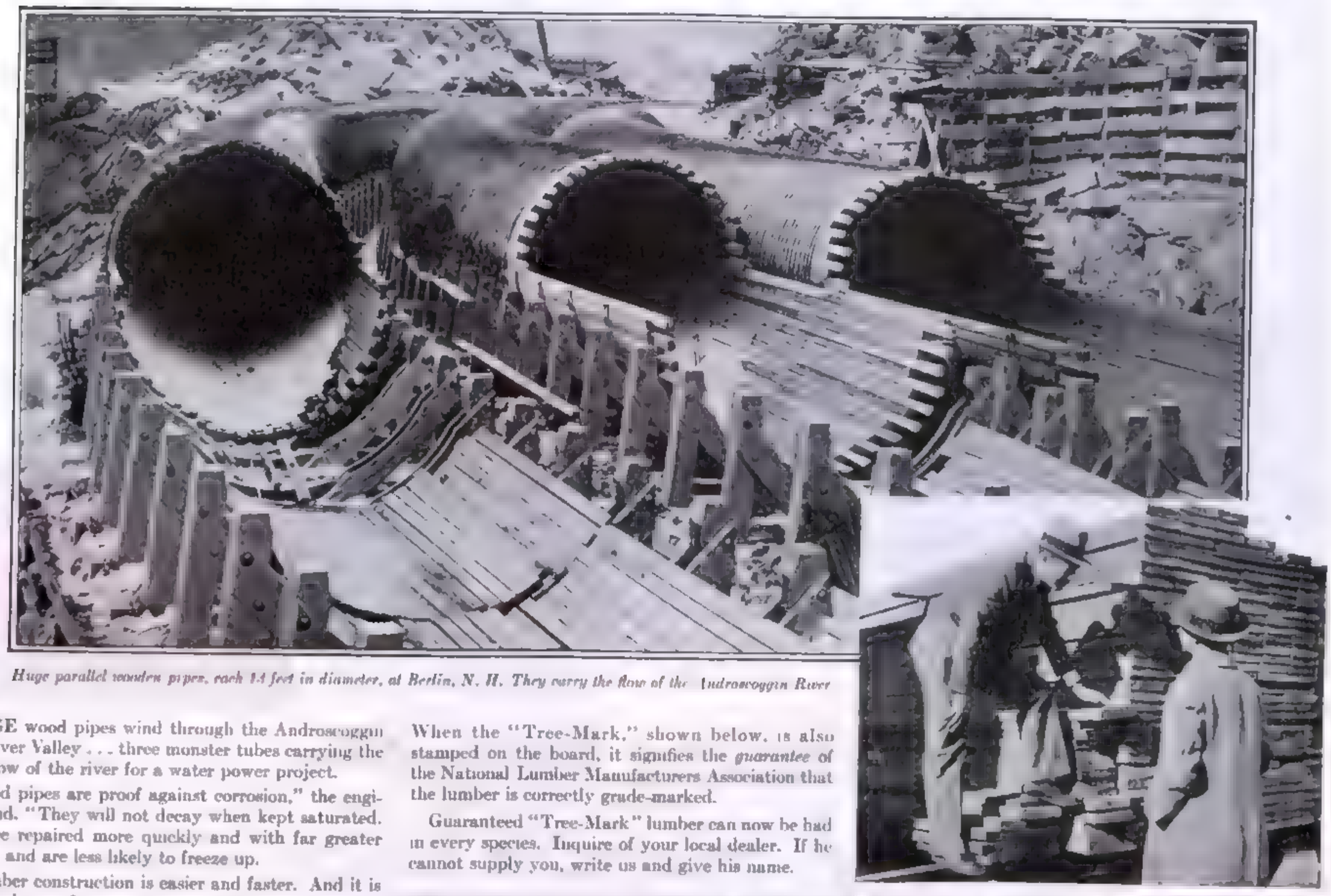

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(Continued from Page 152)

of liquor. With it was Puff's card, the engraved name—Miss Pauline Randolph—inked out and a message covering both sides. Puff had written:

I think this is darn sweet of me—when you're so mean. Why haven't you called me up or anything? But never mind. You'll have to, now, to thank me. I insist upon being thanked PROMPTLY and IN PERSON.

Shorty Ross was at Toby's apartment when the flask was delivered and opened. He pounced upon it with cries. "Sa-ay! Why, say, it's solid silver! Judas, what a flask! Big as a chimney! Look at it, will you?"

Toby was looking.

"If it's monogrammed ——" he began grimly. "Is it?"

"No," Shorty reported, investigating. "It doesn't seem to be. Yes, it is too! Right here, on the top of the cap. 'T. McL.' So," he said, "you can't bounce it back, if that's what you're figuring on doing."

"The hell I can't!"

"But ——"

"They'll put a new cap on it," Toby said. "I'll see to that. Then back it goes, and she can return it or give it to somebody else. Why, good Lord!" he exploded, red of face. "You don't think I'd keep the thing?"

His disgust was enormous. Shorty, watching and listening, looked entertained. "Merry Christmas," he observed softly. "'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

He remarked that if Toby's proposed attempt to have the monogrammed cap replaced with a plain cap was unsuccessful, he, Shorty, would willingly change his name to something beginning with T. McL. "Theodore McLanihan," he suggested, "or Thomas McLuke. Then you can tell Puff that although you are unable to accept her little offering, it has not been tendered in vain, for you have a friend—good old Thomas McLuke ——"

But Toby was unresponsive. His mind linked Puff and his break with Ann too indissolubly together to permit of any levity in the present situation. Glowering, he fitted the flask back into its tan suède case and snapped the lock.

"She's demented," he growled. "Sending me a —— Why, it's ridiculous! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Well," said Shorty philosophically, "that's life. Them as doesn't want gets. Now, if I ——" He stopped. "Check," he said, suddenly sober. "I didn't mean to kid about it. This Puff is an ouch to you on account of what's happened—I understand that. Why," asked Shorty, "don't you tell her where to go? Or I will," he added vigorously. "I could—and like it."

The flask was returned to its donor, unmonogrammed. The new cap had cost Toby eleven dollars. He inclosed a brief and conclusive note to Puff, explaining the substitution and the delay that it had caused. "I'm sorry," he said at the end, "if I seem ungrateful. It's a knock-out flask. But why give it to me? I mean, after all, why go into the highways and byways?"

Shorty, who read this note, opined that it wasn't harsh enough. "You'll never get rid of her," he said, "if you're going to be polite."

"You call that polite?"

"Sort of."

"Read it again."

Shorty read it again. "We-ell," he said. "But I don't see any sense in saying the flask is a knock-out and you're sorry if you seem ungrateful, and all that. I mean, here's this female menace who got you into all this trouble ——"

"I got myself in."

Shorty grunted angrily. "Yeah! Her fine Italian hand wasn't discernible at all, I suppose! Oh, no! She didn't have a thing to do with it!"

"Well," Toby said, "I let her, didn't I?" His moody eyes flicked Shorty's. "I can't hate her for that," he said. "I do, as it happens, but I haven't any right to."

"I've worked up quite a lusty little hate there myself," Shorty declared balefully. "Right or no right."

The return of the flask elicited from Puff a second buff-colored note, which Toby thrust into a pocket, unopened, and which Missouri presently sent to the cleaner's, where it spent days. In the meantime there was a series of telephone calls, the first of which Toby in his apartment unwarily answered.

"Wrong number," he said immediately, recognizing Puff's "Hello, . . . Toby?"

He hung up and waited to see if the instrument would ring again. He thought perhaps it wouldn't; he had not troubled to disguise his voice. It did, however, within a minute. He let it ring.

For several days he continued to let it ring as it would, till it wearied. It might not be Puff, but he didn't particularly care to talk to anyone anyway these days—except Shorty; and Shorty was there with him most of the time. Other people said innocently, "What do you hear from Ann?" Or they pointedly refrained from mentioning Ann's name at all. Only Shorty was good to see and comfortable to be with. And this best friend, understanding without being told how much he was needed, was sticking close.

The telephone bothered Shorty. He was calm at the first ring, nodding his head in agreement with and approval of Toby's familiar command to "forget it." He remained fairly composed through the second and third rings, though his glance strayed toward the instrument and fixed with a dawning anxiety upon it. The fourth or fifth ring always demoralized him utterly. He would fidget, he would look pained, he would turn beseechingly to Toby.

"Don't you want me to see who it is?"

"It isn't anybody."

"It might be. It might be very important."

Shorty would suffer acutely until the eighth or ninth ring, when he would conclude that whoever it was was gone now anyway. This reflection relaxed him physically, and he would sit back in his chair; mentally he would become subject now to a sense of irreparable loss. Whoever it was was gone. Whatever it was, they had missed it. Something had tried to get to them from the world outside. Excitement, perhaps. Romance. Opportunity. Something. And they had let it go.

"Maybe it was for me," Shorty would mutter at this point.

"Why? Does anyone know you're here?"

"They might try here—as a last resort."

In view of this inability of Shorty's to contain his curiosity and curb his flights of fancy when bells rang—he was the same about doorbells, Toby had found—it was not strange that in the absence of his host, with no one to forbid him, he leaped to answer any call that came. And thus it was that, on an afternoon just after New Year's, Shorty had a little chat with Puff.

He was alone in the studio when she telephoned. Toby was sleeping in the bedroom beyond. It was five o'clock or a little past. Shorty was waiting for 5:30, at which time he would rouse Toby and see that he dressed and showed up at the office. While he waited, stretched on the divan, Shorty read magazines—theatrical ones, sports ones, comic ones.

There had been three telephone calls in the past two hours. The first was Bill Hastings of Toby's paper. The second was "Excuse it, please." And the third was a Miss Oliver, just arrived in town from Boston, and asking for Ann.

When Puff called, Shorty, although he had never met her or heard her voice before, identified her instantly. It was an easy matter. She did not say "Is Toby there?" or "Is this Toby?" but took it for granted; her opening remark was: "Well, at last! I've been trying and trying to get you for absolute weeks! Where've you been?"

"He's been away," Shorty said helpfully.

There was a brief, startled pause. Then Puff's voice queried, "Who are you talking about? What number is this?"

Shorty told her. "I'm talking about Toby," he said. "Aren't you?"

"Yes, but —— Who is this?"

"This is Shorty Ross, a friend of his."

"Oh! I see," Puff said. "Well—is Toby there now?"

"No, he's still away. Or, rather, he's away again. He's gone," said Shorty, inspired, "to California to see his darling. He won't be back for some little time."

"He has?"

"He has, yes."

"When did he go?"

"Why, let me see," said Shorty. "Friday, I guess it was. Friday or Saturday. He must be almost out there now."

"Are you sure?" Puff protested incredulously. "I mean—well, he had a piece in this morning's paper about something that happened just yesterday here in New York. I don't see how ——"

Shorty was about to say hurriedly that the piece had been written for Toby—which was quite true—when Puff continued: "And I had a note from him just the other day."

Then Shorty had another idea altogether.

"Oh, you did?" he exclaimed. "Oh, then, that's different! You're someone he likes!"

"Why, of course," said Puff. "What—who did you think I was?"

Shorty favored the mouthpiece with a grin of unholy glee. "Well, you see," he said, "there's this silly little schoolgirl who's been chasing Toby bow-legged, and when you first called up I thought you were she!" Apologetic laughter was in Shorty's voice. "Awfully sorry!" he said. "The minute you said you'd had a note from him I knew I must have got my signals mixed."

He laughed and continued easily, "I can speak freely, then, can't I?"

"Why, yes. Of course."

"You're Miss ——"

Puff hesitated.

"Oh, don't worry," Shorty said encouragingly. "As long as your name isn't Rand ——" He stopped short. "I'd better shut up," he said. "You might know her. But what is your name, do you mind telling me? Before we go any further."

"This is Miss Brown."

For the sake of the things he might wish to say later, Shorty decided upon recognition. "Oh, Miss Brown!" he exclaimed with warmth. "Of course! I've heard a lot about you!"

"Really?"

"You bet!"

"Well," said Puff vaguely. She dismissed amenities, feeling apparently that they were dangerous, and returned to the point: "What was it you were going to say?"

"Oh," said Shorty matter-of-factly, "Toby's here. That is, he's not in the apartment just now, but he'll be here later. He's in town all right." He laughed again. "When I tell him I told you he'd gone to California," he observed, "he'll brain me. But as I say, I thought you were this little pest."

There was a pause.

"Did he," Puff began uncertainly—"did Toby tell you to—to tell her he'd gone to California?"

The question did not quite belong to the rôle of Miss Brown. But Puff seemed obliged to ask it anyway.

Shorty answered, "Well, no, not exactly. What he told me to do was to hang up on her."

"I don't believe you!"

"Oh, all right, Miss Brown," Shorty said quite pleasantly. "It's really nothing in our young lives anyway, is it?"

"No, but ——"

"H'm?"

"No, I said."

There was another pause.

"It's amusing, though, of course," Shorty remarked then conversationally. "This terrific crush this poor kid's got on him. Hasn't he ever mentioned her to you?"

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Puff's answer was slow in coming, and icy when it came. "No," she said. "I don't think Toby's the sort of person who who goes around bragging about his affairs."

"Oh, this is nothing to brag about," Shorty assured her earnestly. "And it isn't an 'affair,' by any stretch of the imagination. It comes under the heading of a [illegible]."

"Oh. Really?"

"Yeah. Terrible."

"How do you happen to know so much about it?" Puff asked acidly.

"Oh, I hear about it. I'm around the apartment here a lot." Shorty meditated an instant, and said further: "Ann tells me about it. Or she did once or twice, back in the fall."

"What does she say about it?"

"Oh, she laughs. Of course," said Shorty, "in a nice way. You know Ann. She's really awfully sorry for the girl. Tries her best to get Toby to be nice to her and all that. She's had a little luck," Shorty continued, "but not much. Toby has phoned this child a net of once, I think, in three months."

"I know why you're telling me all this!" Puff's choked voice unexpectedly cried. "I ——"

"Do you?" Shorty said genially. "I'm sure I don't, except that you seemed interested. And you're such a good friend of Toby's, why not?"

If Puff had meant to acknowledge her identity she changed her mind. She demanded instead, "Is it your idea that all his good friends have got to know all about it?"

"Well," said Shorty, "most of them do already. It's a sort of a standing joke amongst us, if you see what I mean."

"Then he talks about it!" Puff stormed. "Or how could everybody —— Oh, I think he's low! I mean, I don't care who the girl is, or whether he likes her or not, he has no business to be telling ——"

"Wa-a-ait a minute!" Shorty interrupted. "She's the one who makes no secret of it. She phones his office so often that all the boys in the place know her voice. They call her 'If-At,'" said Shorty, extemporizing rapidly. "You know, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' So they say to him, 'If-At called at three o'clock, and again at ——'"

Shorty broke off. "I beg your pardon?" he murmured.

There was no reply.

"Did I hear you hang up on me?" Shorty inquired.

Still no reply.

"Eureka! I did!" said Shorty, and hung up himself.

He went in and woke Toby.

"You see before you," he announced, beaming and bowing, "the Ross Exterminator Company——"

It was to Shorty that Toby owed his job, and he knew it. Shorty was getting him to the office daily now, seeing to it that he put in an appearance there, at least; piloting him past the little black door. When it was possible Shorty was writing his stories for him. When they had to be written in the Star office, Bill Hastings or Hank Lehmann or Tip Ferguson could be depended on. Shorty never worried about that. His concern was Toby's being there at the right time and in fair shape. The job was safe as long as the boss could see him.

Occasionally Toby was able to turn out a thousand words that Hastings or Lehmann, whom he humbly allowed to censor everything nowadays, deemed good enough. Oftener he could not work at all. Even to sit at his desk, pretending to work while someone worked for him, was torture. He would leave "for just a second," and go next door.

He saw himself sometimes. Sometimes he didn't care; it didn't matter. Sometimes he was frightened, thinking, "Like my father." Thinking that this wretchedness was inescapable, was born in him. Staring with eyes that remembered, ahead at the years.

Sometimes he was ashamed. There was the afternoon he found the scrapbook. A certain afternoon alone at home. He had been searching for something else, and in the studio window seat, which opened like a chest, he had come upon a large book with hard black covers, too wide to lie in the narrow space, and so standing upright on its edge. He had thought it must be a scrapbook of Ann's and, in a sense, it was. Ann had bought it and pasted the newspaper clippings in and annotated them. But the clippings were Toby's.

They were not many. Only the first three pages of the book were filled, covered over with stories that Ann had evidently considered his best. His story on the Yale-Harvard game, and the long feature story on Tex Rickard, and the one about Wee Willie Sherdel of St. Louis. Some ten or twelve clippings, the earliest of which, and the first in the book, was his advance story on the Dempsey-Tunney fight, written twenty-four hours or more before he and Ann met. How had she happened to get hold of that? All the clippings were scissored and trim, and carefully dated in ink: "10, 4, 26." "11, 15, 26."

The dates and the stories swam all at once before his eyes so that he could not see them. His face worked. He could not have told exactly why he was so moved. Perhaps it was because he had not known of the scrapbook's existence; Ann secretly saving and cutting and pasting. Perhaps it was the size of the book that so profoundly affected him. She had bought for his stories—for his good stories—such a big book, with so many, many pages.

He made a choked, groaning sound and put his head in his arms against the book that rested outspread on the peak of his knees. "Ann," he thought. "I will. I will."

He sat for a long time there on the floor, with his bent back to the window seat and his head in his arms against the book. He looked utterly beaten. But in reality, after a while he felt better, stronger, more nearly hopeful, than he had felt at any time in the month Ann had been away.

Most of the time he was sure that she would never come back to him. In hours of brooding upon himself and her, and their life together, he had become convinced that this separation was permanent, even that it had been inevitable from the very first. "Why should she come back?" he asked himself. Ann, who had everything. Ann, who was intelligent and sweet and beautiful. Ann, who could marry any man she wanted. Why should she come back to him?

He saw things clearly, or thought he did. Ann had not left him because he had broken a promise and told a lie. She had been driven by the whole sum of his delinquencies, of which the broken promise and the lie had been the last but by no means the least forgivable. This was what he had not bothered to explain to Shorty. This was why writing Ann the letter that Shorty advocated would be as futile as whistling in the high hurricane. Not because of any little thing at all, but because of his immense unworthiness to have and hold her, she had left him. The best thing he could do for her was let her go.

So he reasoned usually. He would not struggle. He would not seek to win Ann back by transient good behavior. In a little while, when this sharp agony subsided, as it must, into a bearable dull pain, he would stop drinking long enough to earn what he owed her in money. Settle that account and then be on his way. No matter where, so long as it was out of Ann's way.

But there were moments when he remembered that Ann had loved him very greatly, and this was a thing not so heartening as it was strange, but heartening still. There was this scrapbook. Now was one such moment. He held under his hands a testimonial of fondness, of pride, even of faith in him. And the scrapbook wasn't so old. The last date wasn't so long ago. Perhaps even yet ——

That day he drank nothing from two in the afternoon until evening. He worked instead. Consuming cupful after cupful of hot black coffee inefficacious substitute—he tried to write something. First he made an hour-long effort to start a short story. The beginning would not come. Expression was clumsy and ponderous and uninspired. Threadbare phrases. *Clichés.*

He changed his tactics presently. Today he could not write, but he could put down the idea, the outline of the story, any which way; and that would be something. His typewriter found its tongue, became voluble then. He covered eight pieces of paper almost without stopping.

He read them over.

"It's more than a short story," he said to himself. "It'll run longer."

Even to himself he did not dare to say that these eight pages were the bare synopsis of a novel. But they were. There was a full-length novel in this story of a great college halfback after college. His mind had realized that when the idea first occurred to him. Or it might have been that his unacknowledged urge to write a novel had been parent to the plot.

If he had wished he could have recalled the day and the very hour of the plot's conception. It had been two or three weeks ago, around Christmastime. He had lain in bed all afternoon and evening, sipping whisky and reading one of the two books that he had purchased the day before. The books were Madder Music, by Dwight Knowles; and We All Want Something, also by Dwight Knowles.

Madder Music was the one he had been reading that day. He had finished it before midnight, and for a while he had thought about it, lying back on his pillows, forgetting even his thirst. And he had thought, "This bird Knowles may be handsome and all that, but if I couldn't write a better book than this thing ——"

By and by he had found that he wasn't thinking of Knowles at all, nor of Knowles' book. He was thinking instead of Duke Van Dyne, who had been a magnificent athlete, an All-American football player, just after the war. After his graduation Van Dyne had coached for a year in the Middle West; then he had dropped out of sight—Out of Sight would do for a working title—until last summer, when a friend of Toby's had recognized him, unofficially, but beyond question, in the flabby giant with the prematurely gray hair who rubbed in a Turkish bath in San Francisco.

What a story there! What a book could be written about that man! His splendor in the beginning, the sense of his own tremendous significance that it gave him; his total unfitness for life in any world beyond the world of sycophantic undergraduates and multicolored, roaring stadium walls. And who, after all, could write that part better than a sports writer? "Than I could?" Then the gradual stages of the fellow's physical and spiritual disintegration—the business failures, the various women, the drink.

"I could do all that," Toby thought, with creative detachment, gravely.

He had gone to sleep thinking about it. "What a story!" Then, as now, he had not been able to call it a potential novel in so many words, lest he be obliged to ridicule his own effrontery. But the last and lingering picture in his mind before he slept had been a picture of a book-sized page, with two small words, one above the other:

For
Ann

in the exact center.

Now the nucleus of the story was here, in his hands, on these eight sheets of paper. He read through it a second time, slowly and absorbedly, jotting marginal notes. It was astonishing how the thing developed as he read, one detail or incident already noted suggesting another to note. His memory yielded up images of men he had known, and reminders of mannerisms and idiosyncrasies that had been theirs, and these together formed in his brain the composite man that was Van Dyne and yet was not Van Dyne nor any man living. He could almost see him. Jordan, his name was Murray Jordan. The name came out of the void, belonging to him.

Then Toby decided that this eight-page synopsis, even with the penciled notes, was not nearly so full as he could make it, even today, with this ache in his temples and the sharp shooting pain in his eyeballs if he moved them too quickly. So he began again at the typewriter and expanded the eight pages to eighteen and a half. This took him two hours.

"There!" he said when it was done. "Now! Little drink on that, Toby, old horse. You've earned it."

At eleven o'clock that night he was sitting in the sports department of the Star; simply sitting there in his overcoat, with his hat on. He had wandered in about half an hour before. He was not sober; yet he was not conspicuously affected by the various bracers and pick-me-ups he had had since twilight. The shrewd, sharp eyes of kindly observers, who would have hustled him out of sight if he had been, found no cause for such precaution. He lit cigarettes with hands that, though they shook a little, unerringly connected burning stub and fresh round tip. His glance, disinterested, perceived. He spoke when spoken to.

He sat at his own desk, with the back of the chair toward his typewriter, and seemed to be waiting. Actually he expected no one. But it was as if he waited very patiently for a person or persons whom he had known all along would be late in coming, who might not, indeed, appear at all. His was that anæsthetized state that he drank to reach. Time was not. Obligation was not. Thought was not. He was just there.

At a neighboring desk, Tip Ferguson finished up a syndicate piece, corrected it and prepared to take his leave.

"Going?" he said guilefully to Toby. "Come on."

Toby nodded. Without alacrity he got to his feet. Whether he went or not was a matter of complete indifference to him. If Ferguson had said, "Going to stay there?" he would have nodded and stayed there.

They left the big noisy city room, Ferguson in the lead, Toby, with his hat brim low over his eyes, shambling docilely along behind him. In the corridor outside they halted to wait for the elevator. Ferguson pressed the button. Toby, hands in his pockets, leaned his shoulders against the wall and crossed one foot over the other. The attitude suggested fatigue—nothing else. He seemed to need support because he was weary.

Ferguson said gently, "Tired, kid?"

"Yeah, I am."

"Why don't you go on home and go to bed?"

"I might do that," Toby agreed after a moment. He shifted his feet and looked hopefully at Ferguson. "Buy you a little drink?"

"No, I'm going along home." Ferguson began buttoning his overcoat to prove it. "So are you, aren't you? And grab about ten good hours of shut-eye? Come on."

So Toby, submissive, apathetic, went along home.

He had left the lights burning in the apartment; in the studio, even in the kitchen. In the kitchen he poured himself the glass of whisky called the nightcap, and drank it. He returned to the studio, extinguishing the kitchen lights as he passed through. His gait was aimless; he halted, and the swinging door rapped his heels and sent him on again.

He stood presently beside the desk, looking down at the synopsis, the eighteen and a half pages that lay there in a neat-edged stack. He could see only the first page; the others were thickness. Standing still, with his fingers on the switch of the desk lamp, arrested, he looked at this first page, and through it; and his eyes and the shape of his mouth were not good to see.

He was thinking now. He was no longer vague.

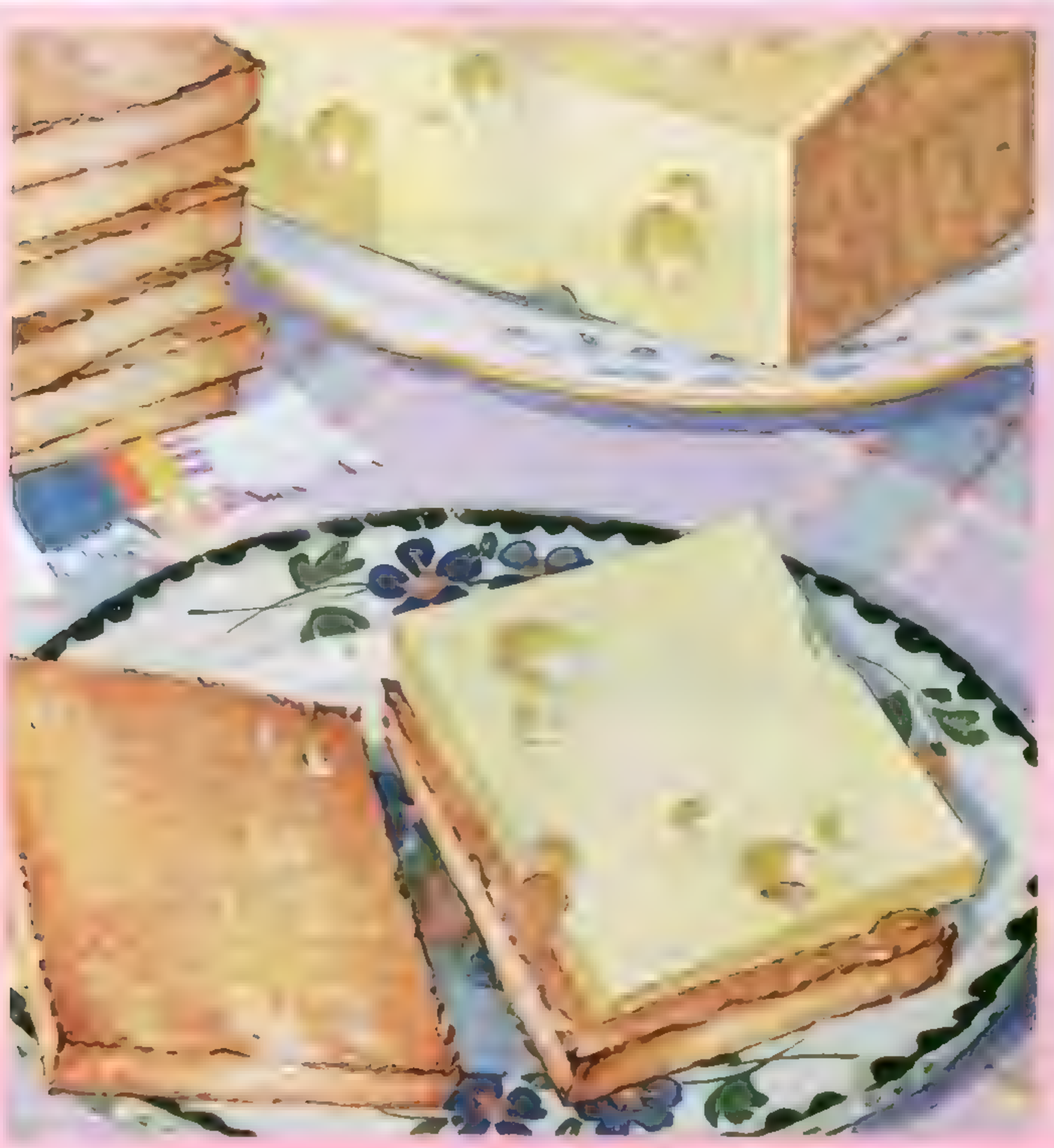
"What a laugh!" he said to himself aloud. His hand fell away from the lamp. It

(Continued on Page 161)

IF YOU COULD TRANSPLANT SWITZERLAND . . . CATTLE, PASTURES, MOUNTAINS, STREAMS

THEN YOU COULD COPY THIS CHEESE

THE nut-sweet, full-bodied goodness of Switzerland Cheese results from more than a method, for methods can be copied. It comes from mountain pastures of rich grasses and herbs where cattle graze. It depends upon streams that are cold and clear, glacier-fed. With these blessings of nature, cheese-making in Switzerland became an art generations ago. The patient, tested processes used by their grandfathers and grandmothers are carried on by today's cheese-makers, for the quality of the Switzerland Cheese must not suffer. Its flavor does not change, and it cannot be copied. ¤ To enjoy this flavor to the fullest, buy a pound of cheese with the word "Switzerland" stamped on the rind, break off a generous piece and eat it slowly by itself. You will never be satisfied with the so-called "Swiss style" cheese again! You will demand the only genuine Switzerland Cheese, which costs but little more. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. Look for the clear stamping of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. The natural color of this cheese varies from cream to butter yellow, depending upon the season of the year in which it is made. The size of the eyes may also vary. But the rare, fine flavor never varies! Be sure you get the genuine.



This rind is stamped with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." No other cheese can be thus marked.

May we send you a copy of "Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"? It's free for the asking.

Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.
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SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

LOOK TO THE *Especially the*

More and more men and women are directing their attention to motor car interiors. When this is done, the rich materials and careful craftsmanship make Fisher Body interiors stand out as far superior by contrast.

THOUSANDS of motor car buyers will consider no car unless it is a Fisher Body car—or, in other words, a General Motors car. That is their first demand; their first safeguard; the fundamental factor, which, they know, assures them the most motor car for their money.

If the car in which you are interested is equipped with a Fisher Body—if you see the emblem, "Body by Fisher," mounted forward, at the lower right exterior of the body—you can buy with utmost confidence in the quality and the value of that car.

If the car you examine lacks the Fisher emblem, compare that car point-by-point, with the Fisher Body car in the same price field.

Above all things, closely inspect the *interior of the body.*

Compare the quality of the upholstering, the upholstery cloth, the top and side lining, the tailoring of the interior, the carpet, the fittings, the woodwork, the genuine plate glass, and the easily adjustable driver's seat.

In these and in other body details, make Fisher Body *your* Standard of Comparison, because Fisher Bodies set the highest quality and greatest body value standard in every price field.

Furthermore—and this is extremely important—Fisher Bodies are noted for the downright *durability* of their attractive appearance; for the way they stand up in use long after an ordinary body would have become a source of expense and embarrassment.

Use this method: never contract to buy a car

BODY ! INTERIOR

The Protectalok door handles protect each door of your car, foiling the would-be thief who attempts to break the door locks. When extreme pressure is exerted upon the handle, the metal which locks the handle sleeve to the round shaft, shears off, thus permitting the door handle to rotate upon the shaft. This does not lessen the durability of the door handle but assures that the handle will break before damage can occur to the door lock proper.

until you have compared it with a Fisher Body car in the same price class—and never until you have closely compared the *interior* with the interior of the similarly priced Fisher Body car. For such comparison will, we believe, lead you to reject anything inferior to Fisher Body quality and to make your selection from among the splendid lines of cars which can claim Fisher Body quality, value and distinction.

* * *

Why should one devote particular inspection to the interior of a motor car?

The reason is obvious to anyone who has ever inspected the quality of dwelling houses. It is well known that two houses, which may appear almost equal in quality of materials and workmanship of the *exterior*, may reveal the most startling differences on comparison of the interiors.

So with automobile bodies. Two bodies, when judged from outside appearance, may appear equally desirable—until one inspects the *interior*. Then it is that a Fisher Body's high quality in materials and in workmanship reveals itself in such striking fashion as to win undisputed preference for the Fisher Body car.

Is the full extent of Fisher Body superiority revealed by the inspection of a new car?

The Fisher Body superiorities which can be seen are so convincing in *themselves* as to secure for the Fisher Body car the enthusiastic preference of the prospective motor car buyer. It is difficult, however, for the *casual* observer to appreciate *completely* the great difference between the construction of the ordinary body and the Fisher Body until many details of superior quality in materials and in craftsmanship, which assure surpassing durability, are pointed out by one thoroughly familiar with superior body construction.

What are some of the superiorities of a Fisher Body interior, which are immediately apparent to the eye?

The careful tailoring of the upholstery, the side lining and the top lining; the more harmonious design and finer craftsmanship of the fittings; the better quality of the woodwork; the finer quality of the upholstering, the upholstery cloth, the carpet and the curtains; the jewel-like lustre and clarity of the Fisher genuine plate glass; the finer proportioning and the richer, more pleasing and harmonious design of the interior—these are some of the visible superiorities in a Fisher Body car.

The cushions used in a Fisher Body are of intricate and costly construction. The scores of spiral seat springs used in each body are very strong and resilient, while the other materials employed are of the quality best suited for long use. Fisher Body cushions are form-fitting and designed for utmost comfort.

What are some of the hidden superiorities of Body by Fisher?

The superior wood-and-steel construction of Fisher Body with its scientific bracing; the roof assembly, into which is built surpassing safety and durability; the strong and durable, but remarkably comfortable, construction of the cushions; the extra-strong interior hardware, including the window and door controls and the Protectalok door handles; these, and other hidden superiorities of comparable importance, greatly increase the value and the satisfaction in every Body by Fisher.

Why is Fisher able to build not only finer interiors but finer quality throughout?

Fisher is by far the largest builder of closed motor car bodies. Its market is General Motors, of which it is a division and for which it builds all closed bodies. Fisher controls its sources of supplies—is one of the largest lumber and plate glass and body hardware and fittings manufacturers in the world, and is remarkably organized to produce bodies of great value and high quality at unequaled low cost.

BODY by FISHER

CADILLAC . LASALLE . BUICK . VIKING . OAKLAND . MARQUETTE
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GENERAL MOTORS

At the A&P Food Stores you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands.

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"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

The Symbol of America's Foremost Food Service

CALL upon the A&P Food Stores for your Thanksgiving food needs this year. Command this great chain of nationally famous food stores to serve you. Each store is fairly bulging with good things to eat from all parts of the world.

Awaiting your selection are mouth-watering cranberries . . . crisp stalks of celery . . . olives from sunny Spain . . . fresh meaty nuts . . . figs, dates, citron . . . succulent fruits . . . fresh, green vegetables, and the choicest foods American packers produce.

Where else could you go and be so sure of the fine quality and wide assortment that America's Foremost Food Service offers you?

And what a delight to know that at the A&P Food Stores you spend less for choice quality than you spend for ordinary quality at many other stores.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

(Continued from Page 156)

picked up a pencil purposefully. Leaning over the desk, supported by the palm of his left hand, he printed across the top of the first page this caption:

SYNOPSIS FOR A
BOOK THAT WILL NEVER BE WRITTEN
BY
TOBY McLEAN

Ann did not come back in six weeks. When she had been away almost that long Miss Lorna Hoffman left New York for Hollywood; and Ann, under orders from her office, tarried longer.

Miss Hoffman, it should be explained, was the cinema find of the Chronicle-Press. In October she had won a metropolitan beauty contest which the paper—to boost circulation—had conducted, and by the same token, she had acquired a motion-picture contract which a producer—for the publicity—had offered. Though Miss Hoffman as winner of the contest was adequate, being beautiful and living in the Bronx, it must be admitted that little or nothing of ultimate consequence had been expected of her, despite great ballyhoo to the contrary. Her contract was for a minor rôle in one production only. If the Chronicle-Press and the picture producer knew their beauty-contest winners—and they were afraid they did—Miss Hoffman would then be permitted to repair once again to obscurity and the department-store hosiery counter whence she had come.

Miss Hoffman, however, had had no such intention. From the moment she set foot inside the company's Eastern studios it was plain that here—or there—that is, the company's Western studios—she meant to remain. And to that end she not only enacted her small rôle surprisingly well but in addition so impressed a youngish assistant director named Burdick, an able and influential man in the company, that his wife was said to be divorcing him

By the time the picture was finished Miss Hoffman had a long-term contract and was acclaimed the greatest screen discovery since Clara Bow. The Chronicle-Press was authority for this prophetic statement, which it reiterated daily, and hysterically, patting itself on the back in columns and columns of photos and prose.

Miss Hoffman's face appeared large as life in the Sunday rotogravure, and twice as large on the trucks of the Chronicle-Press that passed in the streets. Sweetly she smiled at the city from billboards and placards, from Subway news stands, from picture frames for sale in the store that had formerly employed her, even at last from a cigarette advertisement. Her intimate diary, the naive outpouring of a girlish heart, was evolved by two staff reporters in three profane afternoons apiece and published with success for thirty days. Her shopping expeditions became news, and her parties, headlines. She was made—linotype-machine made. Famous.

All this in New York. Now, at the end of January, Miss Hoffman was off to Hollywood, with her long-term contract, her seventeen trunks, her assistant director, her pet marmoset, her personal maid, her press agent and her mother. And that the countless thousands of Manhattan's little shopgirls who had followed her meteoric rise from their ranks with bated breath, and with less of envy than of secret ecstasy, thinking, "It can happen!"—that these should not wish to go vicariously to the Coast with her was inconceivable. Wherefore the Chronicle-Press wired its movie columnist to stay out there and to "give us Hoffman daily till further notice."

Toby had foreseen this. For weeks before he knew it definitely, he had inferred that Ann's return to New York would be delayed by the Hoffman migration; that it might even be postponed until after he had gone to Florida. On a day in the last week in January, he telephoned the Chronicle-Press and asked if they could tell him when Miss Vaughn was coming back.

"Who is this, please?"

Toby said, "This is Acme Films."

The girl in Ann's office with whom they had connected him replied that Miss Vaughn was not expected back "for two or three weeks."

"Evelyn Peyton speaking," she announced. "I'm handling Miss Vaughn's work." Her tone hinted that she was handling it very well indeed; better, in fact, by far, than it was ordinarily handled. "Is there anything I can do?" she inquired.

"No," said Toby coldly. Confounded little upstart!

He said to Shorty that evening, "I had it doped right. They're going to keep Ann on the Coast as long as the Hoffman story's hot. She probably won't be back here before March."

The Yankees would leave for St. Petersburg the third week in February.

"Oh, maybe she will," Shorty argued soothingly. "I'll bet she will. She'll be back before we blow; you wait and see."

But she was not.

Toby said to Shorty, on the train going South, that he supposed, anyway, it was just as well.

St. Petersburg was warm and bright, and it was nice to be there. "Restful," Shorty said mournfully. "Good for boys." It was not very gay. St. Petersburg was never very gay to Shorty's way of thinking, being too full of the ailing, the elderly and the devout. But pleasant it was; a comfortable sunshiny city, with a laziness, with an indolence, with rows of painted benches on the sidewalks everywhere and a tropical striped-blue-and-lavender sea close by.

And it was a pleasant life the baseball writers led there. They had only an easy story a day to do. They must—or they should—watch the Yankees' daily workout at the ball park. The rest of their time was their own. There was swimming, of course. There was golf. In the evenings there were young ladies for Shorty and other inveterate young-ladies' men. There were the movies. There were the dog races. There was always bridge, and always conversation. The ball club paid the expenses—room and board—of the correspondents. Salaries came as usual, and went further.

Toby was writing his own stories, here in Florida. He was drinking still, but drinking less. Circumstances, rather than conscious determination or effort of will on his part, had brought this about. There was less loneliness here. There was less brooding. There were no tangible reminders of Ann at all. He was better here. Already, after a fortnight, he was physically and mentally better. He drank only in the evenings. By day, for hours every day, he gave himself to the sun and the sea.

He liked to lie prone in the sand with his face in his arms. He would turn over sometimes in order that he might tan evenly. Sometimes he would swim. He was a superb swimmer, fast and strong and beautiful; buried except for his alternating elbows in the trough of the water. But most of the time he preferred to lie face downward in the sand, resting, absolutely motionless.

Then there was no world around him; nothing whatever existed outside the cage he made for his head with his arms. He heard nothing. When he opened his eyes he saw only the close dim sand and his fingers in it. He felt drowsy. He watched his fingers moving; slow fingers, half asleep. Drowsily he thought of things that mattered not all. Grains of sand. Hollows in the sand. A man he had known once who had eaten sand and seemed to like it. A childhood platitude about having to eat a peck of dirt in your life. Well, possibly. Depended on how long you lived, though.

He never thought of anything important in the least, lying in the sand. Things he ought to think of and knew he ought to think of were shadows hovering just outside his mind, and his mind was tired. He could not make it reach for and lay hold on these important things. They must wait. His mind was resting, mercifully. So he thought of seaweed, and of shells, and of hourglasses, and of what time it was, and of not caring anyway. Often he dozed, face downward in the sand.

Away from the beach, his mood was strange. He was unlike himself; and the stories he wired to the Star every day were unlike any training-camp stories he had ever written. He did not realize this until it was called to his attention. He knew only that nowadays only personalities appealed to him. At the ball park of afternoons he scarcely watched the workout. He was there to watch it, he would doubtless have said he was watching it; but his gaze would be intent upon an individual—a new recruit, or a failing old-timer, or the wife of the old-timer, biting her lips in the stands near by.

He would be sharply aware of little individual dramas. He would notice slight significant things. He could feel for people; sense what they felt; think and understand what they were thinking. His stories ran accordingly. Whereas once he had contented himself with straight reporting, he leaned now to characterization, incident, color.

There was a day when the great George Herman Ruth, after fifty-four holes of golf in the morning, knocked five new baseballs into the distant creek beyond the outfield in the course of an hour. This would once have been Toby's whole story for the day. Now it was his lead; and the fans who gathered outside the players' house after the practice to wait for the Babe—these were the story. The girl who requested an autograph in ink on the white silk collar of her dress. The small boy brought by his father to shake the hero's hand, who trembled so, and wept hysterically when it was over. The little old lady in the red-flowered shawl who wanted her snapshot taken with Mr. Ruth to send to her son in Colorado. "He's such an admirer of yours. He's never been anywhere where you play, but he reads all about you."

"Sure, mother!" the Babe had said. And he had surrounded the shoulders in the red-flowered shawl with an enormous flannel arm and posed for ten minutes. And then it had developed that the shawl was wrong side out and the flowers would not show up well in the pictures, so if Mr. Ruth didn't mind—just a minute more ——

"Sur-r-re!"

They got the New York papers at the hotel—Sunday's on Wednesday—and read what they and their fellow correspondents had to say. It was Shorty who first remarked the difference in Toby's stories.

"Did the office tell you human-interest stuff?" he asked one day.

"No. Not specially."

"It's what you're sending. I suppose you know."

Toby on brief reflection discovered that this was true. "Well," he said, "if Mose doesn't like it, he'll say so quick enough."

"He ought to like it. It's good."

"I'm sick of the other stuff," Toby said. "'The Yanks had a two-hour workout this afternoon and Cummings was in at short.' The hell with that; they get it from the A. P. anyway."

This was the only explanation he was able to make, even to himself, of the change. He did not know that he was watching baseball with the eyes of Ann; seeing what she would appreciate; writing only what she might be interested to read. He did not know how much he hoped she read it.

She might. She was back in New York now. According to the Chronicle-Press and his mental calculation, he had missed her by eight days exactly.

It was Shorty who discovered, and forthwith met, the Sherman Sisters. Toby never learned exactly how it came about; he slept through it, with a newspaper over his head. It did not seem to him, when he woke, that he had had more than forty winks. But whatever the interval, it had sufficed for Shorty.

"Look at that guy!" Toby grunted inwardly, when he saw him.

Shorty was the center of a close confidential trio, perched on the stone sea wall some

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yards away. His shoulders, rounded to hug his knees, looked smug. His beaming profile was impartial, appearing now at the right, now at the left. And indeed there would have seemed little excuse for partiality; his companions, viewed from the rear, were duplicates. They were one tanned blonde in a low-backed yellow bathing suit and another tanned blonde in a low-backed yellow bathing suit. The effect, Toby thought, was musical comedy in the extreme. At any moment additional blondes in yellow suits should join them, two by two, from right and left, until they were a chorus line, with Shorty, the smirking juvenile, in the center.

"Then," thought Toby satirically, "they'll break into their dance."

He did not molest them. He retreated down the beach to what appeared to him a safe distance and went in swimming.

When he emerged at the end of some fifteen chill and bracing minutes, Shorty spied him and hailed him from afar. The trio still sat on the wall. Approaching along the hard stretch of sand beside the water, in obedience to a summons that he could not with manners ignore, Toby had time to observe that Shorty's ladies were vividly pretty. He would have sworn they were twins; and he knew that they were of the footlights. One such blonde would not necessarily, only probably, be a show girl. But two were inevitably a sister act.

He was right. These were the Sherman Sisters—Vivian and Vera. "The dancers," Shorty added matter-of-factly. And Toby murmured, "Oh, of course." Later, in private, Shorty would say, "Ever hear of 'em? Neither did I."

The Sherman Sisters had lemon-colored heads and hard little muscular dancers' legs. They had provocative profiles, with tilt noses. Their cheek bones were rather high, their eyes oval; they had short blackened lashes, separate and stiff, like thorns. The eyes were blue, "and bad," said Shorty later. By which he perhaps meant merely that there was nothing ingénue, there was no wondering, in the long blue stare of a Sherman Sister.

They were quite young. Vivian admitted to eighteen years; she was probably twenty. Vera was a year older. They were not so identical at close range as they had appeared from a little distance. Having features essentially the same, and the same expression, they had yet different faces. Vivian's was much the prettier.

They would, however, always dress alike; you knew that. Everything they wore—their street clothes, their dancing costumes—would be as alike as their yellow bathing suits and their gaudy beach coats and the painted wooden clogs that clung to the soles of their small bare feet. They were from Broadway, and of it. Little hat shops and gown shops called Billie and Cherie would display professional photographs of the dancing Sherman Sisters, autographed, as testimonials, on soiled chrome walls. "For Billie, who makes the cutest hats in New York. Best Wishes. Vera and Vivian Sherman."

Hats made by Billie would feature narrow thin veils across the eyes. Dancing frocks created by Cherie—*née* Gertie—of West Forty-eighth Street would be tight bodiced, full skirted; trimmed with lazy ostrich, with glittering glass, with twitching fringe.

You knew.

The Sherman Sisters were cabaret entertainers. They not only danced but sang. They had been in revues, they said hastily, and in vaudeville. But they were working in night clubs for the present. Until they left N'Yawk three weeks ago, they had been at the Carte Blanche. . . . Where was the Carte Blanche? Why, on Fifty-third Street. Toby and Shorty didn't mean to say they'd never been there? And they were N'Yawkers?

Said Vera, "Say, you two don't get around much, do you?"

"Hardly any," Shorty agreed sadly.

"Married?" hazarded Vera, after a moment's consideration.

Shorty shook his head. "Broke," he said in a firm voice. He always wanted that established early.

Toby said to Vivian, "But what are you doing down here? Just having a vacation?"

He was lingering. He had come up the beach to say hello and go along. But he wasn't going along. He had, in fact, added himself to the row on the wall. This was not as it appeared—because Vivian was very pretty. It was not to look; it was to listen. After a three-minute sample of the Sherman Sisters' conversation, he remained to share Shorty's veiled intellectual glee.

He listened attentively while Vivian explained in her toneless voice, that was at once cabaret-high and cigarette-husky, why they were here. To begin with, they weren't here, they were in Tampa. Well, they weren't exactly in Tampa; they were at Davis Island in Tampa. Did Toby know where Davis Island—Islands, rather—were in Tampa? In the bay there.

"They made them," said Vivian of the islands. "What-do-you-called-them up, out of the bay."

"Dredged them up, you mean."

Vivian pondered. "That doesn't sound like it," she said surprisingly. "But anyway."

There was a club they called a Country Club that wasn't a country club really, but a sort of roadhouse; and Vivian and Vera had been imported to sing and dance there. They had an engagement for the season. Well, it wasn't really for the season. It was for six weeks. They were living in a furnished apartment they had taken, and it was all right, but they had to come to St. Petersburg to swim. It seemed that you could not swim in Tampa because of sharks and barracuda.

There was supposed to be a pool somewhere around Tampa that you could swim in, but Vera didn't like pools and wouldn't swim in them. Toby wanted to know why this was, and Vivian said it was because once when they were swimming in a pool in N'Yawk somebody dived right on Vera from a springboard and sank her. "So we come over here to swim instead," concluded Vivian.

"I see it all now," said Toby gravely.

He was smiling within. This humorless girl with the colorless mind and the singsong voice was funny. "So dumb she's marvelous," he told himself. Now, while she rested from the labor of narration and drew on a cigarette, he surveyed her sideways, noticing several things he had heretofore missed. The ring she wore on the index finger of her left hand; an oblong of onyx so large that it held the finger stiff, like a splint. She was evidently a chronic nail biter. The little patches of raspberry-colored varnish on the ends of her fingers had no rims at all.

She sat with one shaved tan leg over the other knee, and swung the foot on its painted wooden sole. The toes appearing beyond the fabric strap that secured the clog had also little patches of raspberry varnish. Toby thought this interesting.

"Do you do barefoot dancing?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I just wondered."

"My Gawd, no," said Vivian without emphasis.

Beyond her there was Shorty's freckled shoulder and his heedless ear; his face was averted, turned toward Vera. His voice drifted over: "Will I? Say! Invite me, that's all—just invite me!"

Vivian threw her cigarette away, and gripping the wall at her sides with her hands, leaned a trifle forward. Her yellow head moved, and she looked at Toby over her shoulder. It was almost the first time she had seemed to look directly at him. Now he perceived the shadowed wisdom of her eyes, which was not intelligence, which had nothing whatever to do with the brain inside.

"Do you get over to Tampa much?" she asked.

"Not often."

"There're some baseball players over there," Vivian offered as inducement. "Washington, or something."

Toby evinced the startled gratification he felt was expected. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "Well, well!"

"You're with the N'Yawk team, aren't you?" Vivian observed—"you and he?"

Toby nodded. "The Yankees." He divined that Shorty had not seen fit to explain their connection; they were probably two ball players, *pro tem.* Shorty was given to such untruths, even to much farther-fetched ones, at times like this.

"What do you do," said Vivian now—"pitch or something?"

"Pitch or catch. It's all one to me."

"You must be good."

"Oh, I am."

Vivian indicated Shorty. "And what does he do?"

"He's a bat boy."

"A what?"

"A bat boy. Runs out and picks up the bats and runs back in again. You know," Toby said. "You've seen ball games, haven't you?"

"You're kidding me," Vivian decided.

She appealed to Shorty, prodding his side to gain his attention. "Listen."

"Yeah?"

"Are you a bat boy?"

"No, just playful," said Shorty. "Why?"

Vivian stared at him, blinking. Her expression suggested that she found him not quite bright.

The afternoon was waning. Shorty asked the time of a clothed passer-by with a probable watch, and learned that it was after half-past five. They would dress and ride to the hotel, Shorty said. "Then we'll have dinner somewhere, and then we'll get hold of a car, maybe, and drive you back to Tampa."

In the gentlemens' lockers at the bathhouse, while they dressed, there was argument.

"Look here," said Toby, starting it, "fun is fun. But when it comes to spending the whole evening with these two, count me out."

"Why?"

"Why, because I won't, that's all. Reason totters, as it is," he added.

"Oh, now," protested Shorty, "don't be like that! Stay with me." Over the wooden partition between their lockers his voice demanded, "What are you going to do all evening, then?"

"Nothing."

"Well, don't you like this pair? I mean, if they're not a riot —— Come on," Shorty urged. "Grab yourself an evening of laughs. You need it."

Toby said dryly that he had laughed enough. "Give somebody else a chance," he said.

To this end, when they reached the hotel, he sent Shorty and the Shermans up to the room ahead of him, while he went recruiting comrades to join the party. In the lobby he found Chris Hanley, a willing victim. Three bridge players in a sports writer's room on the fifth floor were tired of playing three-handed anyway. Charlie Sully, roused from a nap, would be up when he put on a collar and tie. Harry Griffin, with brightening eye, said, "Wimmin?"

Out of this number, Toby felt certain, one or more gentlemen would be glad enough to pinch-hit for him this evening. He repaired to the sixth floor, accompanied by Harry and Chris. The door of the room was open, and Shorty's voice, ordering quantities of seltzer water and ice by telephone, could be heard the length of the hall. "And listen, Room Service," he said in conclusion—"if I may call you that when we've never met—send it now, understand? None of this thinking it over."

From the threshold, the room seemed full of Sherman Sisters, in scant white flannel sport suits, jade-green, short-vamp shoes, no stockings. They wore sixty-inch strings of large pearl beads, wrapped twice around their throats and dangling in parabolas. They had removed and placed on Toby's dresser their white bérets.

They were gazing around. "What do ball players do with typewriters?" Vivian was inquiring of Shorty.

"Oh, we write our autobiographies for the papers."

Harry and Chris were introduced as Mr. Gehrig and Mr. Lazzeri. The Sherman Sisters looked blank, and Toby murmured, "I guess I should have brought Babe Ruth."

"Oh, is he here?" Vera cried excitedly. "Babe Ruth?"

It was plain that if he was here he would have to be produced at once. "As a matter of fact," said Shorty, "he's not. He was traded to Minneapolis last Tuesday."

Vivian was telling Chris, who had seated himself beside her, that she had heard that "famous athletes and people" who wrote things for the newspapers didn't really write them themselves at all.

"Listen, men!" Chris cried indignantly. "Listen to this!" He repeated the rumor.

"It's a lie!" they bawled in chorus.

"That's the way it is," added Harry Griffin dourly. "Work your fingers to the bone, and some louse of a newspaperman gets the credit."

Charlie Sully arrived, and became Grover Cleveland Alexander. The three erstwhile bridge players arrived en masse, bringing the fourth they had been looking for all afternoon—just in from the golf links. In a quarter of an hour or so the Sherman Sisters were playing to an immensely appreciative stag audience of nine. They were having a very good time indeed. So, too, after its fashion, was the audience.

They packed the room. There were young men seated on the window sills, on the desk, on the beds, on the floor. Each had a thickish hotel tumbler in his hand, which he brandished while he talked, fortifying himself by gulps between times. Everybody smoked, and the little room was densely foggy. Everybody shouted to be heard. The telephone rang twice in the course of the first half hour of the party, but no one answered it. It would be the management, about the noise.

Toby took over the mixing of drinks at the desk, relieving Shorty, who was busy beseeching the Sherman Sisters to dance. The Sherman Sisters said there wasn't room, and besides, they had to have music, and seven men at once asked Toby where his banjo was.

"Home," Toby said. "I didn't bring it."

He had not thought of bringing it this year.

"I wish I had," he said regretfully.

"Listen to that phone," somebody grumbled.

"It won't be long now!" predicted Shorty.

The Sherman Sisters were persuaded to sing, since they wouldn't dance. The bureau was cleared, and they hoisted themselves backward onto its plate-glass top. Sitting there, side by side, rocking right and left in unison, they sang a baby song in their little husky night-club voices. Their elbows were lifted and bent, their hands below their ears, palms outward. Vivian carried the air, and Vera warbled the vo-deo-dos. They were rather good. They were not musical at all, but their rhythm was perfect, it was contagious; and they had the gestures. It was the sort of thing one paid five-dollar *covers* to see.

The audience was delighted. Encores were cried for, and the Sherman Sisters obliged again and again. Then the telephone began to ring, and finally Toby set the receiver down, off the hook.

"Mustn't cry any more," he remarked into the mouthpiece.

That had been some moments ago. Now the vocalists, Toby included, were rendering a song with verve and volume.

"Somebody knocking," said somebody near the door. He was not heard, and presently he got up languidly—he was Walkley, and he had been sitting against the headboard of Shorty's bed—and went to the door. He opened it and put his head out, remaining thus for an interval.

(Continued on Page 166)

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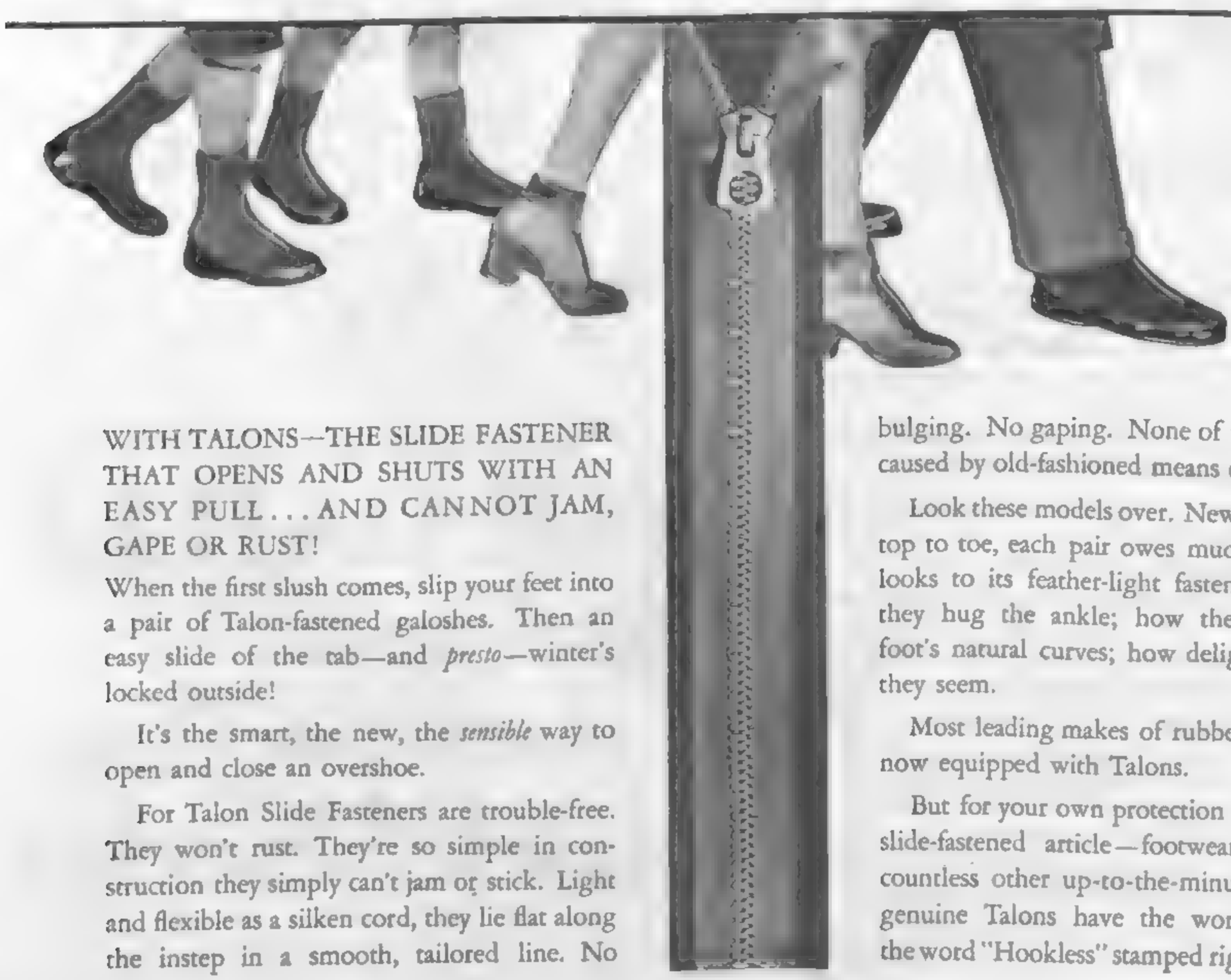

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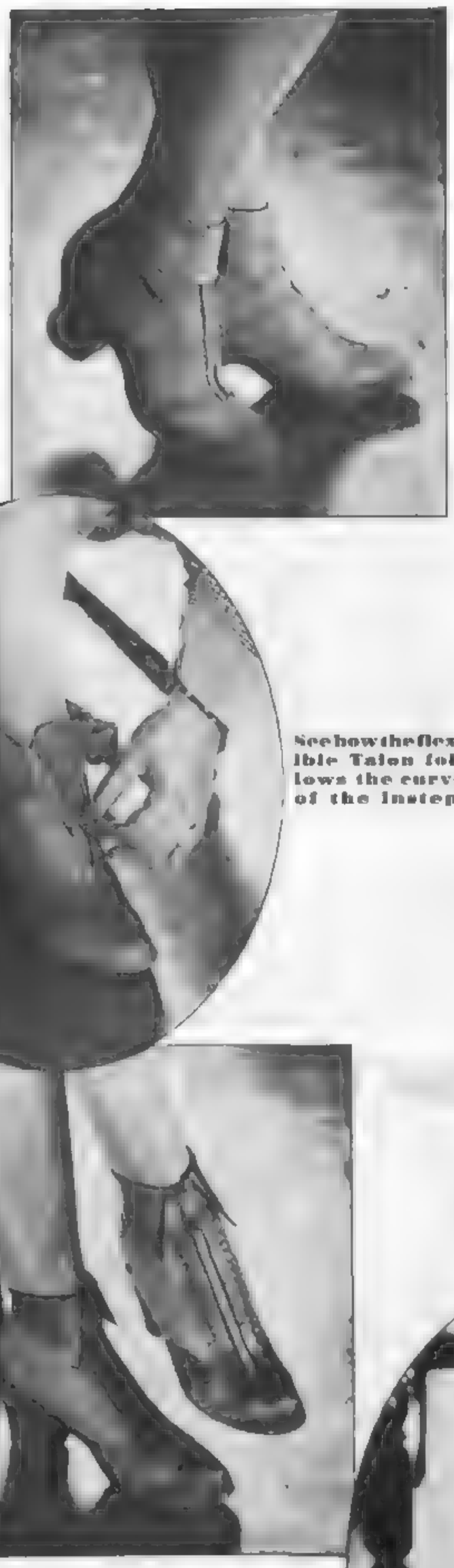

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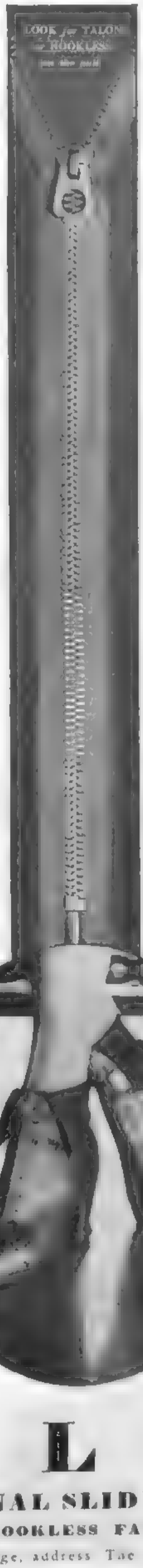

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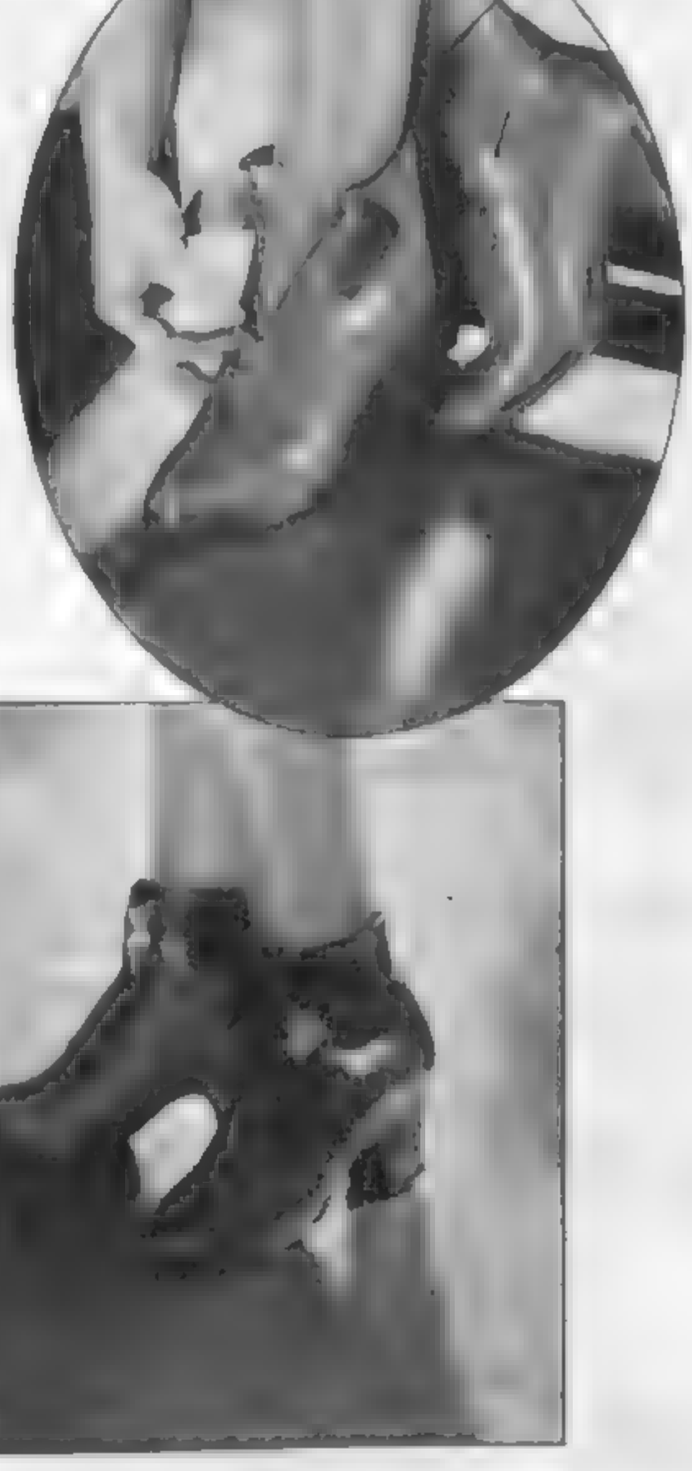

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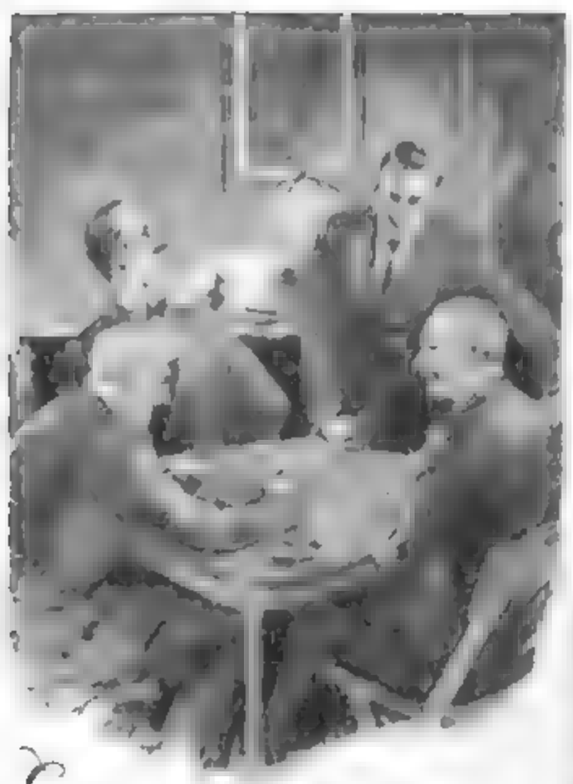

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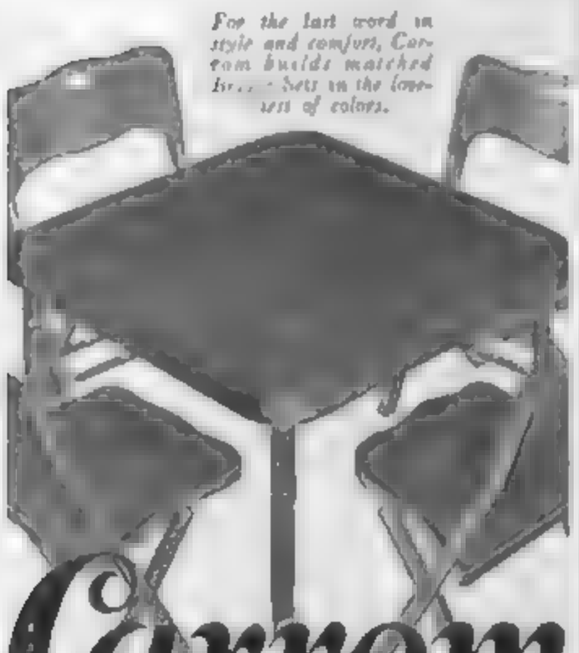

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FOLDING TABLES

AND FOLDING CHAIRS TO MATCH

At Home With Fine Furniture

Continued from Page 162

Walkley drew his head in, and turned. "McLean!" he bellowed. He closed the door and made his way to Toby's side. "Listen," he said, with voice and elbow. Toby reluctantly subsided, and inclined his head to Walkley's. "You better get on the phone," said Walkley. "New York's trying to get you."

"Who is?"

"New York! Are you deaf?"

"How do you know?"

"Operator downstairs just sent up a bellhop. Said you answered a minute ago and then left the —— There it goes again."

Someone had replaced the receiver, and the telephone was again jangling. Toby started for the instrument. It occurred to him that everybody would have to quiet down if he was to hear anything. It did not occur to him to take the call in some other room.

He was a little more than a little drunk, just now.

"Everybody shut up!" he directed at the top of his voice. "Hey!" He climbed on the bed and stood there, the telephone from the bedside table held in both hands. "Pipe down, will you? Please? The office wants to tell me I'm fired or something."

He was most jovial. He stepped down from the bed, and with a flourish unhooked the receiver, sweeping it widely up to his ear. He sat back on the little table, ankles crossed, head against the wall. "Hullo," he said. "Yeah. . . . Well, I didn't feel like talking just then. You know how it is. . . . Oh, positively loquacious, at the moment! . . . All right; put 'em on."

The room was reasonably quiet. Everyone was prepared to be entertained. Only Shorty looked thoughtful. He looked worried. Rising suddenly from an armchair, he hurried down the little lane between the beds. "See here," he said in an undertone to Toby. There was still enough commotion so that he was not generally heard. "Don't be a fool, now," he said. "You talk drunk and you will get fired!"

"That's a song!" exclaimed Toby, pleased. "Listen." To a nursery tune he had not heard or thought of for twenty years, he chanted: "'You-u-u get drunk and you wi-i-ill get fired, you wi-i-ill get fired, you wi——"

"Hullo?" he checked himself to say again to the telephone.

Then Shorty, in desperation, put his lips to Toby's free ear. "Maybe it's Ann!" he whispered warningly.

So that Toby, though he did not for a moment believe that it would be Ann, was all at once quite serious and unsmiling, saying to New York, "Yes. This is he."

Shorty stayed beside him. In effect, he mounted guard over the room, keeping it in order. When anyone spoke he glowered and flapped his hand. One Sherman Sister, into whose ear Chris Hanley had been murmuring, giggled outright; then put her palm over her mouth, having caught Shorty's eye.

"Who? Eunice?" Toby was saying in a puzzled voice. "Why, hullo. How are you?"

His eyebrows drew together, stayed that way.

"Who's Eunice?" Vivian wanted to know, *sotto voce*. She nudged Chris. "Who's Eunice? His girl?"

"Sh-h!" said Shorty sharply.

"Yes, I can hear you," Toby was saying. Quick, clipped words, impatient, urging her to get on. "What is it?" he said. "Is—have you seen Ann?"

He listened hard. His eyes met Shorty's eyes and concentrated, though he seemed not to perceive him. In the lull of his listening somebody struck a match on a match box, and Shorty wheeled furiously. "Can't you keep still?" his wordless gesture demanded.

"Excuse me," the offender muttered, "for living."

"She what?" cried Toby, leaning slightly forward. "I didn't get that."

Watching him, it was impossible that he had been uproarious, inane, a moment ago. His insobriety was gone, with gayety, completely from him.

"But what's the matter?" he shot out.

Now all at once the room was still—perfectly still. Something was happening. Something was horrifying Toby's eyes, suddenly making his big hands holding the telephone shake like leaves. Now he wheeled, turning his back on the room, crouched over the telephone, bent as a man bent with mortal physical pain.

"How?" his hoarse frantic voice tore the silence. "Poisoned how? What ——"

There was a little, almost inaudible, stir all over the room, the hint of a straining forward that was controlled. Nobody really moved. They waited. Sober. Figures of stone, with live cigarettes dying slowly in their fingers. Only the lips of one or two of them moved, repeating the word they had heard, unaware that they did so.

Toby's voice again: "What? I can't——"

Another instant's hush. Then there was a sound from him, something like a sob, something like an oath, choked down, and terrible to hear. He tried to speak, and could not; wrenched himself away from Shorty, who would have spoken for him; tried again:

"How bad is it?"

Shorty turned upon the room again, and everyone looked to him. He was closer to Toby, closer to this catastrophe, than they. He was even suffering. Sweat stood on his forehead. He motioned with his head for them to go, to leave the room; with his eyes he begged for Toby this small kindness.

"We better clear out," Chris Hanley said, low, to the rest. Unnecessarily. They realized for themselves, and they went. Someone near the door went first, and they followed, flocking silently, trying to tiptoe, trying not to tread on the crunching glass in the hall outside. Only Shorty remained.

They shut the door softly. Beyond it they gathered in an agitated group and someone—one of the Sherman Sisters—whispered, "Who is it? Who's it about?" and someone answered, "His wife," and someone else said, "Don't talk here." Still they lingered. Nobody seemed able to decide what they ought to do now, exactly. Curiosity and genuine anxiety held them, though they felt a little guilty, a little ghoulish, hovering here.

Through the open transom Toby's voice was as audible as it had been in the room. He was choking: "Don't lie to me, Eunice! I've got to know."

Vivian Sherman plucked somebody's sleeve. "Do you spose she's de——"

"Keep still!"

"Come on," Harry Griffin said abruptly, imperatively, under his breath. "Let's get away from the door, at least."

The open door of Walkley's room was a few yards down the hall. They repaired there and went inside. They waited. Walkley's roommate was there, and everybody told him about it. People sat down as if they might at any instant jump up again. Harry Griffin stayed near the door and every now and then went to the threshold and looked up the hall toward Toby's room.

"Still talking," he reported. "I can hear him."

Presently he said that he thought they had rung off; he couldn't hear Toby any longer.

"Somebody go and find out what it's all about," he said.

"Why not you?"

"Better wait a while."

"Yes," said a Sherman Sister. "Because maybe he feels bad."

There had already been a subdued discussion of such meager facts as they had. "Poison liquor?" someone had suggested, and Chris Hanley had said at once, "No, it can't be that. Ann doesn't drink—well, that is, she only drinks a little."

"It only takes a little," Walkley had put in.

"About a thimbleful," somebody else said.

"Yeah, I know. But it can't be that," Chris still maintained.

It was, however.

After quite a while, Shorty came and told them.

He came primarily to borrow money for Toby's passage to New York. "As much as you've all got," he said. "He and I together only have twelve dollars."

They turned their pockets inside out. Shorty, collecting, explained what had happened. "It's frightful," he said tersely. "I never heard anything worse. She had a cold, do you see, and she took a little whisky, hot. There was a bottle Toby bought the night before we started down here, and then forgot to pack at the last minute. I remember he was beefing about it on the train all the way to Washington—about this whole new quart he'd left behind. He can't remember now where he bought it; he was cockeyed that night, cruising all over town."

"Yeah, with me," murmured Harry Griffin. He shook his head. "I can't remember either."

"Anyway, it was out of that bottle. They think it's methyl alcohol, but they're not sure yet. This was last night when she went to bed; she drank the stuff and this morning she woke up feeling dizzy and sick—thought it was grippe at first. But it got worse in no time, and she called up Eunice Hay, who lives near there, and asked her to come over, and Eunice, as soon as she got there, called a doctor. By the time the doctor showed up, Ann was delirious, and she was unconscious when they took her to the hospital. They've been trying to telephone Toby ever since. All afternoon." Shorty came to a full stop. "She's—she can't ——" He stopped again. "Her eyesight's affected," he said then, difficultly, as if he could not bear to hear himself.

There was a gasp.

"Not permanently?"

"They don't know."

"You mean she's blind?"

Shorty fumbled the money in his hands. He kept his eyelids lowered. "She can tell light from dark ——" His voice trailed off.

It seemed a long time after that before anyone spoke or made a sound.

"Isn't she going to get well?" This was Chris, finally.

"They think she'll get well," said Shorty. "They told Toby that anyway."

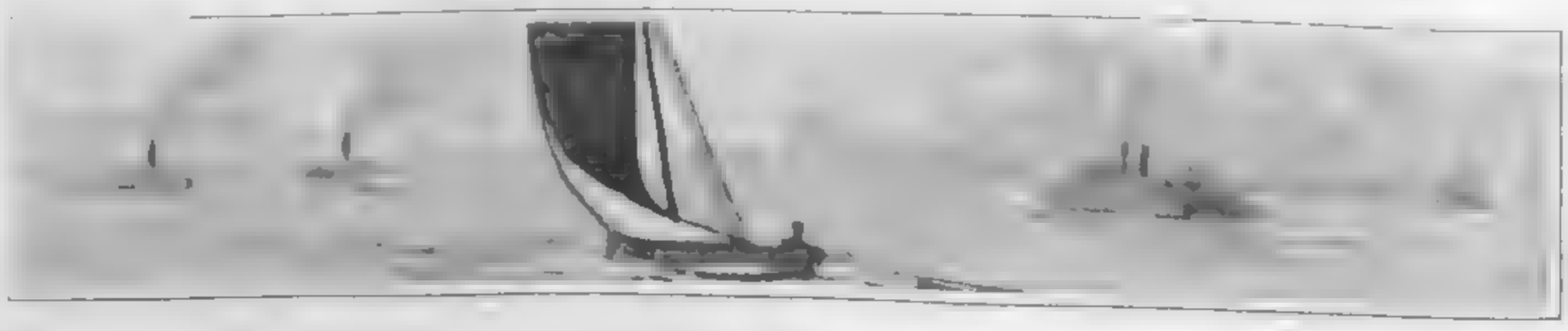
Toby.

"How is he?" someone asked.

Shorty raised his eyes then. They were level and eloquent.

"How would he be?" he answered simply.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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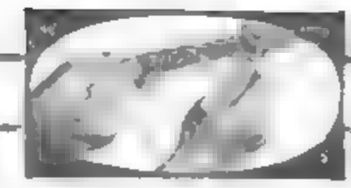

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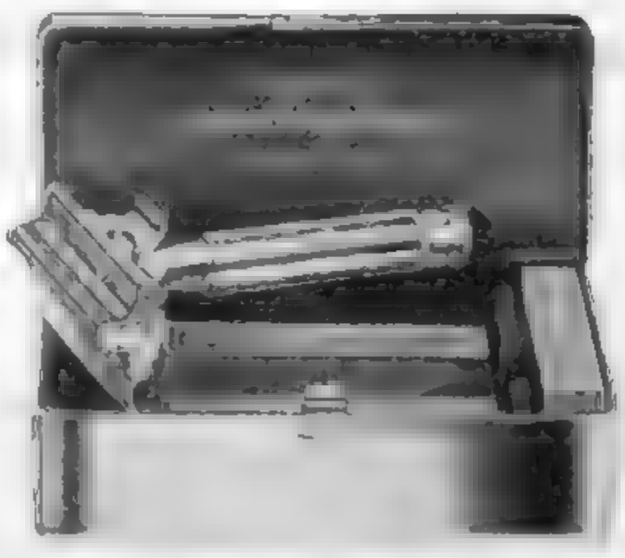

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A NEW TURN IN IMMIGRATION

(Continued from Page 33)

inconvenienced by delay in coming to America of all the nations. They can embark within three months after application. Here is the table:

VISAS WANTED AND QUOTA LIMITATIONS

As of July 1, 1929, when national-origins plan became effective

COUNTRIES	APPLICATIONS	YEARLY QUOTAS
Great Britain and Northern Ireland	88,145	65,721
Irish Free State	4,975	17,853
Germany	74,566	25,957
Sweden	12,000	3,314
Norway	5,000	2,377
Denmark	13,022	1,181
Poland	56,286*	6,524
Turkey	7,467*	226
Italy	10,000	5,802
Russia	73,118	2,784
Hungary	4,408*	869
Austria	14,473	1,413
Czecho-Slovakia	28,749	2,874
Greece	2,365	307
Finland	8,485	569
Latvia	6,861	236
Lithuania	9,673	386
Jugo-Slavia	4,303	845

*Ceased issuing visas

The list is only a partial one, giving only the main countries affected by the national-origins plan. The Irish and the Germans had suffered greatest reductions in their quotas, the Irish being cut from 28,567 to 17,853 and the Germans from 51,227 to 25,957. But here is an amazing thing to relate: The Irish Free Staters did not fill their quota in the last fiscal year prior to this reduction. There were only 17,672 of them recorded by the Bureau of Immigration as admitted to the United States for the year ending June 30, 1929. This figure is below the allotment extended the Irish Free State in the national-origins plan, and yet the latter plan was not then in operation. Furthermore, the consular reports show that during that last year before the change and while the Free State still had a quota of more than 28,000, the natives of Erin only asked for and received at the hands of American agents some 22,000 visas, or about 6000 short of what was then allowed them. There is a bit of irony in the records which show that President Cosgrave could spare Uncle Sam only 17,672 of his people, even before Uncle Sam had reduced the Irish quota to a permanent basis of 17,853 under the national-origins plan.

A Larger Quota But Fewer Visas

The United States has long been a haven for all Irishmen. But since the Free State was formed there has been a gradual reduction of departures from that area quite noticeable on the records. There is a conjecture in official circles at Washington that this decrease may indicate that the heavy drafts the United States had long been making upon Ireland may have drained away the Free State's surplus population. It is figured out that the preference clauses of the amended Johnson Act, enabling close relatives of American citizens to come here as nonquota immigrants, have already reunited Irish-American families with their near kindred in the old country, and, with improved conditions in the Free State, the desire to leave the land of shamrocks is not so general as it used to be. In other words, Ireland had achieved her proper balance of population and industry before her quota was reduced by our national-origins plan for restricting immigration. Still, this voluntary slump on the part of the Irish carries significance in the observations already made in this article that the Old World is becoming reconciled to the New World's determination to regulate immigration to suit its needs. In the first month after the national-origins plan was installed—meaning the month of July, 1929—and the latest month covered by official reports to the State Department, the Irish Free State availed itself of only 1638 visas, which is less than the monthly allowance. Clearly, the Irish are no longer stampeding up the gangplank for America.

Indeed, Great Britain's demand for visas has been far below her quota rights, which were almost doubled by the national-origins experts. In the same first month only 4549 visas had been granted, according to the official record, considerably under the monthly allowance, which, for all countries, is 10 per cent of the annual quota. Consider that there was a registered demand in Great Britain on July first for 88,145, and just 4549 visas granted in the thirty days which followed, when 6500 were allowed and available, and it appears a reasonable deduction that the British will not use their full quota under the new American plan. At the rate indicated they will fall short about 25,000, or just about as much as Uncle Sam has increased his allotment to John Bull in the new quota arrangement. This presents a new and important turn in our national immigration program which might bring some anxiety to both sides of the national-origins controversy but for the fact that the law is not a bid for immigrants from any country. It is merely a means of proportioning them by ethnic origin.

Italy's Restricted Emigration

In this or any other paper on immigration, it must be pointed out that the term "Great Britain" includes not only England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales but also covers the allotments for persons born in that area who may come to the United States from Canada, which has no quota restrictions, and also takes in British subjects from the West Indies and elsewhere who may be eligible. Now, the Bureau of Immigration reports, under the heading, Last Permanent Residence of Immigrant Aliens Admitted to the United States During the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1929, these astonishingly low figures: "From England, 8008; from Scotland, 11,892; from Wales, 1427"—a total of 21,327. The quota for that year was 34,007, and from the State Department come the figures showing that 34,007 visas were granted by our consular agents. Are we to assume that some 13,000 of the British quota came not from the British Isles but from Canada or the West Indies or elsewhere? And, if we are correct in assuming this in the absence of official explanation, would it not be important to ascertain just how many of the 13,000 came from the British West Indies?

In a general way the bureau records that 4306 arrived here from the West Indies, but does not specify how many of these were charged to the British quota. In another column, and under the classification, Race or People, only 1254 "Africans (black)" are recorded as having been admitted from all countries, so that there seems to be no ground for fear that the shortage from the British Isles had been filled out too liberally with British colored subjects from Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, and so on. That, of course, could not be done in conformity to the main purpose of the national-origins plan. The law plainly stipulated that the descendants of slave immigrants should not be considered as inhabitants of the United States in computing the national-origins quotas. The whole scheme was devised in an attempt to proportion European immigration in accordance with the ethnic strains of the founders of the American Republic and the source of language, literature and lore which characterize the history of the American people. If our kindred people from the British Isles do not avail themselves of the allotments the United States has assigned for that geographical area, that would be no argument for changing the law, no ground for allotting the British shortage to the quota of some other country whose people were clamoring to come here in great numbers. The law was intended to restrict as well as to select immigrants. Further along in this article the writer will briefly outline the history of the national-origins movement for the benefit of such readers as may not as yet have informed themselves of the scope and purpose of the new law. For the present moment we are engaged with a chronicle of the more newsy facts about its operation—how it is actually working out.

In Italy, conditions furnish another surprise. Only 10,000 persons were registered as wanting immigrant visas at American consulates in Italy on the day the national-origins plan became effective, and yet it is known in official circles that this figure does not at all represent the real desires of the Italian populace about coming to America. American visa-control officers estimate that there are 300,000 Italians who would be rushing the gates of the consulates but for the fact that the Italian Government itself has interposed objections.

Italy is one country that is meeting the United States halfway in this matter of curbing immigration to America. This is the surprise alluded to, for here in America for many recent years past we have thought of Italy as being our chief source of immigration. Right up to the first quota law the Italians were coming to America at the rate of a quarter of a million a year. They exceeded all others, having taken the lead from the Austrians even in the days when the Austrians had more territory than now. Then, all of a sudden, the Johnson Act cut the Italians down to a mere 3845 a year.

Whether in reprisal or not, no diplomat of either country has ever stated, but the fact remains that the Mussolini government immediately began to place restrictions around its subjects to discourage their coming to America, even though they were hampered by the American quota regulations. They must first apply to the mayor of their town for a passport from the Italian authorities before even registering with an American consul their desire to come to this country. In fact, the American consulates would require the prospective emigrant to show the Italian passport before allowing him to register.

In making his application to the mayor for the passport, which is his first requirement, the emigrant must furnish full description of himself and relate the reason for his wanting to come to the United States. The application is forwarded by the mayor of the town to the Italian Commissioner of Immigration at Rome. The latter has put into effect many rules which eliminate these applicants for passports. Some of these rules run contra to exemptions and preferences extended by the United States, and are halting some Italians whom the American law would pass as nonquota immigrants.

Conserving He-Man Power

For instance, the United States has humanely amended its quota laws to permit an American wife to bring into this country her alien husband as a nonquota immigrant, exempt from the numerical limitation, immune from the long delay. But the Italian Government says "no" to the husband and withholds from him the necessary passport, without which he cannot buy a ticket from any steamship line, even if he could obtain the American permit. The Italian Government will, however, grant a passport to an Italian woman who may have become the wife of an American husband and who, likewise, under the American law, has the right to be sent for as a nonquota immigrant. Seemingly, the Mussolini idea is to conserve the man power of Italy—the he-man power.

At any rate, the restrictions of the Italian Government upon its own subjects have precluded all possibility of an absurdly large waiting list such as other countries have permitted. Thus, with a registered demand for only 10,000 visas, and with a

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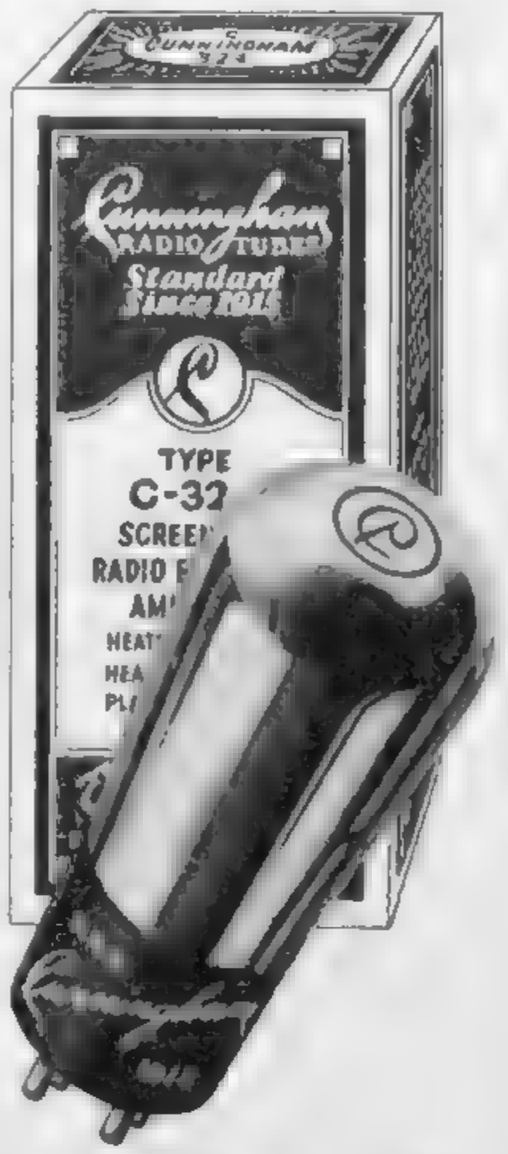

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yearly quota of 5802 under the national-origins plan—increased from 3845 under the 2 per cent plan—such Italians as may gain the assent of their own government have a wait of not quite two years to get priority at an American consulate. Something more than 500 is the monthly allowance, and during the first month of the national-origins plan the full quota was filled. But that seems small, indeed, when compared with the monthly arrivals from Italy before the quota laws, when they were coming at the rate of 250,000 a year from that country alone.

The Germans, whose immigrant quota was reduced from 51,227 to 25,957 by the new plan, are still showing great desire to come to America. They are leaving Germany as fast as their monthly allotments will allow. On July first, the day the change was made, they had a waiting list of 74,566, which, if taken up at the rate of their annual quota, would indicate a wait of about three years for the German starting now. But, the visa-control officers of the State Department believe that many of those now listed as "registered to come" will drop out before their time comes around. They reckon that any German immigrant who registers now will be able to sail for America in something more than two years.

Like the Irish and the Scandinavians meaning the Norwegians, the Danes and the Swedes—the Germans who were contemplating migration to America suffered a great set-back when the national-origins plan was proclaimed. Prior to that time, under the 2 per cent basis of the Johnson Act, Germany had the largest yearly quota of all the European countries. Even then the rush was so great they would have to wait a year or more to get cleared at the American consulates in their ports of embarkation. So, naturally, they promptly filled their first month's quota under the new plan by obtaining 2500 visas. The majority of these were of the preference class. The United States gives preference to fathers and mothers and children under twenty-one years of aliens already legally admitted to this country, and also to expert agriculturists.

A Victory for the Quota Law

Many Germans are reported to be going to South America. For many years they have figured conspicuously in the agricultural and industrial growth of Argentina. Since the World War quite a few Germans have gone to Mexico, and just very recently has come the announcement of the formation of a German-Mexican company with $12,000,000 capital for colonizing about 15,000 Germans upon 350,000 acres of land near Acapulco, on the west coast of Mexico. Charles M. Thomsen, a Seattle financier, is president of the enterprise.

Norway's annual quota was cut from 6453 to 2377 by the national-origins plan. Sweden's fell to 3314 from 9561, and Denmark's dropped from 2789 to 1181. All these countries readily filled their first month's quota under the new plan, mainly with immigrants of the preference classes.

Though the United States has never officially recognized the Russian Soviet Government, it does give the Russians an immigrant quota. Under the national-origins law the allotment is 2784 by the year, a slight rise over the quota of the 2 per cent plan, which fixed it at 2248. But, while there is an enormous registered demand of 73,418 by Russians, and an estimated pent-up, desirous multitude of 250,000 back of this list reported by American consuls as ready to come should there be the slightest chance, the emigrant from Russia is balked by many handicaps peculiar to his case. In the first place, he must leave Russia and go to some country whose passports are recognized by the United States. That is his first step, and it takes time and is very much of a gamble. Some go to Riga, which is in Latvia. But Latvia has troubles of her own with our immigration restrictions, and doesn't want to become a camping ground for the Soviet folk who would go there to await their turn to come to America. So only 232 Russians managed to squeeze through during the first month of the national-origin plan. Its would take nearly a half century, at their present yearly quota, for all the Russians to come to the United States who have signified a desire to do so.

How quickly we forget! So different all this seems from the utter disorder which followed the World War. What a victory for the quota laws, after all. They may not be achieving all they might. The statutes may have to be changed, as they have been changed already from time to time. There are too many leaks; too many nonquota immigrants admitted; too many immigrants masquerading as visitors; too many surreptitious entries over the borders; too much—entirely too much—menace of Mexicanization of the Southwest. But instead of the deluge that was spelling America's doom a decade ago, behold the systematic processes which have worked out America's salvation.

Nine years ago the writer of this article was detailed for Ellis Island by a combination of newspaper interests to meet the exodus from Europe. Some 1200 dailies throughout the country were in the pool for a news service from the national gateway. The country was anxious, and not unduly so. The tumultuous movement from the Old World to the New worked slowly in its incipient stages, but there was no doubt that the earth's greatest exodus was in the making. Soon the breaking up of homes by the peasantry of Europe began, and the stampede for America had reached the gates of our consulates in every European country. It was met there by Kenneth Roberts, sent by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to the ports of embarkation. Roberts depicted the chaos with a masterly hand, and his articles scattered alarm from Ellis Island to the Golden Gate. There were 5,000,000 unemployed in the country. Soon the war-jaded, wornout, sordid, motley throng was landing at Ellis Island. There was little in our laws to stop immigrants in those days. If they could satisfactorily answer the questions which then embodied our so-called tests, no inspector could halt them. The tide was increasing every day. They were coming to the full capacity of every available ship—coming from here, there, everywhere. Something had to be done, and quickly done.

The late Senator Dillingham, from Vermont, put through Congress the first immigrant quota law, called an Emergency Act. It crudely provided a limit upon immigration of something like 300,000 a year. The quotas were based upon 3 per cent of nationals in the United States by the census of 1910. This first attempt by the United States at arbitrary restriction of immigration scattered consternation and, indeed, much real hardship upon the European exodus. A single ship would arrive at Ellis Island with hundreds in excess of the monthly quotas, which were then 20 per cent of the annual quotas, not 10 per cent, as now. At midnight on the first of every month, from twelve to twenty ocean liners would be jockeying for position at Quarantine to cross the line first and have their human cargoes counted within the quotas. Sometimes there would be 20,000 immigrants afloat on vessels in New York Harbor—enough to populate whole cities in America like Homestead, Pennsylvania, Athens, Georgia, Paducah, Kentucky, and Sedalia, Missouri—awaiting their turn for inspection at Ellis Island, then so crowded that men and women and children were sleeping standing up or sprawled upon the hard cemented floors.

Perpetuating Basic Strains

Next came the Johnson Act, a more finished piece of legislation, which based the annual quotas upon 2 per cent of nationals residing in the United States by the census of 1890 and limited the yearly inflow to 164,000. Representative Albert Johnson, from the state of Washington and chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, was the author of this act, and, while it was far more drastic than the Dillingham Act, Mr. Johnson found ways of smoothing out the angularities in the hurriedly prepared quota scheme. The Johnson Act is still the general law for governing immigration, only that its provision for fixing the quotas has been changed by the national-origins plan.

This was devised by Senator David A. Reed, with the help of population experts whom he engaged with a view to regulating the inflow of foreigners with an eye to proportion with the origins of the American people. Senator Reed said, at the time he introduced his amendment to the Johnson Bill, that he believed the United States had been basing its immigration long enough upon nationals residing here, and that it was but fair to the old Colonial stock and to the immigrant stock of long standing that a change should be made so as to preserve and perpetuate the ethnic strains of the peoples long defined as the American people.

Senator Reed's amendment was not debated very much at the time. Few of the nation's lawmakers at first fully comprehended that it contained political dynamite—that it would stir up resentment and opposition by blocs and patriotic societies by giving Great Britain the lion's share of this country's immigration. So it passed both houses in 1924, but was not scheduled to take effect until July 1, 1927. When the time came around, Congress postponed the operation of the Reed clause and let the 2 per cent rule continue. Again it was postponed by Congress in 1928, but Senator Reed stuck to his guns, and even after the House had again voted to postpone in 1929, brought the Senate to a halt and by failure of concurrence in postponement, the clause became law. Here it is:

> Sec. II. (b): The annual quota of any nationality for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1927, and for each fiscal year thereafter, shall be a number which bears the same ratio to 150,000 as the number of inhabitants in continental United States in 1920 having that national origin (ascertained as hereinafter provided in this section) bears to the number of inhabitants in continental United States in 1920, but the minimum quota of any nationality shall be 100.

Throughout his long fight to put immigration upon a basis of national origins, Senator Reed was supported by Dr. Joseph A. Hill, for many years the Assistant Director of the Census, and recognized internationally as a scholarly authority upon ethnology and the foremost population expert in America. The computation of the quotas under the national-origins plan was largely done by Doctor Hill, who served as chairman of the committee of experts. Taking the figures of the first census in 1790 as the first step in tracing the origin of the American people, the experts estimated the number of descendants, or the progeny of the old Colonial stock up to the census of 1920. Then, by the decennial censuses and by reports of the immigration and emigration branch of the Government back to the earliest records, they determined the newer, or immigrant, stock.

The methods of calculation employed were questioned by senators and representatives at many hearings held by the committees on immigration, but at all these hearings Doctor Hill withstood the onslaught of quizzing critics and firmly held fast to his view that there is more accuracy, more fairness, and less discrimination in the national-origins way of fixing the quotas than had obtained from either the 3 per cent rule of the Dillingham Act or the 2 per cent rule of the Johnson Act. Doctor Hill cited particularly the apparent inequity of giving Germany 51,000 out of 160,000 total immigration, while Great Britain, whence came the founders of the American Republic, had only 34,000.

Senator Reed appealed with patriotic fervor that the plan be not abandoned, once having been adopted as law by both branches of Congress. On his last stand against the violent opposition which had developed in the several years of postponement, Senator Reed said:

> "The issue is fundamental. Nothing could be more vital than the make-up of the future population of this country, and the decision of Congress with respect to the national-origins law will affect the destinies of and the welfare of our people for generations to come.
>
> "To abandon the principles involved would be to surrender to foreign blocs and to discriminate in favor of some European countries and against others."

Meanwhile, the arguments pro and con have been read around the earth, and if the national-origins plan should never accomplish more than convincing the Old World that the New World has made up its mind about immigration—as indicated in this unbiased chronicle of its start—it will endure as a most important enactment.

PHOTO. BY H. S. LAWSON

Lake Tahoe, California

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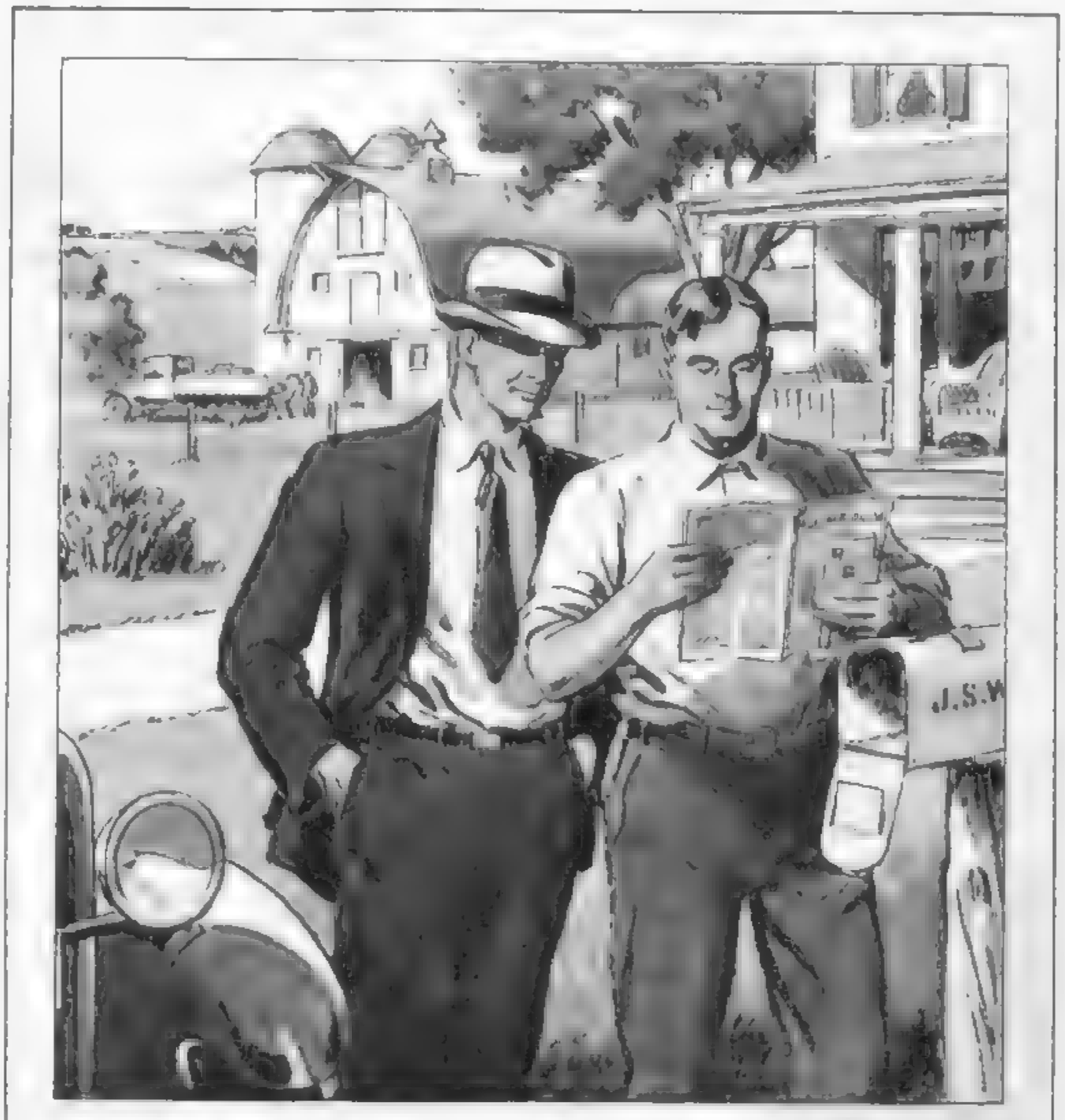

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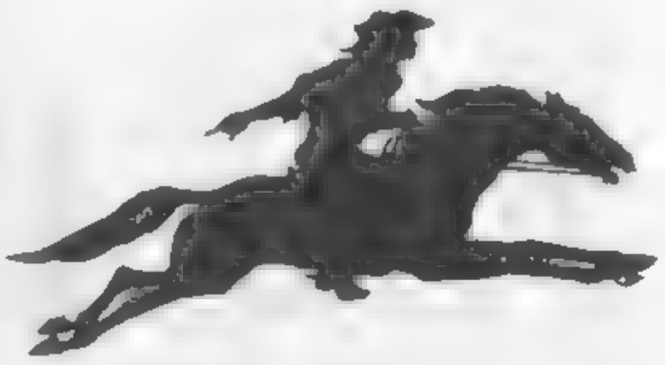
THE BUSINESS HE FOUNDED

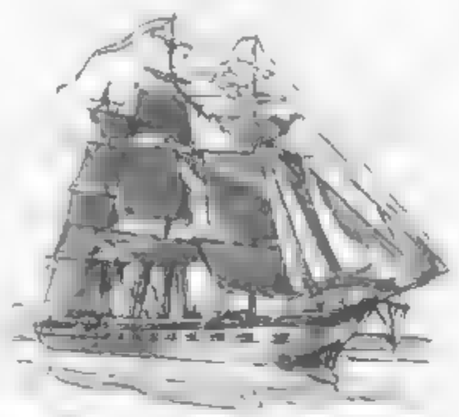
In 1801, on Neponset River at present site of Canton, Paul Revere built America's first copper-rolling mill, and founded the American copper and brass industry. His original Revere & Son (later



Revere Copper Co.) has continued in business for over a century and a quarter. Its present-day successor is Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated. In one of the high official chairs of this company sits E. H. R. Revere, great-grandson of the founder.

+

COPPER! BRASS!



It was the young American republic that put Paul Revere into copper and brass. When the Secretary of War wanted ten brass howitzers, Paul Revere cast them. When the famous "Constitution" needed bronze and copper fittings, he hammered them out. And only he knew how to draw the big copper spikes and bolts for those staunch frigates and sloops-of-war of the early marine.

But all copper sheets and plates had still to come from England. So the government gave "Revere & Son" a loan of ten thousand dollars. He bought an old government powder factory, and started the first copper-rolling mill.

+

ARMOR, BOILERS, ROOFS

Soon Revere copper sheets armored the sides of the famous "Constitution." They fashioned the boilers in Robert Fulton's first steam ferry-boat and of the first steam Man-of-War. They roofed the dome of the Old State House in Boston.

Son Joseph Warren Revere went to Europe in 1804. He made copious notes on copper-rolling machinery. He dug into old brass foundry secrets and brought back "latest improved methods."

FROM REVERE TO REVERE

By now, the Reveres, father and son, were the brass and copper magnates of America.

In 1818, eighty-four years old, the doughty old colonel went to his honored grave. Son Joseph Warren carried on prodigiously. Grandson John Revere succeeded until 1886. Great-grandson Edward H. R. Revere came next, and is still on the job.

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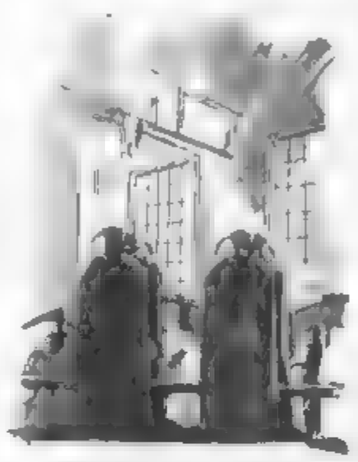

A FAR-REACHING CONSOLIDATION

Last year came an important consolidation in American industry. Six successful companies joined as one . . . Baltimore Copper Mills, Dallas Brass & Copper Co., Higgins Brass & Manufacturing Co., Michigan Copper & Brass Co., Rome Brass & Copper Co., Taunton-New Bedford Copper Co. Their six plants high-spot the entire industrial area from Boston to Baltimore to Chicago. Their six units, with their specialties, combine to make a complete service in copper, brass and bronze. A natural consolidation!

In the Taunton-New Bedford unit of which Edward H. R. Revere is President, was the original Revere Copper Company founded in 1801.

So to perpetuate the name Revere in the industry and in the very business which Paul Revere founded, the name of this consolidated group now becomes: REVERE COPPER & BRASS INCORPORATED.

Revere Copper *and* Brass

INCORPORATED

Divisions: Baltimore *Copper Mills, Baltimore, Md.*... Dallas *Brass & Copper Co., Chicago, Ill.*... Higgins *Brass & Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.*... Michigan *Copper & Brass Co., Detroit, Mich.*. Rome *Brass & Copper Co., Rome, N. Y.*... Taunton-New Bedford *Copper Co., Taunton, Mass.*

General Offices: ROME, N. Y.

The Casters are Faultless

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FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA
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The Faultless line includes 7,000 casters for every purpose. In the home, in industry, in the hospital, whatever equipment makes you call first Faultless Casters.

NOELTING
FURNITURE • HARDWARE
Makers of Quality Casters for a Third of a Century

THE NEW GERMANY

(Continued from Page 7)

organization in industry, a leaf out of the militaristic book, spelled prosperity and a growing place in the sun.

During all these years the German people were precisely as they are today. There was love and laughter, beer and sausages, pipes and songs, wine and sentiment. Heine, Gœthe and Schiller stirred emotions no less than the glitter and pomp of martial display. What Germans call "*Gemüthlichkeit*"—the only translation is pleasantness—remained unimpaired. The German paid the overhead for the great military show, which merely reflected the Hohenzollern ego, as long as it did not interfere with his seidel of beer, his evening at the singing society, his schedule at the gymnastic hall, or his Sunday picnic in the woods. He bowed to intensive bureaucratic rule because, as I have indicated, he is naturally an obedient person. Then, as now, discipline was instinct with him. His attitude is summed up in a much-quoted German phrase, "*Ruhe ist des Bürgers erste pflicht*," which means "The citizen's first duty is quiescence."

I know of no better explanation of the German than one made by Emil Ludwig, which is:

> The Germans are the least revolutionary, the most easily led nation in Europe. They are essentially neither warlike nor turbulent. They are trustworthy, intelligent, and inexhaustibly industrious. Because of their leaning toward family life, because of the fact they are so musical, and above all, because of the pressure of so many centuries of tradition, they have been kept aloof from concern in politics.

The combination of these qualities enabled the Germans to meet a military disaster which, with its ultimate currency dislocation, would have submerged a less strong and composed people, and made rampant communism the only alternative of despair. Yet within a decade they have emerged stronger, in many respects, than ever before.

A few sidelights on the old social order are essential to an understanding of what is going on today. They will enable you to comprehend the immense changes.

The German Family Idea

The family idea, as I have indicated, was supreme. Every business or personal change was carefully discussed in the clan circle, just as in China and Japan. The father was undisputed overlord. When the family went for an outing, the wife was the beast of burden, carrying the baby and the bundles. Women had no voice anywhere. Youth was carefully curbed. Marriage was the goal of every young girl, because it was considered almost a disgrace not to rear a family. The three words: "*verliebt, verlobt, geheiratet*"—loved, engaged and married—were ingrained into the code of every damsel. Yet many marriages were arranged without the knowledge and consent of the contracting parties. A story that I heard in Germany many years ago will illustrate.

On a certain evening the young folks in a Rhine town assembled for their weekly singing. In the midst of rehearsals the director called a halt and asked: "Is Sophie Hoffman here?"

A flaxen-haired girl of the Gretchen type rose up and announced that she was the person desired, whereupon the director said:

"Sophie, go home at once. You are engaged."

While Sophie was airing her vocal chords, her family had contracted a matrimonial alliance for her. The likelihood is that she lived happily ever afterward. Divorces were rare in those days, and confined mainly to the upper classes.

The family idea extended to big finance and business. From the days of the Fuggers through the Giesches and the Rothschilds, down to the Bleichroeders, the Mendelssohns, and the Warburgs, there had been a sort of feudal banking system. You had it also in Ruhr industry with the Krupps and the Thyssens.

When There Were Titles for All

The head of a great financial concern sat enthroned. If a subordinate wanted to have speech with or access to a managing director, he was obliged to communicate with him by letter and ask for a definite appointment, which could never be had under two or three days.

More important than all this were the social distinctions. No other country witnessed such adulation for titles or had so many persistent ribbon hunters as the old Germany. Because this attitude has also undergone a vast change, I shall dwell on it for a moment.

The Kaiser was the fountainhead of what the British call honors. He could ennoble a person, which put the word *von* in his name. It made him automatically "*hoch wohl geboren*," or, literally, "high well born." This *von* immediately singled out the ennoblee for peculiar reverence. The two orders of the Red and Black Eagle were eagerly sought. There were other subsidiary medals, including the Iron Cross, which was destined to have such a wide distribution during the World War. It became so common, like the French Croix de Guerre and the Russian Cross of St. George, that one wag said it was served with the rations. The medal business reached the point where a man's social status was gauged by the number of orders he wore.

These distinctions were not confined to the army, navy and so-called upper classes. There were many middle-class orders, as it were, that also gave the recipient the right to wear a ribbon in his buttonhole. Thousands of Germans sacrificed opportunities for advancement in business in order to remain in the civil-servant class and thus become eligible for some sort of hand-me-down honor.

Medals were not the only royal hand out. You had, for example, the titles of *Geheimrath*, which means Privy Councilor, and *Commerzenrath*, which is Commercial Councilor. These were conferred for public and commercial service. The Privy Councilor became *Herr Geheimrath*—Mr. Privy Councilor—and it added to his prestige in every way.

The title mania extended to everybody. It was about the only place where the women had a look-in. The wife of a doctor, whether of medicine, law or philosophy, became *Frau Doktor*. The spouse of a master tailor was dubbed "*Frau Schneidermeister*," which, literally, means Mrs. Master Tailor. Even the consort of a sanitary inspector was termed *Frau Sanitäts Inspector*, which is Mrs. Sanitary Inspector. Incidentally, the wife of a baron used the prefix *Frei Frau*, which, literally translated, is "free woman," although there was precious little freedom on the woman's side in Germany in those days.

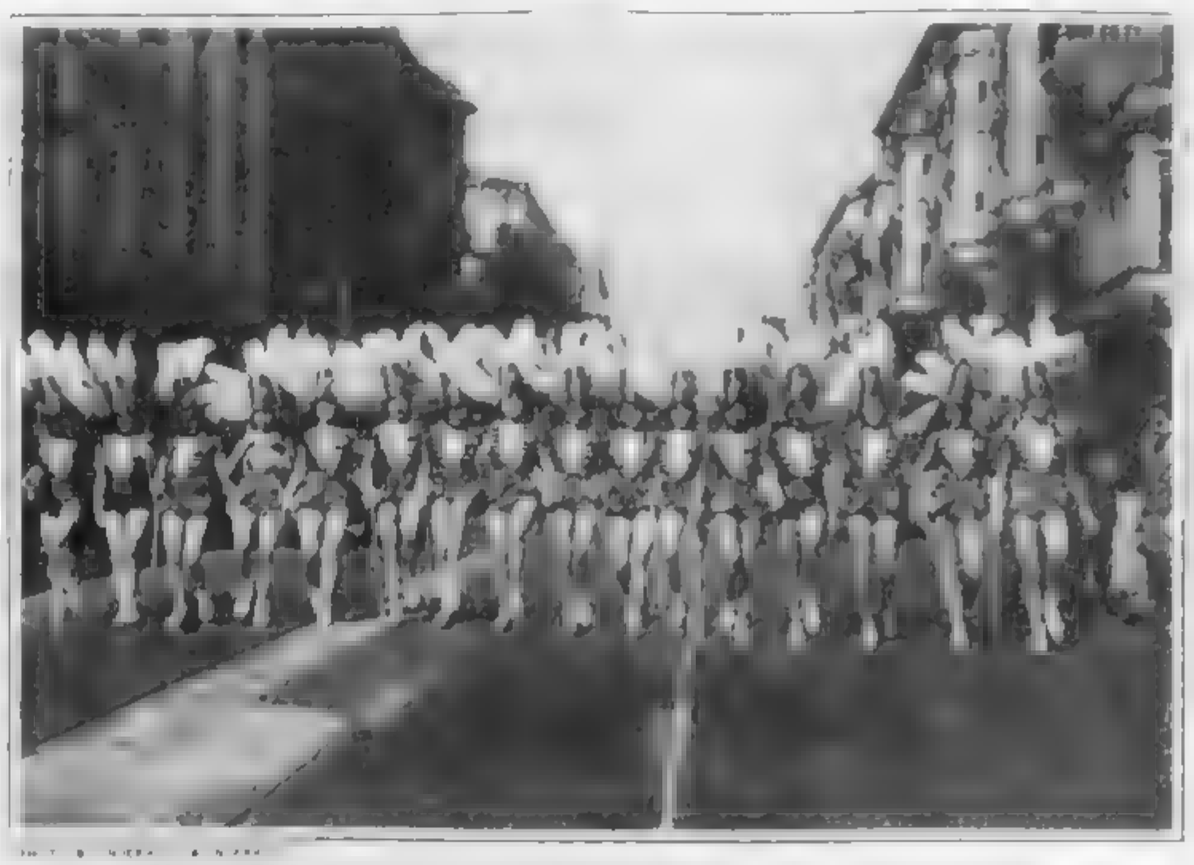
The iron-husband rule extended to the royal family. The Kaiser selected his wife's frocks, which, like most other royal attire, were seldom in the mode.

Sports, as the British and Americans know them, were almost unknown. You seldom saw a tennis court and never a stadium. The officers were good horsemen and riding tournaments sometimes broke the monotony of garrison life. Here the outdoor movement, save for walking tours, ended. The only athletic activity was confined to the *Turnverein*, where gymnastics were indulged in. Like everything else in Germany, this was precise and methodical. It was part of what might be designated as a push-button era. A man in charge figuratively pushed the button and automatons did the rest.

The Favorite German Sports

The favorite outdoor and indoor sports were eating and drinking. This is where a considerable part of that *Gemüthlichkeit* came in. The German and his family sat—and they still sit—for hours in a pleasant garden or a *Rathskeller*, drinking beer in intelligent fashion. Unlike the American, he never gulps his liquor. This is why he can hold so much. The pernicious practice of treating has never had a place in the German scheme of drinking. Nor is the German compelled to pay rent, so to speak, for the privilege of lingering. He can spend a whole afternoon on a single glass of beer and have no waiter hovering about expecting him to order again. A satisfactory practice also evolved about what was, and still is, known as the *Stammtisch*. The *Stammtisch* is the table regularly used by one man or a group of friends. No matter how the crowd surges, this table is held for the regular patrons.

One other unwritten law reveals the rigid rule of those other days, and one of the few

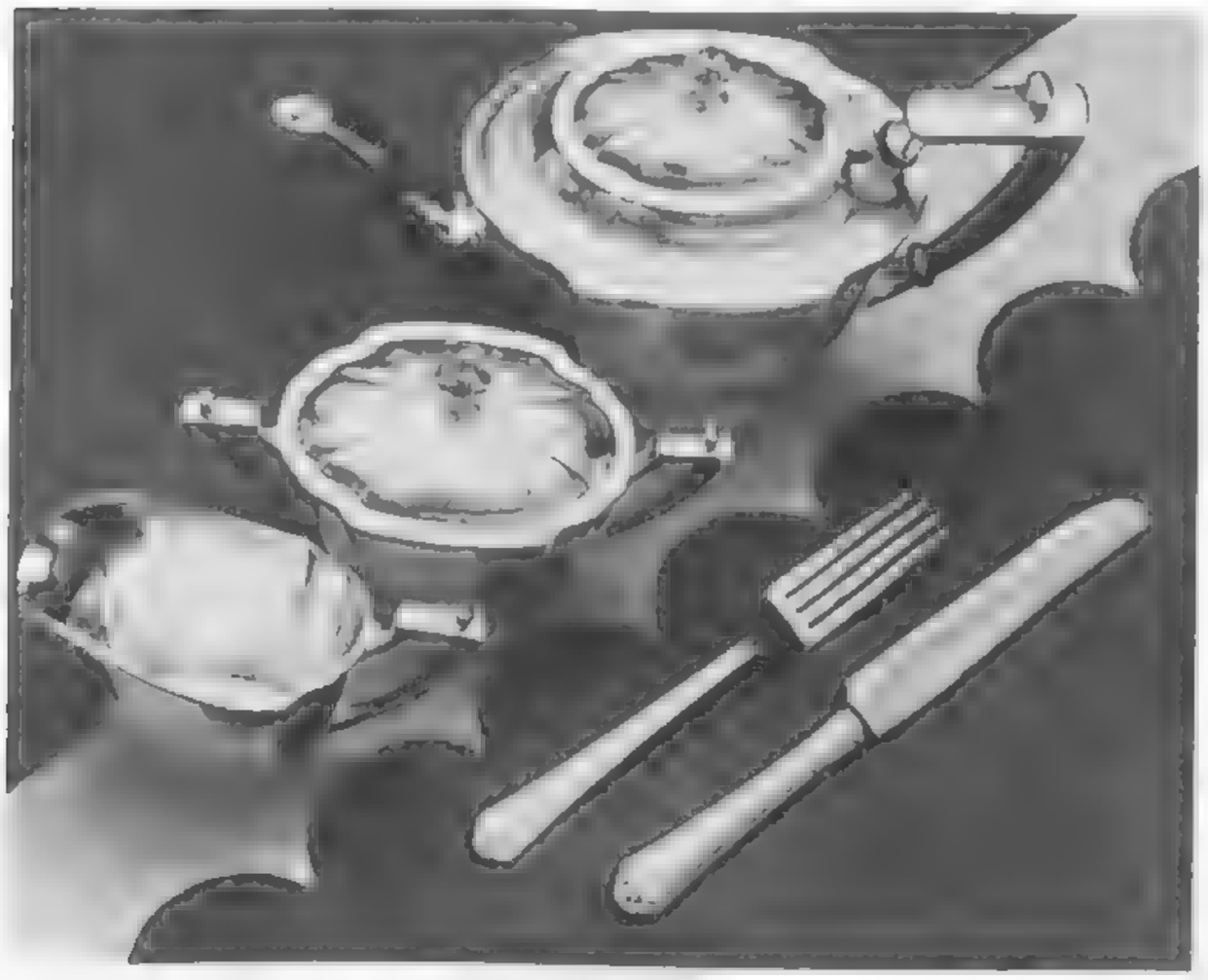


Chorus Girls From the Scala Theater, Berlin, Doing Their Routine on One of the Busiest Streets

(Continued on Page 176

W A L L A C E S I L V E R S M I T H S

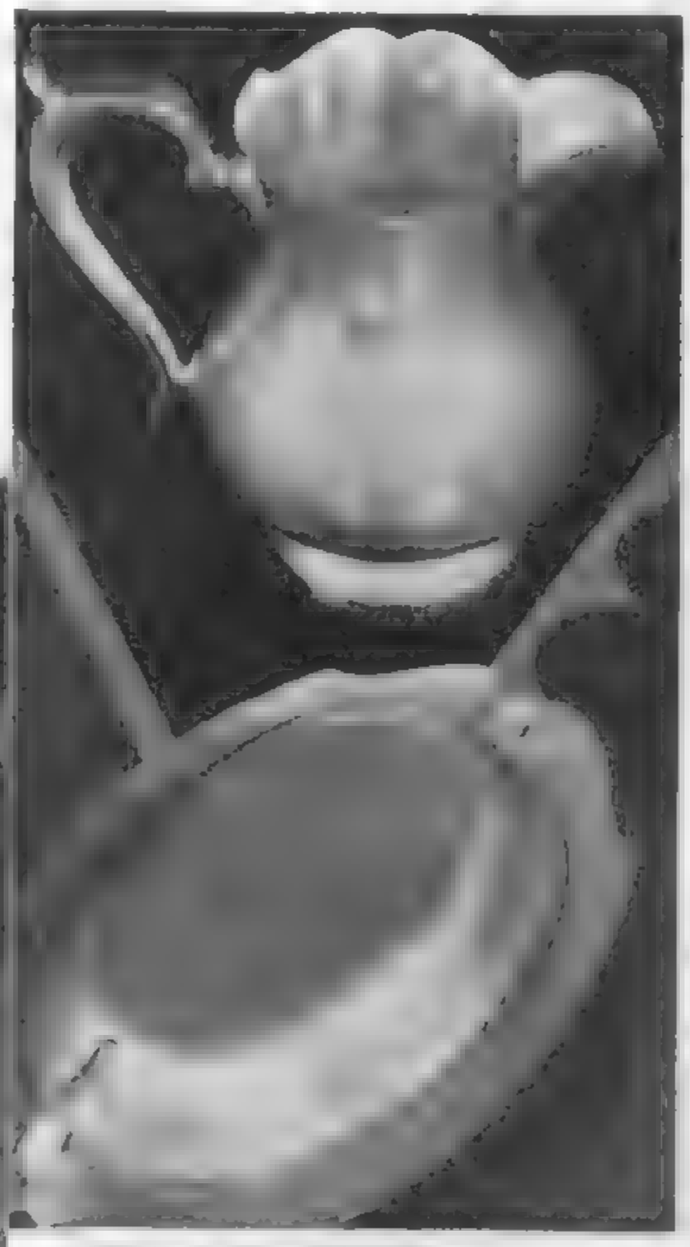
NANCY DEANE—this lovely pattern is as truly American as Thanksgiving Day. It was created for modern folk who admire the touch of craftsmanship in tableware that captures the charm of the Early American hand-made silver pieces. Lilting curves and a chaste use of decoration (an essentially "American" adaptation of a classical motif) mark this graceful pattern. It is appropriately called for some Colonial lass whose sweet name thus lives on.



NANCY DEANE—*3-piece Tea Set . . . $40, Teaspoons . . . $7.50 the dozen, Dinner Forks . . . $15, and Dinner Knives, with stainless steel blades . . . $24.*

ALDEN—gaining its beauty entirely by symmetry of line, and eschewing all surface decoration, Alden recreates another design of the days when America was young. By adhering to simplicity of surface, this pattern allows to the fullest for the lovely sheen of the metal.

Secure your copy of "Modern Table Dictates" in time for Thanksgiving. It is a guide to correct table service and carefully chosen menus. Free upon request. R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., 21 Wallace Park, Wallingford, Conn.



ALDEN DESSERT SET (*Sugar and Cream*) . . . $18, *Candlesticks . . . $10 the pair.*

ALDEN WATER PITCHER, *5 pint capacity . . . $25, Double Vegetable Dish . . . $18.*

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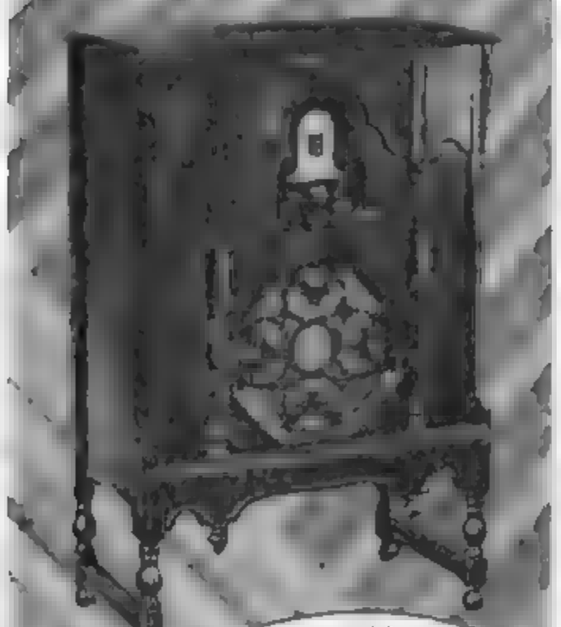

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TEMPLE Radio

(Continued from Page 174)

that hang over. There were class distinctions in the eating and drinking places. A beer hall sold no wine and a wine room no beer. Moreover, it represented a distinct fall from grace for a wine room to serve the plebeian sausage.

All this meant that while there was control of speech, the eating and drinking went on unrestrained. It followed that the German girth expanded; likewise the German head. No nation was ever so cocksure about the future, and with some degree of reason. The world sun shone on the Kaiser's cuirass—it symbolized all that Germany stood for—reflecting a far-flung economic and political power.

The outbreak of the war, therefore, found a well-fed, prosperous and reasonably contented Germany. Socialism had made considerable progress amid growing protests against rearing children solely for "cannon fodder," as the saying went, but the larger loyalty to the imperial idea persisted. The time was at hand when the empire was to crumble, and when a whole new social and political order would undermine the roots of the old existence.

What happened in Germany during the war does not concern us here, save for one significant detail. The supremacy complex was shaken, and with it came a humbling of the German pride. I refer to this because after the Armistice a change in demeanor began to manifest itself. One result is a more polite Germany.

In the course of my work the world over I have seen many contrasts, but none more striking than were revealed in Germany in 1919. Not even Petrograd in the first red flush of the revolution that overthrew the Czar presented such a panorama of change. Nor was it due to the deadening moral influence of physical collapse. The spring of life seemed to have snapped. The country groped despairingly in the dark.

It was my first visit since 1913. In the autumn of that year I had seen what was perhaps the last grand review of the flower of the imperial army on Tempelhofer field, now the great airport of the Deutsche Lufthansa. Under a great oak sat the Kaiser on a black charger, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Then he was the All Highest, the embodiment of power.

Why the Republic Endured

My first realization of change came when I heard a German refer to him as "William," which soon became "Willie." There was more than contemptuous familiarity in this title. Respect for the Kaiser had been founded on success, and it fell with failure, and especially ignominious flight. The combination destroyed almost the last vestige of consideration for royalty in the mind of the great mass of the people.

Henceforth, whenever the monarchist idea lifted its head, it was confronted by the unanswerable argument of an emperor who left his subjects in the lurch. If anything was needed to put the capstone on this revulsion of feeling, it was the widespread comprehension—scores of Germans have confirmed this to me—that the Emperor could not share the common grief because his five sons had escaped unscathed.

The bigger factor, however, was that, in the precarious transition from war to a peace basis, the powers that had been passed the buck to the common people. Then and there dawned the realization that the destiny of the republic was in their hands. What most people do not appreciate is the fact that Hindenburg alone, loyal soldier that he is, stuck to the tragic task of retreat and demobilization. This is why, favorite and friend of the Kaiser that he was, he has held the love and respect of the country. It made him president in 1925. While Hindenburg was binding up the wounds of war, Ludendorff had already begun to plot against the new order.

A third element, which was later on to crystallize republican sentiment as no other, was the frantic haste with which the prince class—the Kaiser included—sought to conserve their private fortunes in the darkest hour that Germany had ever known. This was regarded as the unforgivable sin, and it further hardened sentiment against that one-time ruling order. It meant just another nail in the coffin of monarchy. In these three items you have the basic reasons why the republic endured throughout all the economic chaos that followed, once the mark began to crumble. In every crisis the commoner maintained the integrity of the existing régime.

On that first postwar visit I found Ebert, a saddler, installed as president, with Noske, a basket weaver, as Minister of Defense and virtual dictator. They were the forerunners of the types of men who have since held the high posts of state. The chancellors will illustrate. Wirth was a professor, Cuno a shipping man, and Mueller the son of a small tradesman. Stresemann was a lawyer, recruited from what he would call the plain folk. They are in sharp contrast with the men who held office before the war. Practically every chancellor had a *von* before his name.

The Debacle of the Mark

Another change which struck me on that initial postwar trip was the ascendancy of the unions. In Berlin, Hamburg and other big cities I discovered that the hotels were controlled by the staffs. Then began the adding of a percentage to bills for the personnel which has since found wide vogue throughout Europe. Almost overnight Germany had become one big union, but not the one-big-union conception of the I. W. W. It had the good sense to encourage capital. It did insist upon the worker taking his part in both profit and responsibility. This state of affairs, which was a radical departure, represents one of the biggest of all social and economic changes in the Germany of today.

We can now examine postwar Germany in detail. There were two distinct cycles between 1918 and the present time. The first was the transition period, which lasted until the Dawes Plan came into effect in 1924. People are so inclined to regard the first nonpolitical organization of reparations as an economic proposition pure and simple that they fail to understand that it meant much more.

The inflation period, which the Dawes Plan ended, represented not only the fiscal depths, it also marked the point where political change was more imminent than at any other time since the break-up of the empire. On one hand, Germany was confronted by sovietization as the way out. Radek and a full-sized Moscow crew were playing the favorite Bolshevik game of capitalizing unrest and disaster. On the other, Ludendorff, who had failed in his *putsch* of 1920, was seeking to revive the monarchist corpse with the beginnings of what later became the German Fascist movement.

If ever provocation for drastic overthrow existed, it was in that Germany of 1923. The French and Belgians were in the Ruhr. The shattered mark eventually got to the point where it took a quadrillion to buy a string of sausages. Currency fluctuations were so swift that the price of a dinner changed between soup and dessert. It was what the Germans call the era of cipheritis, because there were so many zeros attached to quotations of the number of marks to the dollar. The story is told that an aged woman, when asked her age, said: "I am eighty million years old." Ciphers had become second nature with her, as with most of the other Germans.

During the inflation period, when German nerves, as well as German money, were frazzled, there were no untoward incidents touching foreigners. Here is where a manifestation of that changed demeanor came in. It was sufficiently humiliating to see the mark, once a symbol of international economic stability, in the dumps. When aliens flaunted their good dollars and pounds in the faces of the discouraged Germans—and I am sorry to say that many did—it was adding insult to injury. Yet the Germans were not outwardly resentful. I went through the entire inflation era and at no time saw the slightest sign of hostility. The exact reverse occurred in France in 1926, when the franc was on the toboggan and when Americans, in particular, were elbowed off sidewalks.

Inflation achieved three ends which bear directly upon the new Germany. The first was the financial ruin of the middle class. By this class I mean the hundreds of thousands of retired soldiers, sailors, civil servants who lived on pensions, and the well-to-do *bürgers* who had retired on incomes. The catastrophic decline in the mark converted what once provided a year's revenue into the bare price of a pair of shoes. Many were reduced to absolute poverty and became public charges.

The revalorization of German bonds set in motion last year enables those who survived to get some salvage, but it does not compensate them for those years of sacrifice and suffering. Inflation also eliminated the *shiebers*—that is, the war and postwar profiteers—who had thrived on a nation's agony. It further permitted men of the Stinnes type to rise to eminence, only to be overthrown the moment the mark became stabilized.

The second result of inflation was to make more acute what may be termed an attack of complaintitis on a national scale. The moment the Armistice was signed the Germans began to complain. First, it was about black troops on the Rhine. It then shifted to the failure of Woodrow Wilson to put over his famous Fourteen Points. Then came the Versailles Treaty, and after it, the sanctions for indemnity defaults. Even the Dawes Plan, which was an economic life-saver, came in for its share of grousing, as the British call it, which reached high tide during the mark debacle.

A New Light on Royalty

It is still rampant—mainly about the high price of food, drink and clothing, and what is construed as the burden of the Young Plan, although it gives Germany financial freedom. Yet the Germans, despite their chronic protestations of some sort, seem to spend much time in the coffee cafés and beer halls, apparently having the wherewithal to indulge in their favorite pastimes. The two results of inflation that I have cited were not altogether helpful. The third was more constructive. You will recall that in the immediate postwar time the princes and their allies, the aristocrats, stood from under, putting their material interests first. With the collapse of the mark, they consolidated for an effort to retrieve and safeguard their possessions. No royal or other princely holdings had been seized, despite the ample provocation for it. The Kaiser's seventy-odd palaces, castles, country estates, and his hundred pieces of city property were held in trust for him. His savings of more than 60,000,000 marks, which represented the Hohenzollern fortune, were left intact. His only money loss had been 25,000,000 marks which he invested in the war loan. In 1926 his property passed in fee to him.

When German finance was at its lowest ebb the whole royal entourage sought to save its financial hide—in other words, to remove its portable possessions outside the republic. These demands came at the psychological moment. Germany, as you have seen, hovered between the extreme left and the extreme right. The cupidity of the princes helped to crystallize republican sentiment to the point where it became stronger than ever before.

The great mass of the Germans said, in substance: "If this is the type of men that we have enriched and who ruled us in the past, we will have no more of them." The anointed-of-God business was finished. Hence, since 1924, and despite sporadic reactionary plots and outbreaks, the republic has stood firm.

Continued on Page 179

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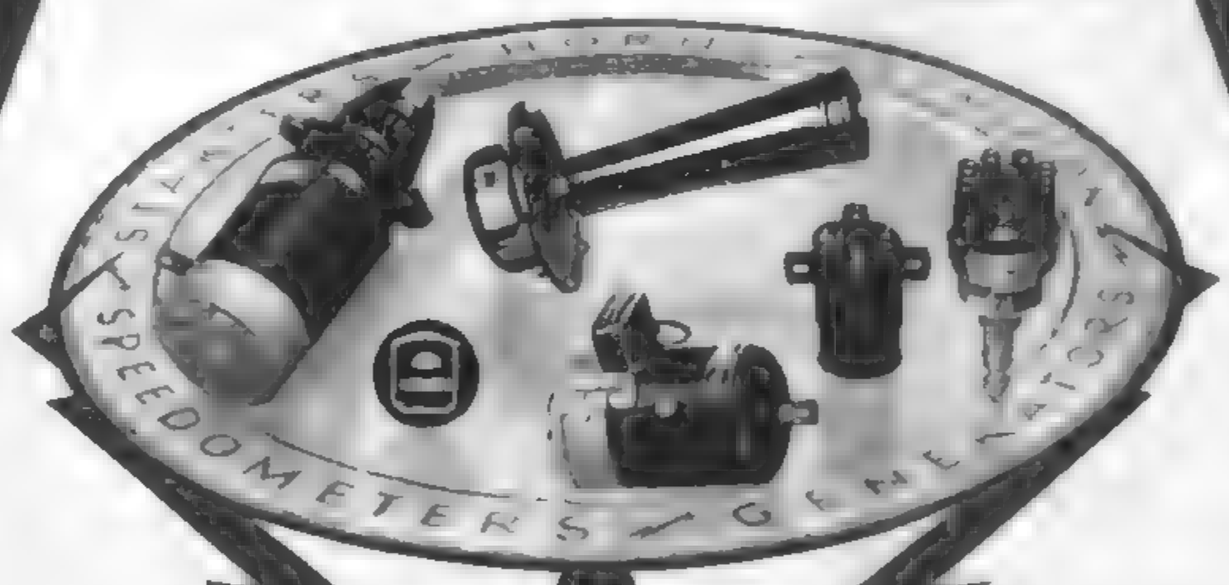

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(Continued from Page 176)

The period of consolidation—the second cycle—therefore, began in 1924. With the stabilization of the mark, life also became stabilized. This is why the German social structure has undergone such a pronounced change during the past five years. There is no hazard of a return to monarchy to impede the play of the new freedom. It is with this freedom that we will not occupy ourselves.

In that other and imperial era, free speech, as I pointed out, was forbidden. Today the German not only says what he pleases but believes that he is as good as any other German. There is still respect for intellectual and scientific achievement, but, save in the *Junker* class, the old respect for rank and title is gone. Before the war the central arch of the Brandenburg Gate, which stands at the head of Unter den Linden, in Berlin, was reserved exclusively for the passage of the Kaiser. Now any car or cart can be driven through. It is typical of the changed order. The *Geheimrath* still uses his title, but he is looked upon as a mere mortal. Moreover, no similar titles are conferred under republican rule. The only order bestowed since the war is the medal of the Red Cross.

A Germany Polite and Amiable

The German has ceased to be overbearing and all classes, except the illusioned few who cling to the monarchist idea, are excessively polite. Before 1918, a train conductor would demand tickets without employing the word "please." In these republican days he bows at the door of the compartment and asks, "May I see your tickets?"

No customs officials in all Europe are quite so amiable as the German. Germany was the first European country to waive the visa fee. If a traveler has neglected to obtain a visa, frontier authorities are prepared to give it. This visa procedure, which is in striking contrast with the French and British rules, has meant an increasing stream of tourists into the Reich.

With freedom of speech and action has come the larger opportunity for personal advancement. In imperial Germany, and especially in banking, the way to the top was long, hard, and well-nigh impossible for the average man. Interlocking family relationship and precedent invariably blocked the path. Only an exceptional wizard of organization like the late Albert Ballin, who put the Hamburg-American Line on the map, could break through. He was one of the few of his race and type who shone in the Kaiser's favor. A few bankers were ennobled, but this was because the Kaiser needed their resources in his militaristic business.

The new Germany sees a commoner like Doctor Schacht president of the Reichsbank, a post formerly reserved for imperial favorites with a *von* before their names. It sees Jakob Goldschmidt, the one-time Jewish messenger boy, at the head of the great Darmstädter und National Bank and the most powerful banker in the republic. It sees Otto Wolff, formerly a scrap-iron dealer in Cologne, risen to be among the first of the industrial magnates.

Business and finance have been democratized. No longer is a subordinate required to write a letter in order to get an appointment with the managing director. He calls him on the telephone and the deed is done. Nowhere is there a greater degree of democracy than in business. The eldest son of the former Crown Prince has a job in a big Berlin bank. I passed him one day on the street. He was carrying the customary leather dispatch case which seems to be part of the attire of every German. It probably had the invariable sausage sandwich inside. An acquaintance of mine who bears one of the oldest and proudest titles in Germany is political reporter on a Berlin newspaper. So it goes. Later on, when I deal with the economic situation, you will see how German industry has been completely socialized.

No phase of the new Germany expresses the democratic idea to a greater degree than the reorganized educational system. Here again a striking before-and-after picture is disclosed. Prior to 1918, part of the purpose of the German school was to teach the young imperialistic idea how to shoot. A school was like a garrison, with the principal as commander. The teacher, like the private soldier, was a cog in a machine, and likewise the pupil. Independence of thought and action on the teacher's part was punishable by instant dismissal. The God-and-Kaiser formula ruled. This is why every child became an empire propagandist with his A, B, C's. Private schools sheltered the aristocracy. There were class lines in education as in everyday life.

With the foundation of the republic, sweeping changes were made. The Open Road for the Capable is the new slogan. Moreover, every child, regardless of financial circumstance, is entitled to tuition, which is a genuine benefaction, in view of the near-impoverishment of so many families.

What the Germans call the common school is the fountainhead of the new democracy. Under the federal constitution, the Magna Charta of the republic, it is stipulated that "art, science and instruction are free." The government participates in the system through a Ministry for Science, Art and Popular Education which functions on a purely democratic basis. Freedom of teaching is universal.

The old order is reversed in that the teacher, and not the superintendent or the principal, must be consulted in all matters. Parent councils have been established everywhere, as in the United States, which tighten the ties between teacher, parent and pupil. Such an idea in Germany before the war was unthinkable. The moment a boy or girl entered the public schools his or her education automatically came under that by-order system.

Another radical departure relates to the religious end. Under the republican system there are optional schools for Protestants, Catholics and Jews. There is also the nonsectarian school attended by pupils who have no religious preference and where no religious instruction is given. A third type, and the most common, is the interdenominational school, which predominates in rural sections and small communities. Sometimes all three types are concentrated in one large establishment.

With Conscription Abolished

Highly significant of the new order is the government determination to eliminate private schools. This is a direct blow at class distinction. Nothing is so generative of snobbery as the private school in which the infant must be enrolled at birth so as to be certain to get in when he reaches preparatory-school age. In a word, education is placed on a basis of equality and humanity.

Another innovation that helps to shape the destiny of the 11,000,000 German school children is the abolition of conscription. Under the Kaiser, every able-bodied youth had to serve his time in the army in circumstances that represented a continuation, on a more rigorous scale, of his school life. The element of force entered all along the line. Now this ordeal is out of the way. The boy can follow his own inclination without the eternal duress of the brass buttons.

You have only to look at the statistics of university enrollments to see the growing shift in occupation. In a group of famous institutions before the war the electrical-engineering matriculations were 900 as compared with 4000 today. In mechanical engineering the number has gone from 3700 to 7850; in law from 9800 to 18,700; and in chemistry from 900 to 2300. On the other hand, the enrollment for medicine has declined from 15,500 to 8500, evangelical theology from 3875 to 2100 and Catholic theology from 1900 to 1600. It means that

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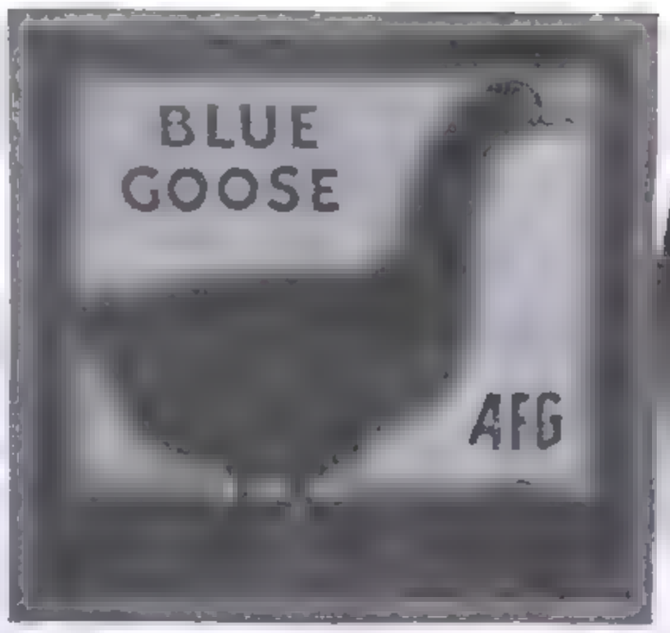

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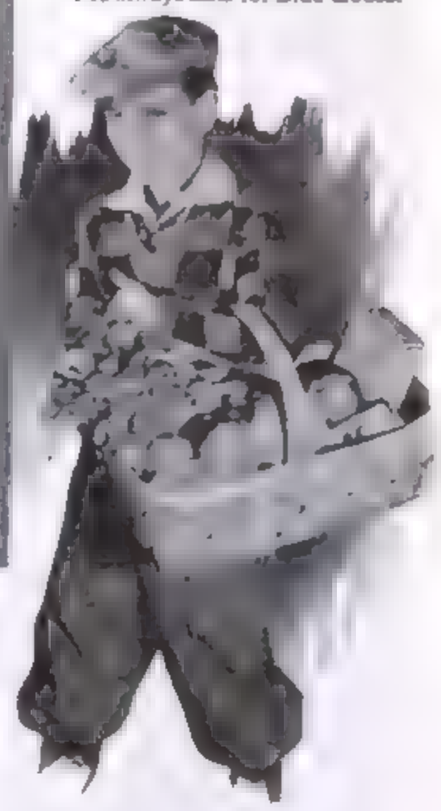

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BEFORE Thanksgiving pounces upon you with a hundred-and-one things to be done let us whisper this one marketing secret. This time you don't have to bother shopping around. Whether you want big juicy grapefruit, tender plump apples, crispy new celery—or any other produce of garden, grove, or orchard—just ask for Blue Goose.

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Why? Because experts of the American Fruit Growers do your choosing for you—only the cream of any crop is marked Blue Goose. And then the nation-wide organization of American Fruit Growers speedily ships these fresh-picked products direct to your market.

Try this easy marketing method for Thanksgiving. We're sure you'll want to continue it throughout the year. And you can, for the best of every new crop every season in the year comes to your market marked Blue Goose.

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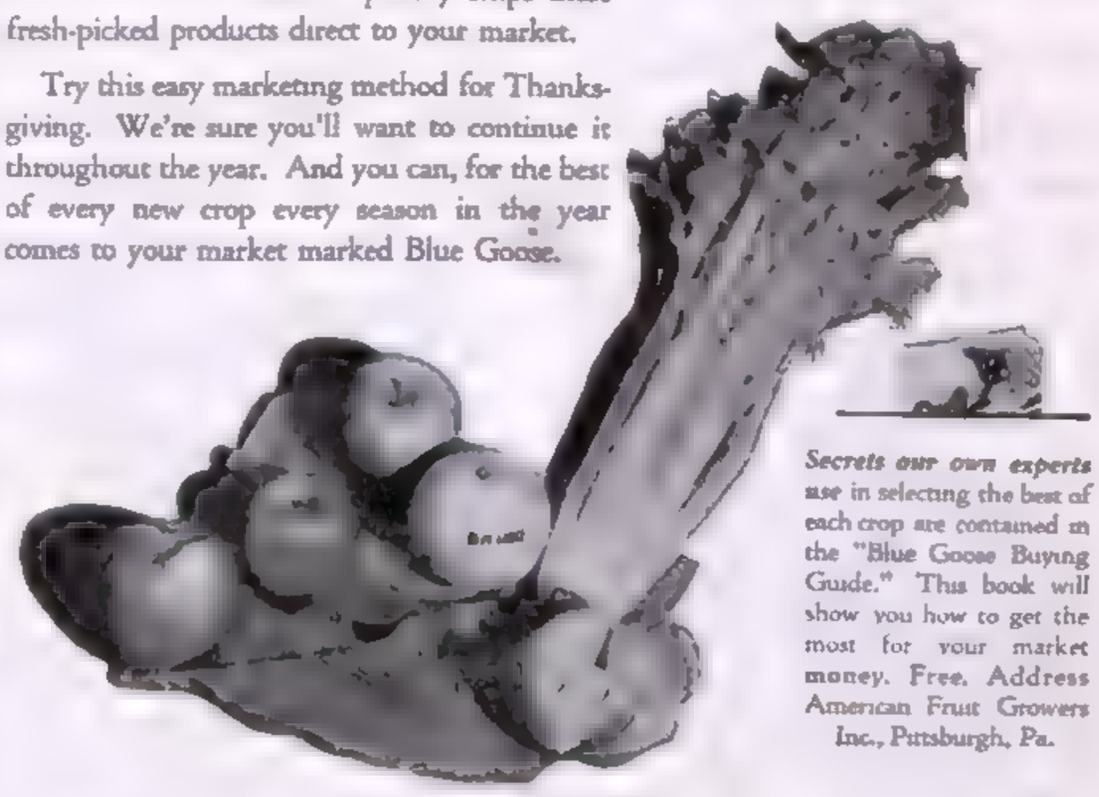
Hundreds of products of garden, grove or orchard are selected for your table by Blue Goose. Fresh ripe apples, new crispy celery, plump juicy oranges are a few of them. Look for *Blue Goose* plainly marked on the skins of grapefuit and oranges or on the wrappers, barrels or boxes of other fruits or vegetables.



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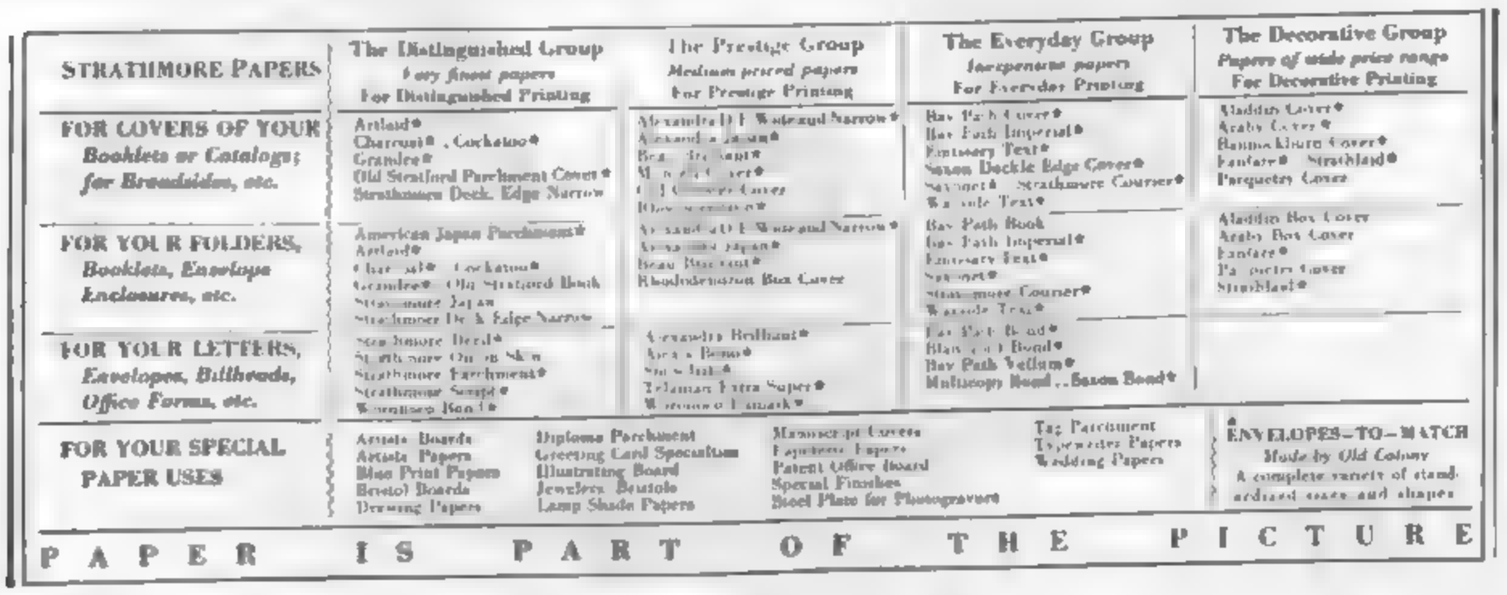

Expressive Strathmore Papers

*with *ENVELOPES-TO-MATCH, for Direct-Advertising and Business Correspondence*

(Continued from Page 179)

with the expansion of industry the so-called liberal careers become more attractive.

Apropos of university life are two more changes. One is the prohibition of dueling. As most people know, it was formerly a badge of honor for a student to have a saber scar on his face. It represented the most brutal of all college activities. Germany probably feels that the war imposed enough scars for all practical and decorative purposes.

The second reveals a new aloofness not entirely compatible with democratic principles. In the old days a Ph.D. from a German university gave peculiar distinction to the American professor. Our academically inclined flocked to Heidelberg, Bonn, Leipsic, Berlin and Göttingen, and became part of the university life. Motley, the American historian, and Bismarck were fellow students at Göttingen.

According to the latest statistics, there are now only 164 American students, including both sexes, enrolled in the German universities, which is about one-fifth of the number before the war. There is no lack of American desire to enter. German students, however, seem to resent what has been termed the "overloading of German universities by non-German elements." I quote the words of the chairman of the General Students' Association at the University of Marburg.

This attempt at discrimination, despite the exchange professorships, is a reflex of the growing nationalistic movement expressed in the idea "Germany for the Germans." The experience of the past five years, however, shows that there is not the slightest wish to exclude American dollars.

Young Germany Has its Fling

Any estimate of changing Germany would be incomplete without a reference to the new literary spirit, or rather the inspiration for it. It is no exaggeration to say that the most impressive postwar literature has been produced by the Germans. I refer not so much to the output of such men as Ludwig, Neumann, Feuchtwanger, and Mann as to the grim war books of Remarque, Zweig and Renn. They mark a reaction which, like so many other mental and social manifestations, shows a transformed Germany.

The immediate postwar German literary production dealt mainly with protestations against war guilt and refutation of the idea that Germany had lost through Allied military superiority. The incessant written refrain was that defeat was due to overwhelming numbers plus hunger. It was all in the vein of the old propaganda.

The more recent books which have exposed the terror, sordidness and moral devastation of war, represent another kind of propaganda that reflects the changed German point of view. No man can read All Quiet on the Western Front or The Case of Sergeant Grischa, for example, without realizing that they constitute the strongest possible argument against war. Bismarck and Von Moltke would turn over in their graves at the sight of them.

The most remarkable of all changes, in many respects, is embodied in what the Germans call *Die Yugend Bewegung*, which means the youth movement. It is a phase of the new freedom not fully recognized outside the republic. It is not only ultra-revolutionary in character but has immense significance. The youth of today is the hope and substance of the Germany of tomorrow.

With peace and democracy—it actually began during the war, when restraint everywhere went by the boards—flaming youth asserted itself. In the schools, for example, the pupils began to call teachers by their first names. This, however, was a mere detail. Emancipation ran riot; nowhere to such an extent as in the home, that ancient bulwark of the German life. The old discipline that had linked the family circle cracked. Youth took the bit between its teeth and became jazzed up literally and figuratively.

It signifies that young Germany is having its fling as never before. Much more time is given to play and pleasure than to books and study. There are fewer young people studying music and the graphic arts than at any time during the past thirty years. The average flapper is much more interested in Paul Whiteman, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo than in Goethe or Schiller.

Everywhere you see signs of revolt. The spectacle of the hiker with his *Rucksack* is an old one, but before 1918 the walking tour was mainly confined to men and boys. Today you see flocks of young boys and girls trudging the highways together and encamped for the night by the roadside. They are called *Wandervögel*, which means wander birds. Though the high price of railroad transportation, due to reparations and taxes, is a determining factor, the bigger fact is that it evidences the new relaxation of the social conventions.

Another sign of the social change is that the young people now resent the old matrimonial-arrangement idea and make their own alliances. A third is the decline in birth rate. The young German woman of today has largely cut loose from the old big-family idea.

Linked with the youth movement—it is really a part of it—is the sports mania which is recasting the German physique. Today Germany is little short of athletics mad. The 1,000,000 membership in sporting associations in 1914 has grown to 7,500,000. In the athletic clubs it has increased from 100,000 in 1916 to 700,000 at the time I write. Tennis, baseball and football are widely popular. The German team in the Davis Cup matches reached the semifinals.

The golf bug has bitten Germany hard. Ten years ago practically the only courses were those laid out by officers of the British and American armies of occupation. Now every big city has its links, on which German players predominate. Athletic meets are being constantly held in the stadia that have risen everywhere. A big team is being trained for the Olympic games at Los Angeles. Finally, Germany has a contender for the heavyweight fighting title in Max Schmeling.

Germany for the first time has become an outdoor nation. During the war, as in England, many householders were given so-called allotments—that is, small pieces of ground in the suburbs of a city upon which to grow vegetables to help meet the food shortage. These allotments have become permanent. As you enter Berlin on the Nord Express from Paris you see hundreds of them. On each is a tiny house where the German *bürger* and his family spend their holidays and Sundays. Every member of the circle helps to work in the garden, thus combining exercise and recreation.

Less Beer and More Sports

One result of the outdoor movement is that the German girth has shrunk somewhat. You have a more active and, therefore, a much healthier Germany. Before the war, corpulency was looked upon as a sign of prosperity, and therefore encouraged. Now it is not so popular. Tennis in particular has brought about a definite reform in women's dress. So-called sports clothes are now the fashion and a smarter feminine appearance is noted wherever you go.

Even beer production and consumption have felt the outdoor influence. It is generally estimated that the beer output is 75 per cent of the prewar figure. Nor is this altogether due to the fact that Pilsen is now a part of Czecho-Slovakia, which makes the Pilsener brand cost practically twice what it did in 1913, and that domestic beer is also higher in cost than formerly. It is because, on the whole, the Germans are drinking less beer. Watch them on the job and there appears to be no drop in consumption. A comparison with 1914 statistics, however, shows a decline. Munich still ranks first among beer-manufacturing cities, supplying one-seventh of the nation's demand. One interesting sign of the times is that the Germans are consuming more sweet beer. Another is that thousands of households brew their own beer.

All this indicates that German society, spelled with a small *s*, is a plastic hodgepodge in which what Lincoln called the common people have their day. Freed from the yoke of social handicaps and militaristic servitude, this best of all human raw material is coming into its own. It has begun to do for the republic precisely what the corresponding element did for the United States. It will make Germany a real country in which to live and work.

Right here rises up the pregnant question: Will the republican form of government endure? For the answer I can best speak out of my own observation. I have visited Germany every year since the Armistice and talked with a wide range of people from Hindenburg down. I have seen practically every crisis that menaced economic and political integrity. I am convinced that there will be no return to monarchy. Though a strong monarchist movement exists, its most intelligent leaders have reluctantly reached the conclusion that their cause is dead. It can only persevere as a campaign argument.

Germany's Opposing Generals

The last two general elections provide cumulative proof of this statement. In 1924 came the real show-down on the republic. The issue rested squarely between a Hohenzollern return and the Weimar Constitution, which is the mandate of the new order. The monarchists fought the Dawes Plan then, just as they now oppose the Young Plan. Despite the welter of parties—there are more than a dozen—Germany voted for the republic. In 1928 the 9,000,000 Socialist votes inundated both the Center and the Right. Every gain was on the republican side.

Between these two general elections came one of the biggest of the postwar political surprises. I refer to the election of Hindenburg as president. Its chief significance was that the people were willing to take a chance with a soldier who had been one of the Kaiser's props, but who had calmly accepted the overthrow of his class. Opposed to him was Ludendorff, another war idol, who persisted as militant reactionary. Hindenburg got twenty-five votes to every one cast for Ludendorff. He has amply justified this confidence because he has stood like a rock against both reaction and communism.

This does not intimate that Germany will be free of monarchists. Bismarck once said: "The German monarchists will not disappear, though the German monarchs may." The monarchistic capacity for trouble making, however, becomes less and less with each passing year.

Moreover, the monarchists are split into two camps. One, headed by some of the big industrialists, uses the economic weapon. This is the group arrayed against the Young Plan. Their spokesman is Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, who has been called the German Northcliffe because he owns a string of newspapers. He also owns a controlling interest in UFA, the largest German film concern, and has vast iron interests. The other wing, of which Ludendorff has been leader, bears down on force. It has been responsible for nearly every *Putsch*—that is, coup—to obtain control of the government. It finds some support among the Stahlheim—which means steel helmets—an organization of war veterans. The best commentary on the futility of the aggressive monarchist wing is that its every effort to get the slightest foothold has been overwhelmingly rebuked or suppressed.

A still further evidence of republican solidity is that last year the official ban on the former Kaiser's return ended. Technically, he is free to enter his one-time realm at will. The fact that he has made no gesture in this direction, and also that no attempt has been made to stage a spectacular

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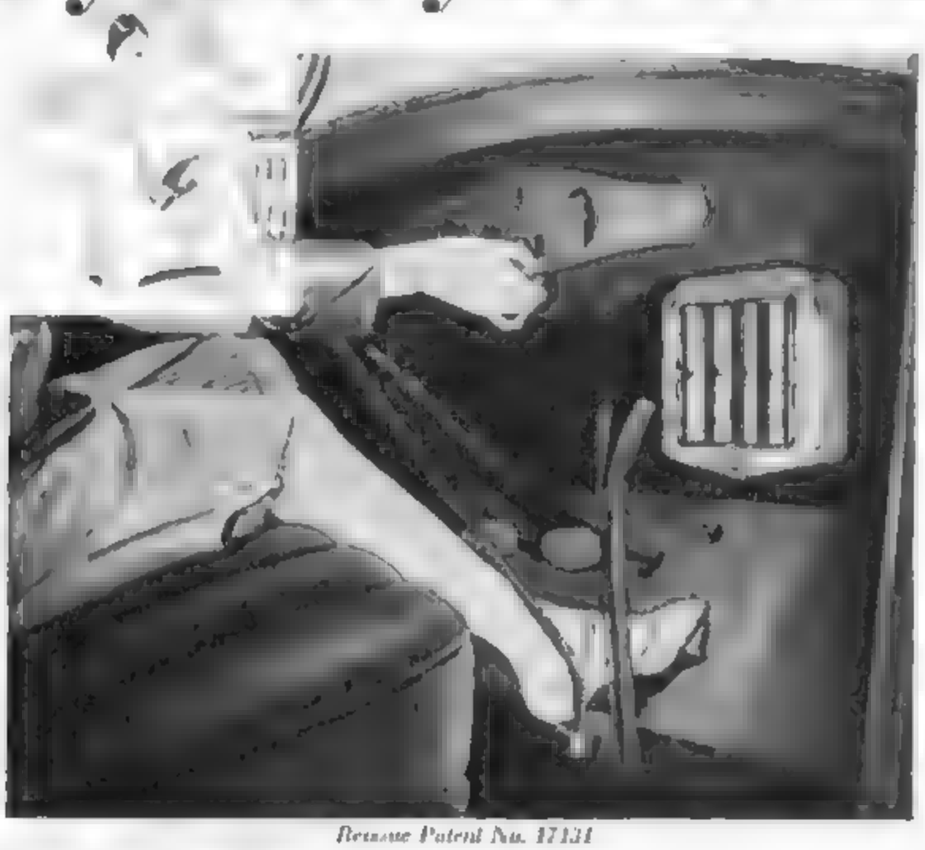

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comeback for him, shows that his name has lost its magic. His second marriage alienated a large group from him. The late Kaiserin was universally beloved for her many good deeds. Most Germans do not take the Hohenzollerns seriously. They see the ex-Crown Prince travel about the country and he does not stir a ripple. He is merely regarded as an inoffensive country squire.

It took France six decades at least to consolidate the shift from throne to constitution, yet she is more essentially democratic than any other Continental nation. In eleven years the Germans, who are inherently monarchial in tendency, have not only accepted the republican form but the great majority of the people have become reconciled to it. Moreover, cohesion of the Reich seems assured. In 1918, following the revolution, and possibly again in 1923, during inflation, separation of the various states could easily have been brought about. Instead, they chose to remain federated.

Social and political change is matched by a complete industrial transformation. Before the war the German industrial magnate concentrated on output because it was something to brag about. It conformed to the supremacy complex. Like German mass troop formation in the war, production was highly organized, but also highly inelastic, resembling the German state of mind. Individualism, as expressed in a vast establishment like the Krupp's, operated against close coordination. In consequence there was costly duplication.

Since 1924 German industry has been completely rationalized, which means concerted effort, elimination of waste, and standardized plant and equipment. The most notable illustration is the great Dye Trust—the I. G.—which has restored German supremacy in chemicals and reannexed the laboratory as first aid to industrial progress. It has sponsored and commercialized the synthetic-oil process and its scientific investigators have the goal of synthetic rubber in sight.

Rationalization and cartelization—there are 2000 cartels in Germany—have not only meant productive cooperation at home but a linking up with production abroad. With the sole exception of the match combine, Germany has initiated, and is a member of, every one of the twenty-six international cartels. The range is from steel to electric-light bulbs. They make for good will as well as good business.

Beating Rifles Into Typewriters

In that prewar day—here again you have a manifestation of the supremacy complex—the German industrialist was more concerned about the prestige that attached to foreign trade than with domestic distribution. With rationalization of output has come an intensive development of the home market through high-powered American salesmanship methods. You now have mass output and mass distribution, including installment selling as well. The big electric advertising sign and the full-page advertisement in newspaper and magazine are as common in Germany as in the United States.

One phase of rationalization is the urge to merge. Banking is the last stronghold of conservatism to fall. In September the Deutsche Bank and the Disconto-Gesellschaft, two of the great financial institutions in the Reich, united in the biggest deal of its kind in German history. The total capitalization is 285,000,000 marks, while the combined deposits aggregate 4,000,000,000 marks. These two banks were part of the famous four D banks—the others are the Darmstädter and the Dresdner—which were important outposts and accelerators of imperial Germany's over-sea economic advance.

The German merchant marine is probably the most conspicuous example of the comeback that has extended to every activity. On July 1, 1914, 4935 vessels, totaling 5,238,937 tons, flew the German merchant flag. In 1919 this had shrunk to 460,000 tons. Great vessels like the old Vaterland, now the Leviathan, and the Imperator, now the Berengaria, to say nothing of the present-day Majestic, were spoils of war and came under British or American register. Germany had to begin from the keel up. Today her merchant-marine tonnage is 4,058,000. It includes the fastest transatlantic liner afloat. Hamburg vies with Antwerp as the world's second greatest port.

Transformation is not confined to production scale and selling method. Output is also different. Take Krupp's, which was imperial Germany's arsenal, representing the dramatization of the age of steel in terms of guns and armored might. Today the Krupp plant makes typewriters, adding machines, bicycles, motor cars of all kinds, and agricultural implements. The colossal energy, once geared to force, has turned to the products of peace. The German sword has indeed become a plowshare. "Conquest without arms" is the slogan of republican Germany.

All these big economic facts, to which might be added the lessening of spread between imports and exports, the constant increase in national revenues—they have grown from $1,707,900,000 for 1926–27 to $2,323,200,000 for 1928–29—the modernization of railways, and the return of coal and iron output to nearly prewar level, are fairly well known. Less familiar, however, is the socialization of industry, one of the most impressive of all evidences of democratization and a bulwark of the republican system. Prior to 1918 the worker was a cog in a big, unemotional machine that, like everything else, drew class lines. He worked from ten to twelve hours a day and had no voice in executive direction. He symbolized obedience and discipline to the last degree.

The Worker's New Place in Industry

Since 1919 the worker has had his definite share of responsibility. Two major industries—potash and coal—will illustrate. The potash cartel is directed by a council the majority of whose members are named by the government. They embrace representatives of labor, consumers, dealers, producers, technical personnel, and the state. The coal trust, which comprises a group of eleven individual cartels, is directed by a board of control including representatives of the workers, office employes and consumers. This trust, in turn, is subordinate to the *Reichskohlenrat*, a sort of coal parliament composed of sixty members, comprising owners and employes, as well as employes of industries consuming coal, representatives of the railways and federal states. Every interest affected by coal has its say in open meeting. Even Krupp's, which once represented industrial reaction as no other German concern, now has a worker on its board of directors.

Despite his complaints, the German worker, all things considered, is better off than before the war. He not only enjoys a full share of authority in direction of mill or mine but his work day is now eight hours. Moreover, his income and his scale of living are higher. State aid safeguards his own and his family's future. Last year the cost of social insurance, including old-age pensions—there is also a fund for salaried workers—reached $1,250,000,000. The best tribute to the well-being of the toiler is in the increase in savings deposits, which have expanded from the equivalent of $1,409,000,000 in 1928 to $1,904,000,000, the figure on July first of this year

At no time since the Armistice has Germany been better equipped to meet the future. During four years of agony and slaughter she incurred no external debts. She is spared the armament overhead that burdens the budgets of the other great powers. Reparations constitute the one big national obligation. These have been fixed. Fixation, through the Young Plan, ends the irksome Allied financial control and also the no less irritating occupation of the Rhineland. The return of the Saar is assured.

The new "*Wacht am Rhein*" will be a watch over a free and consolidated Germany, by and for Germans.

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LUDEN'S

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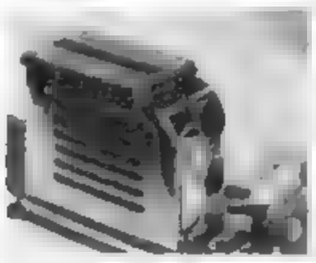

2 *Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or want to turn it. Toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*

3 *Pop! and it's done. The exact shade of toast you ordered, perfectly toasted on both sides—and current cuts off automatically*

Note how the TOASTMASTER —*the world's most completely automatic toaster*—Works

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CHAMELEON

(Continued from Page 5)

"I suppose he thinks babies would be worth it. And after all, Audrey, there's quite a difference between having babies and giving up macaroons."

"Well, yes."

"And macaroons are the immediate problem."

"Just talking about them this way makes me hungry." Swiftly she helped herself to another, took a bite, and holding the remainder in her hand, went on:

"The trouble is, Willard isn't modern. He's full of old-fashioned notions about family life, and all that."

She was talking with her mouth full, exaggerating just a little, as she did in Butter Ball, and the effect was so ludicrous that I was forced to smile. This evidently pleased her, and she put the remaining piece into her mouth, intending to continue, but as she did so Willard stepped in from the terrace.

"Have you ordered the new privet for the urns, Audrey?"

She tried to bolt the cake, but could not manage it.

"Ylesh," she spluttered, nodding vigorously.

He came over to us, gazing at Audrey, whose expression was that of a pretty cat caught in an act of criminal foraging.

"So that's it?" he said.

Audrey gulped down the mouthful.

"Just a little one. Jerry ate the rest."

Willard eyed her sharply, but was silent, and when presently I rose to go, he muttered something about taking a walk, and accompanied me.

"She's right about one thing!" he burst out as we left the building. "It's this play that's making all the trouble!"

"Don't you think you're taking it too seriously?" I suggested. "After all, a few macaroons ——"

"It's not her eating that worries me most," he interrupted. "That's bad enough, but the thing that's got to be corrected is her mental attitude. It isn't like her to be querulous and sly, and the longer she plays Doris the worse it gets. Something seems to have changed inside her. It looks to me as if there's just one way to stop it, and that's to stop the play."

"Wouldn't Garfinkle have something to say about that?"

"Yes, but I'm pretty sure I can bring him round. If Audrey gets fat it'll ruin business, and he's all business."

"But what makes you think she'll cut down on eating even if she does stop playing Doris?"

"Because I've written her a part in which she'll have to." He smiled dimly, adding: "So long as it's for the theater, they'll do anything. That's the way they're made."

Evidently matters did not improve, for not many weeks after my return to my job in Chicago I read in a newspaper that Butter Ball was to be withdrawn and that Audrey was rehearsing a new comedy written for her by her husband.

This play—Fine Feathers—was in due course produced, but it was not the success that Butter Ball had been; after a few months on Broadway it took to the road, and presently it reached Chicago.

Of course I went to the station to meet Audrey, and before the train had stopped I saw her standing on the platform of a sleeping car, behind a barricade of baggage.

"Hello, there, you!" She waved her arm. "I'll be down there as soon as this bird gets the bags out of the way."

The Pullman porter, handing baggage to redcaps, found time for a sleepy grin, and a moment later Audrey alighted.

"You're a sight to soothe the optic nerve, Jerry!" she cried. "And what do you think of me, eh? Look me over! I'm a perfect thirty-four." She raised her arms and spun around. "I've been dieting and working in a gym. I've lost twelve pounds, old bean, and when I say twelve pounds I don't mean perhaps."

In the taxi on the way to her hotel I perceived that she was chewing gum, and when I refused the piece she offered me, she clapped me on the shoulder and charged me with "high-hatting the rubber cud."

There was no doubt about her being thinner or about her having dropped the Doris mannerisms. To that extent Willard's plan had worked, but it had worked to that extent only. Ceasing to be Doris, Audrey had not become herself—assuming that her real self was the sweet and childlike character so charmingly depicted in Spring Madness.

"Of course you're coming to the play tonight," she said as we were parting. "I'll leave a pair of bullets for you in the box office. So long, me lad." She blew me a kiss. "Don't drink cleaning-fluid cocktails; they'll knock the spots out of you."

The pattern on which the new Audrey had been modeled was instantly revealed to me when she stepped upon the stage that night. Her part in Fine Feathers was that of Min, an untutored product of the New York tenements, who "modeled misses' dresses" in a cheap department store. The "rubber cud" was a standard part of Min's equipment, and her lines bubbled with wise cracks—that now familiar term itself being one of many coined by Willard for this play. "High-hat"; "a sight to soothe the optic nerve"; "I don't mean perhaps"—one after another fell from her lips the phrases of the morning, and at the end of the last act the line about cleaning-fluid cocktails achieved a curious poignancy, being spoken through tears when Min renounced the man she loved.

III

FINE FEATHERS ran out the season on the road. It was succeeded, in the fall, by a new play, Dolores; and when that winter I returned to live in New York and went late one afternoon to the Brownlows' apartment, I was not altogether surprised to be greeted by still another Audrey.

At the door of the living room my nostrils were assailed by the heavy fragrance of incense, through which came the sound of talk and laughter, and, as Audrey advanced to meet me, there was a moment in which I did not recognize her.

She seemed to have grown taller and, in her sheathlike black gown, looked actually lean. The coppery hair, which formerly hung softly at her brow, was daringly drawn back, exposing ears from which hung heavy emerald pendants. These earrings and the severe arrangement of the hair gave an elongated appearance to her face, which was tinted to a deathly paleness that sharply accentuated the savage and unnatural crimson of the mouth. The girlish look, which, even when she was playing Min, had clung to her, was gone. The narrow, penciled lines of her eyebrows were curiously elevated, and the eyelids drooped, giving her the set and jaded expression of a milliner's modernistic dummy.

"Hello, Jerry." With a cocktail glass in her right hand, she extended her left in casual greeting. "I don't think you know these people. That is because you have been away too long—too long, my dear." Even her mode of speech was strange to me, for she was now affecting the shadow of a foreign accent.

With a languid, undulating step she led me about the room, introducing me to a group of sleek young men—a Rumanian prince wearing white spats, a monocled Italian count, an Argentinian painter whose black hair glistened with strong-scented oil—individuals one would instinctively avoid in a bridge game on an ocean liner.

"Where's Willard?" I asked.

"In his workroom, as usual," she answered with a dramatic sigh. "He has of late become furiously unsociable, Jerry. The trouble with Willard is, he is not cosmopolitan. I hope you will speak to him about it. Go to him, my dear. Make him come out and have cocktails with us. But first have one yourself, and try some of this delicious caviar darling Beppo brought me." She patted the Italian's arm and shot him a siren's glance.

After listening for a time to the idle, insinuating badinage, partly in English, partly in French, which flew about the room, I sought out Willard, whom I found hunched over his typewriter in a fog of pipe smoke.

He leaped up, greeting me warmly, but flatly refused to join the others.

"That greasy outfit? Not much! They're the crew this infernal play Dolores has brought down upon me."

"I just got back to town," I said, "so I haven't seen Dolores."

"You've seen Audrey, and that's the same thing. As usual, she has soaked up her part like a piece of blotting paper."

The play, he said, was the story of a little Irish cabaret girl who went from Broadway to Havana, learned some Spanish dance steps, and coming back to New York with a Spanish shawl, a Spanish name and a Spanish accent, captivated the town and proceeded to feather her nest.

"It's claptrap that I wrote just after I got out of college," Willard told me. "We needed something to go on with while I'm at work on this new play"—he indicated a pile of manuscript that lay beside the typewriter—"so I fished it out of the bottom drawer."

"Tell me about the new play."

Willard knocked the ashes from his pipe into the fireplace and, refilling it, slowly paced the rug.

"I don't want to talk of it yet, even to you, Jerry," he answered gravely. "It means too much to me. For the present I'll just tell you this about it: It is an experiment based on a theory I've been working out for several years, and it is going to be the effort of my life."

Settled once more in New York, I saw the Brownlows often; and the more I saw them, the more I was disturbed about them. Of the rôles which successively had colored Audrey's chameleon nature, Dolores was the first that seemed to me to hold a serious threat against domestic happiness. Her bizarre make-up and her affectation of a foreign accent would alone have been sufficient to embarrass a man as sensitive as Willard, but in addition there were cocktail parties every afternoon, and though I kept my opinion to myself, I agreed with him that the people who came to them were generally objectionable. Moreover, in her quality as *femme fatale*, Audrey had acquired the night-club habit, and Willard was compelled to choose between going with her after the theater to places he detested and sitting up until dawn in an atmosphere of jazz, cigarette smoke and bootleg liquor, or of remaining at home while she went out with men he neither liked nor trusted.

There was but one aspect of the situation that struck me as hopeful: Audrey played no favorites among her admirers. Through the winter and the spring she and Willard grumbled to me, each about the other, but I felt that at heart they were still lovers, and I was profoundly relieved when, early in June, Dolores closed its run and they sailed for the Riviera, where they had taken a seaside villa for the summer.

IV

I HAD hoped that the shift of scene and occupation would bring about a change in Audrey, but she was still very much Dolores when she came home in the autumn. As rehearsals of the new play progressed, however, a change took place; the foreign accent faded from her speech, the dangling earrings and the jaded expression disappeared, and the lovely copper-colored hair was no longer daringly drawn back, but drooped at her brow as softly as it had when I first knew her.

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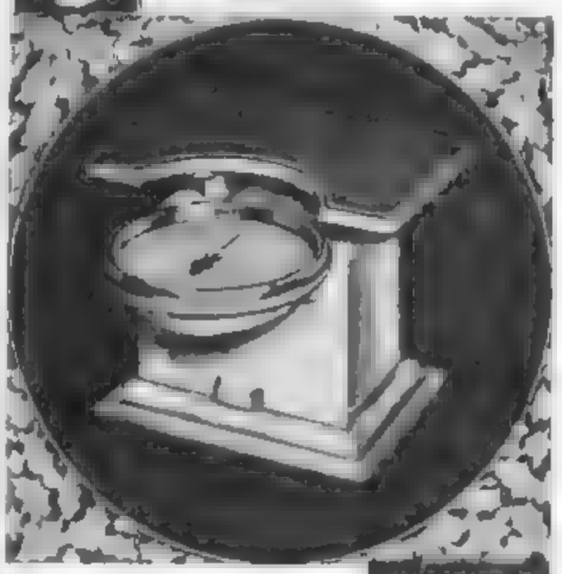

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As for Willard, even if he had not told me how profoundly his hopes were centered in the new play, I should have sensed it from his manner. Never had he been so reticent; never had I seen him so lost in his own thoughts. What was this experiment he meant to try, I wondered. What theory had he been working out? Save that the play was to be called Shanghaied, I knew no more about it now than I had known six months before. Eagerly I awaited the opening, and when at last the first night came and I took my seat in the crowded theater, I was in a fever of expectancy.

The curtain had been up but a few minutes when, through French windows at the rear of the stage, Audrey came, as if from a garden, with a basket of roses in her hand. Not since she captured New York as Muriel in Willard's first play, Spring Madness, had she looked so beautiful, and as the evening progressed there came to me recurrently the sense of a dim, intangible kinship between her Gwen, in tonight's performance, and the Muriel of five years ago—that lovely creature of Willard's imagination with whom, as brought to life by Audrey on the stage, he fell in love. Yet what this kinship was I could not say, for the two characters were not, in fact, at all alike.

Where Muriel had been tender, Gwen seemed almost hard. But one readily forgave her because she was so lovely, and because one understood her grievance against life. The trouble, from Gwen's point of view, was that life refused to run according to the feministic formula she had devised for it. She prided herself on being modern, and had planned for herself—somewhat vaguely—a career. But now, disconcertingly, she found herself in love, and she resented it.

Through a tumultuous first act Gwen argued with her perplexed parents and with her distraught adorer. Wifehood and motherhood, she explained, were ancient tyrannies imposed by man. For women of the dependent type—spiritless women marriage and babies might suffice, but Gwen believed in the freedom of the individual and proposed at all costs to live her own life.

The act reached a climax with her sudden decision to fly from the conventional home environment in which, she asserted, no one understood her, and take a trip around the world. Her father's raging, her mother's tears and the frenzied appeals of the young man availed nothing. As the curtain fell, Gwen's trunks were being carried up the stairs and she was following.

The scene of the subsequent acts was laid at the edge of a jungle on a tropical island where Gwen and a small band of survivors from a foundered ship had taken refuge. Under command of a boatswain who imposed strict nautical discipline, they had built rude huts at the margin of the beach, and the first scene opened with Gwen in mutiny because of the tasks assigned her.

Her occupations on the island were precisely those she had left home to escape. To be compelled to help with the cooking was bad enough, but to be ordered, in addition, to act as nursemaid to a rescued infant was, she felt, an outrage; especially since a stewardess, a woman of the servant class, was among those saved, and was accustomed to such duties. The boatswain, however, waved aside her protests, brusquely informing her that the stewardess was a person far too competent for minor service.

For a time Gwen was sullen, but the experience of being useful gradually brought out her natural womanhood, and little by little the squalling baby wormed its way into her heart.

"They won't take him away from me, will they?" she asked the boatswain anxiously when the relief ship was sighted and the others were capering joyously upon the beach.

It was, in short, a transformed Gwen who greeted her parents and the ardent youth when, with the rescue party, they landed on the island, and the symbol of her transformation was the helpless infant in her arms. She would adopt him, she announced, making him the elder brother of children she would have some day.

In love? Of course she was in love! As the final curtain fell, she promised the young man that she would marry him as soon as they could find a parson.

Never had I seen a first-night audience more enthusiastic, and when, after the play, I went to Audrey's dressing room to offer my congratulations, I followed Garfinkle, who pushed his way unceremoniously through a group of babbling friends in the corridor.

"There's a million dollars in it," he declared, beaming and rubbing his hands—"a million dollars!"

The newspaper reviews next day were uniformly excellent, and I was particularly pleased with that of Clarkson, most dreaded of critics, who, after referring, as he always did, to Audrey's "extraordinary comeliness," declared that she had at last found a rôle worthy of her gifts.

But best of all, the part of Gwen, like all the other parts Audrey had played, followed her home from the theater: once more she became the tender, charming creature of long ago, the one I like to think of as her true self. And, naturally, this change in her produced a happy change in Willard, who, relieved of the perplexities and anxieties which had shadowed his life, resumed his old-time geniality.

The play closed in April and late in August the baby was born.

"Look, Jerry," said Audrey when, with Willard, I went to see her in the hospital, "he has real hair and everything. It's dark too. He's going to look like Willard. See? Don't you see that funny little twinkle in his eye? He's the image of his father."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Willard solemnly.

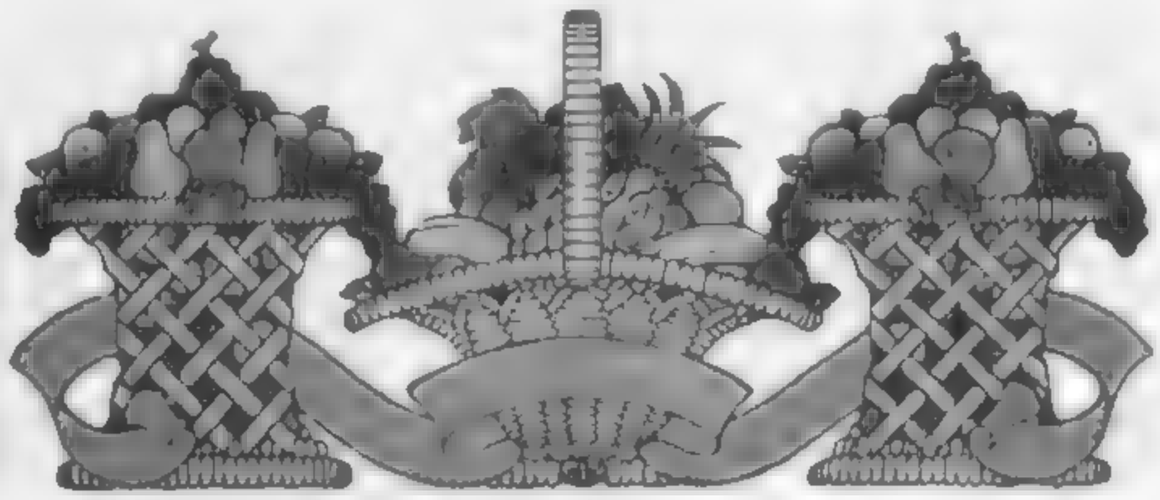
"I've always wanted children," she continued, "but I've been afraid they'd interfere with Willard's work. . . . You wouldn't interfere with papa's work, would you, precious? . . . Look, Jerry, look! He understands! He shook his little head! Isn't he wonderful? I think he's simply wonderful! Whether Willard wanted one or not, I simply had to have a baby."

The nurse came in and told us we must go

"Did you ever see a lovelier young mother?" Willard asked me as we moved along the corridor.

"I never did," said I. "You're a lucky fellow, Willard. It isn't every man who can write his own wife."

In the act of filling his pipe, Willard glanced up, giving me one of his humorously solemn winks.



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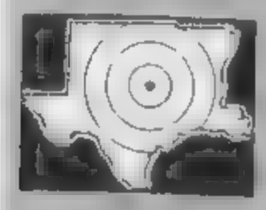

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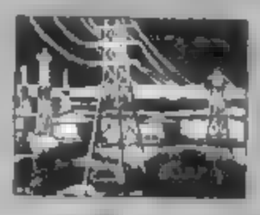

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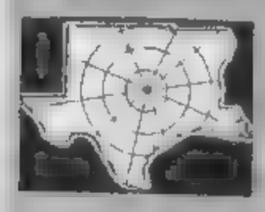

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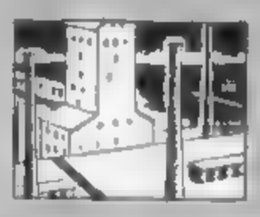

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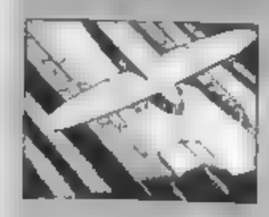

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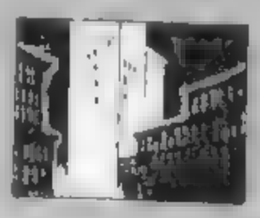

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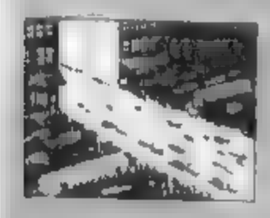

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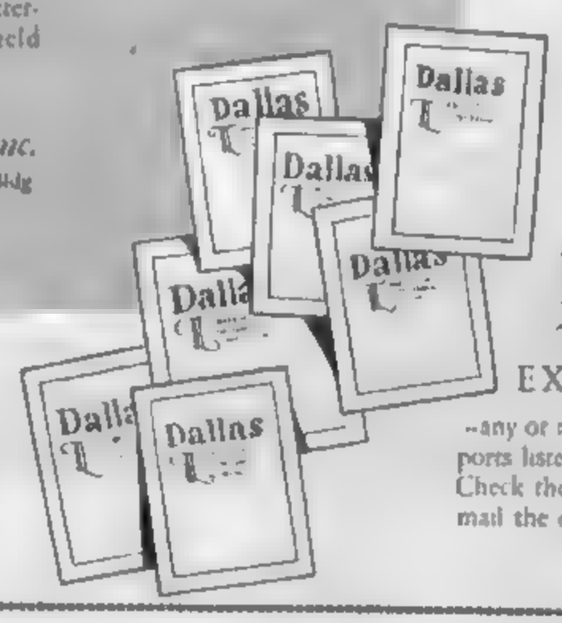

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A DIVISION OF NATIONAL BANCSERVICE CORPORATION

45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

THE HYPNOTIC WIDOW

(Continued from Page 25

knew South Bend had a wonderful future. This place will grow like a weed. Can't help it. Look at its location."

He produced a map, led us into the billiard room, spread out his atlas and waxed enthusiastic. Harmony grinned. Omar, having partly emerged from the trancelike aphasia induced by the Widow Hendge, appeared in the doorway, and we were forced to introduce him. The hometown enthusiast presently gave over the task of trying to convert from paper, folded his map and invited us to witness with our own eyes the glories of the town. At first, I assumed he would try to sell us a vacant lot running back to an alley, but when I dropped luxuriously into the seat behind the chauffeur and stared closely at what twenty thousand dollars can do to a motor car, I changed my mind.

We were driven about the city in royal state and never have I sat in such an automobile. It even smelled better than ordinary cars. We inspected subdivisions, looked at factory sites and airports, and listened to Harrison Dowd declaim. Omar was intensely bored, but Harmony seemed thoughtful, and finally our regal coach paused at a central point and Mr. Dowd directed attention to a corner office building.

"I'm putting my money in this town," he said, "and why shouldn't I?"

"You can't make a mistake," we agreed.

"Already bought the largest laundry in the city. You see that block?"

Peering through plate-glass unshatterable windows, we perceived the block. It was a structure devoted to offices, towering into the sky.

"That's the Seco Block. Jake Seco owns it, which is the only thing wrong with it. That corner will be worth just one million dollars in five years."

"Why don't you buy it?" Harmony asked guilelessly.

"I might," replied the rich man. "If I could get it at the right price, I might take it."

Nothing further was said at the moment. We drove away and were presently back in our modest quarters.

Harmony lingered downstairs to say a word with our host, and barged in upon us, his face shining.

"I said everything would be all right in South Bend!" he cried jubilantly. "Things are going to buzz, and the main buzzer is Harrison Dowd. There is our meal ticket. Wouldn't surprise me if we cleaned up twenty or thirty thousand."

"Thousand what?" Omar Gill asked bleakly.

"Dollars!" Harmony roared. "Give me just about ten days, and I'll have us rolling in wealth. We'll own more money than you can poke in a piano."

"In a pig's ear," Omar scoffed. "We're just a bunch of pikers. Nature intended us to be pikers, and that's what we are. All we need is match boxes and a street corner."

"Listen," said the chief. "You mean you, not me. You're all right when it comes to lugging typewriters up front walks, but if it's big business, leave it to Harmony Childs."

It was growing clearer every hour that a cloud had settled upon our smallest member, who seemed a changed person since his encounter with the Widow Hendge. There was a sulkiness in his manner that was foreign to him, a sort of spiritual distress. He wandered in and out of the rooms mysteriously, seeming to avoid us. He said he had strange pains in his head, and that the face of the widow was almost constantly before him.

"I ought to see a doctor," he complained. "I don't feel like myself at all."

"You mean you ought to see an undertaker," Harmony said heartlessly. "Chances are you've been dead seven or eight days and don't know it."

That night we enjoyed a four-handed poker game in our room at the hotel, for very tiny stakes, and Mr. Harrison Dowd emerged a smiling victor. Harmony saw to that. Nothing pleases a rich man like winning in a small poker game. Next morning I discovered that my best and only silk shirt was missing, and after a frantic search, my glance fell upon Omar, who was idly cleaning a pipe.

"Looking for your shirt?" he asked carelessly.

"Certainly I'm looking for my shirt. It's the only shirt I own."

"Too bad," he murmured. "I gave it to Mrs. Hendge."

He spoke without any apparent excitement or regret, and I strolled over, undecided whether to continue further conversation or smack him silly.

"You gave my shirt away?"

"Sure. Harry needed a shirt. She happened to say she wished she could get a shirt for Harry, so I gave her yours, which was the best one in the joint. Couldn't give her an old shirt."

"No," I said. "Much better to give Harry my new silk shirt. You suppose Harry's fixed up all right as regards the rest of his underwear?"

"Never did meet a woman like this Phœbe Hendge," the little imbecile continued, assuming the rapt expression that now accompanied every mention of the widow's name. "What's a silk shirt to you, George?"

I replied that, at the moment, my shirt to me was the same as my spinal column, having one of each; and Omar, overcome by passing remorse, tried to explain the psychic effect Phœbe produced within him.

"I am not in love with the woman, George," he said earnestly. "This is not a flirtation. I have no sentimental feeling for her at all, not the slightest. Whenever I meet her, I feel sad."

I said I was beginning to feel sad, too, whenever he met her. He arose and walked about nervously. Far, far down within the recesses of his soul, Mrs. Phœbe Hendge had touched some hidden spring, he said, releasing unsuspected forces. All that was best in him seemed to rise to the surface, and when he came away from the widow's cottage, he found himself sadder than ever and wondering what he could do to make her happy in some small degree.

When Harmony missed a seven-dollar necktie from his bureau drawer and started to tear down the hotel, brick by brick, I dragged him from the telephone and pointed to the victim of a woman's whimseys.

"Ask him," I suggested.

"What would he be doing with my necktie?" Harmony demanded, knowing full well that in his saner moments Omar Gill never touched cravats.

"He is the dupe of an uncontrollable passion," I explained. "He claims it is a spell. Chances are that Harry has even now flowered forth in a nice necktie."

"Did you take it?" Harmony bellowed.

"Yes," said Omar boldly, and I was forced to seize our leader and hold him fast, telling him there was no use beating Omar to death with a hotel chair, in as much as Phœbe Hendge had apparently rubbed him with a madstone, which had resulted in a violent attack of mumbo jumbos.

Thenceforth the new disease developed into a public disgrace and nothing was safe. Omar dropped in daily to see how Mrs. Hendge was making out, and she seemed to be making out nicely. By mere accident we saw her. We beheld her upon the public highway, strolling with our deluded partner, and were astonished, having fancied the lady, from Omar's halting description, as a plain, worn and stunted widow. She was none of these.

And we saw at once that it was not her soul that had turned our friend into a petty burglar. She was a pretty little trick with a pale countenance, wind-blown red hair and a scarlet dab of a mouth. Her face was tiny and round, like the face of a Christmas doll. Omar was walking beside her, a man in a dream, stumbling over curbstones. He was carrying a bundle for her; probably something he had found in a careless store. His expression was blanker than ever, and his general manner deaf and dumb.

"Well, well," I said. "There goes the widow. I begin to understand spells and incantations."

"That's the kind of a widow," said Harmony, "that got Henry VIII into all the trouble. She won't do us any good either."

"I wonder where Harry is," I murmured. "I would like to see how Harry looks in my silk shirt."

Subsequently, Mr. Childs paid scant attention to Omar and his odd bewilderment over a woman. Harmony was working like a bird dog to bring us to a state of financial independence, and had queried real-estate brokers and others who knew Jake Seco. Presently he called upon Mr. Seco, a granite-faced person with a mahogany desk and a pad for appointments.

"My name is Childs," our leader announced, sitting down in his confident way. "What would you think about selling the Seco Block?"

"I might," Seco said. "Why?"

"I represent a man of means, a wealthy customer with genuine money, and not a real-estate agent with seven dollars in cash and the rest in conversation. Naturally, I'm not working for nothing."

Mr. Seco maintained a cold silence and stared at Harmony.

"What would the price be?"

"Not sure I want to sell, but if I did, I'd ask about four hundred thousand."

"And would you be willing to pay me 10 per cent for getting you a cash customer?"

"Five per cent is nearer the custom," Mr. Seco said with a slight smile. "If I decide to sell the block, and if I sell it to your client, I think you may ask five."

"Very good," Harmony said, unruffled. "My address is the Royal Anne Hotel. You'll find me there any time. I may say that we have several other prominent downtown blocks under consideration."

"I'll let you know in a day or two," said Seco dryly, and Harmony came away from his first business conference, high in the hopes of garnering at least twenty thousand dollars. When you have been riding on the rim for months, twenty thousand dollars sounds like fairy music in the glen.

Harrison Dowd was interested when he heard the news.

"Seco's been asking five hundred thousand," Harmony stated.

"I thought he would," said Dowd.

"But I'm going to get you this block for four hundred thousand"—at which Harrison shook his head and said he feared Seco was a mere money hog.

"You sit tight," Harmony advised, "and don't make a move. I may say I admire you, Mr. Dowd. I liked you the minute I saw you, for a man who ballyhoos his home town is always a good guy."

"Thank you, Harmony," responded Dowd, who was a large, powerful man, with a booming voice and hair on his hands. "And if you can get the block for four hundred thousand ——"

"You'll take it?"

"I might. I don't say I shall, but I might. It certainly is a good buy, and will be worth a million."

"Sure it's a good buy," our peerless wire-puller returned. "And on my part, this is a friendly gesture to a man I admire. I know you ought to have the Seco Block, and I'm going to get it for you at the right price."

We were now, all of us, on terms of easy intimacy with Mr. Dowd and likewise with his chauffeur, a rather stern-looking but pleasant fellow named Cummins, who, Dowd told us, had been with him for years and in his early days had been a football player, amateur pugilist and all-around

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athlete. Often, in the calm of the afternoon, we rode about the precincts of South Bend and basked in the uncontrolled envy of common persons who drove ordinary automobiles. When we stopped, a crowd gathered. Dowd was fond of his car and it delighted him when we expressed wonder over the multitude and perfection of its shining gadgets.

"Best car in America," he admitted with boyish pride. "That machine has everything. It's the last word."

"Certainly is an eyeful," I said.

"There isn't another like it anywhere. Special body job. Special paint. Special engine, with three carburetors, one of them upside down, and the upholstery came from Italy. . . . I'm going to think about that Seco thing, Harmony. You ask me in a day or two."

Harmony said he would. Meantime, I began having minor difficulties with the hotel management. It seems that a clock had disappeared from our rooms and the proprietor was agitated. When questioned by a hard-eyed official, I expressed surprise, but knew instantly what had occurred.

"Very strange," I murmured. "Are you sure there was a clock?"

"Quite sure," he said sharply, and I left him with a promise that we would pay for anything missed. I discovered Omar unhappily at a window, gazing at traffic with a far-off light upon his obese lineaments.

"So the widow has gone in for clocks," I said harshly. "Are you trying to make bums out of Harmony and me?"

"No," he said, manifesting no remorse. "Heaven beat me to that. . . . Wasn't much of a clock anyhow. Probably the cheapest little clock I ever carried off under my coat. Mrs. Hendge needed it. You should have seen her face brighten."

"With Harmony working hard on the Seco deal," I said accusingly, "you ought to feel ashamed."

"Did I want to start carrying typewriters around this town?" he demanded sulkily. "Did I want to meet this woman? Whose fault is it? I am naturally not a clock stealer, but I certainly am under a spell."

"You are going to be under four feet of damp soil if you keep on fooling with Harmony," I warned. "He is not in any mood for much more nonsense."

"I'm ready to leave South Bend," Omar added plaintively. "I'll be glad to get away from Phœbe Hendge and her brother, Harry. Harmony is just blathering around about this big deal. Let us get out and try another town."

"Not yet," I said. "Wait. And keep your hands off hotel property."

There was no virtue in this warning, for the deluded creature continued under his spell. He carried off hotel writing paper, teaspoons marked Royal Anne, soap from the bathroom, a chromo painting of three red trees and a yellow river, and a Chinese silk runner to drape over the widow's piano. She had no piano, so he probably planned a night raid on a music shop.

Two days sped by without sound or syllable from Jake Seco, the hesitant block owner. Dowd added nothing to his first statement. He was thinking it over, but we felt the chances of a deal were excellent and that the Saturday papers would have prime news for the real-estate columns.

Thursday arrived. The morning crept by and the afternoon waned, and our anxious leader began pacing to and fro in the rooms. The third ingredient was missing.

"Where's Omar?" Harmony asked.

"Out somewhere. No use trying to keep tabs on that jack rabbit. Probably at the widow's, having his spell polished up."

"He better stay away from there," the chief muttered.

"If he doesn't, we're going to be thrown out of a nice hotel."

At three o'clock the telephone tinkled and Harmony bounded across the room. It was old Jake Seco, nibbling at the bait. There ensued a short yes-and-no conversation, and Harmony hung up, turning to me with a happy grin.

"I'm going over to see Jake," he said, seizing his hat. "It looks good. You stay right here, George, and I'll let you know."

When he had gone, I picked up a pencil and began figuring what three persons could do with twenty thousand dollars. Five minutes later Omar Gill drifted in with his cap over one ear.

When I first glanced at him, I felt something was wrong, for he wore an uneasy air. Instead of removing his cap, he kept it on and walked up and down, gazing out the window at intervals.

Finally he asked: "Where's Harmony?"

"Gone to see Jake Seco. The deal is about on ice."

The disturbed little fellow continued to wander to and fro, pausing at the window, glancing expectantly at the telephone.

"George," he said, after a time.

"Why don't you sit down?" I asked impatiently. "You're beginning to give me the willies."

He made no reply, but paced about uncertainly. He came to anchor and leaned against a door.

"George," he repeated, looking at me mournfully.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I was just going to say, George, I think we better ooze out of South Bend."

"We are going to," I said warmly. "And I'll be glad of it. Harmony's closing up this Seco business, which means oceans of money for us all."

"I mean," Omar continued unhappily, "we better leave town right away. If we're smart, we'll bust right out of this town hoop-de-doo."

"When we leave," I promised, "we'll have a nice automobile. We'll be riding right this time."

"We'll be riding in a patrol wagon, maybe—a red patrol wagon with iron shutters on the rear and an impudent cop on our laps."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean something has happened. Dowd is liable to get up on his hind legs and foam from here to Kansas City. That guy can hit, and probably his chauffeur can hit too. He looks like a chauffeur that could hit."

I arose slowly from my chair, knowing I would soon have news of an alarming nature.

"What happened?"

"Well," he said reluctantly, "I didn't meant the thing as a gift. I intended it more like a loan, maybe for three or four hours."

"Intended what as a loan?"

"The automobile."

"What automobile?"

"Dowd's. Phœbe noticed me riding around town in it, and she said she'd like to ride in it too. So I let her take it this morning."

"You let her have Dowd's car!"

"Only as a loan. Certainly didn't give it to her, George. Just for a few hours."

The enormity of the crime left me wabbly.

"How'd you get it?" I asked.

"They know me at the garage. I drove it out to Phœbe's house myself, and why, I do not know, George. I keep telling you the woman has me under a charm."

Suddenly I dashed across the room and snatched my hat.

"There may be time," I said, gulping. "Harmony will fix you for this later on, but now we've got to act fast."

Omar paid no attention to my rushings about. "Sit down, George," he said calmly. "It's too late."

"Why?" I roared. "Why is it too late, if you only loaned her the machine?"

"She wanted to go for a ride, George," he said appealingly, "and she's gone. Harry's gone with her. They've been gone since morning, and the house is locked up."

I fell into a chair and stared helplessly.

"She said she'd return hours ago. I could have put the car back in the garage and no trouble anywhere, but the way it looks now, George, Mrs. Hendge isn't coming back. That's why I say we better be on our way, because I feel sure Dowd can hit."

(Continued on Page 198)

A NEW ACHIEVEMENT BRINGS ELECTRIC COOKING WITHIN REACH OF ALL WIRED HOMES

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(Continued from Page 190

I saw that in the twinkling of an eye we had marked ourselves down as automobile thieves, which is probably the lowest form of human life. I could see Harmony explaining to Harrison Dowd that it was all a mistake, just a playful prank on Omar's part. Holding my head, I tried to calculate and see if there was a way out. Dowd's car was the apple of his eye. Harmony would return presently with news from Jake Seco. I groaned and looked at Omar, who sat sullenly and twiddled his hat.

The telephone rang and we both started and stared at it hard, as though expecting the innocent black box to explode and spatter us on the four walls.

"Answer it," I commanded hoarsely, picturing the South Bend chief of police in downstairs conference with the clerk.

"Answer it yourself," Omar said defiantly, and I arose and with palsied legs crossed the room. It was our own faithful Harmony Childs, his voice happy with triumph.

"Hello," he called cheerily.

"Hello," I said.

"It's O. K.," Harmony shouted. "Seco says he'll sell. I'll get to Dowd this afternoon and push him over the line, and boy, what a big day this is for us, isn't it?"

He was so pleased, I hated to do it.

"It's bigger than you think," I said slowly. "Don't come back to this hotel."

There was a pause.

"Don't what?", he asked.

"Stay away from the hotel. Meet us immediately down at the garage, where our car is. If we don't get out of this town within the next twenty minutes, we're liable to be here from now on."

"What's wrong?"

I explained rapidly that O. Gill, still spellbound by the intangible something, had personally removed Harrison Dowd's pearl-studded limousine from its garage and bequeathed it to Phœbe Hendge and her ribald brother; and that these spell weavers had plenty of time to reach Canada or any remote spot.

The metal instrument brought me the low cry of a soul in pain.

"Does Dowd know it yet?"

"We are still alive," I replied. "He will know it soon, hence the necessity for speed."

I could hear Harmony chattering to himself at the other end.

"Couldn't we tell him we don't know Omar?" he asked in a pathetic tone, the voice of one from whose fingers is slipping the beautiful sum of twenty thousand smackers.

"You tell him," I suggested, "and I'll tell the coroner who you are. Personally, I don't want to meet Mr. Dowd. He won't need any policemen in uniform."

Harmony rang off and Mr. Gill arose and started for the door.

"I'm on my way," he said, "and you better come with me, George. I'm awf'ly sorry this happened."

We started simultaneously for the entrance. The telephone again jangled and I knew just about what it desired of two persons in haste. It was either the room clerk, wishful to notify us that the police were waiting to escort us to the hoosegow, or it was Mr. Harrison Dowd, anxious to ask a few questions.

"Don't answer it," Omar beseeched, and we hurried into the corridor, Omar heading for the elevator, holding forth his index finger as though about to push on the button.

"Get away from that elevator," I cried, seizing him in time, and we sped swiftly down the hall to the rear. It has always been a custom of mine, upon stopping at a strange hotel, to prowl about and learn if there is a back stairway, and the habit has saved us more than once. We pelted rapidly down the rear stairs of the Royal Anne and stood in the safety of the public street.

"Come," said Omar. "Let's get out of here quick. Where's Harmony going to meet us?"

"At the Élite Garage," I snarled, hating the little culprit for the instant, though usually I am fond of him.

"Good a place as any," he grunted, and pulling our hats over our eyes, we strode vigorously away from our pleasant hotel, in time to avoid Harrison Dowd and his chauffeur, whose hurrying figures I discerned in the distance. Looking neither to right nor left, we fled through quiet streets and side alleys, and as we approached the Élite, the first object to strike my eye was our resourceful leader. His face was quite pale and drawn, and lines of controlled rage appeared beneath his eyes. He was sitting uncomfortably upon an upturned bucket. The bucket was within a coal truck, which was panting before the Élite.

"Get in here," he snapped, as we sped upon the scene, and without parley, Omar clambered aboard.

"What for?" I asked.

"The truck is leaving for South Chicago in three minutes, and the driver has agreed to take us. Get in, you dumb egg, before I knock you in."

"Harmony," I said, "our disasters have affected your mind. I am riding in no dirty coal trucks today. What is the matter with our own little motor car?"

"We have no such thing," he said with great bitterness, and grasping me by the collar, he hauled me aboard. "We had a motor car, but little poisoned Peter over here has disposed of it."

"That's right," Omar said brightly, sitting down upon a tin can. "I remember now. Phœbe said to bring it over several days ago, so I did. Darn that woman. She sure made a lot of trouble for us, didn't she?"

I sank into a corner of the unfriendly truck, which was not built for human transportation. Harmony wore a whipped look, rare with him. He was even wordless for a while, which was rarer still.

The coal man came hurriedly forth, waved at us, mounted his seat, started his miserable machinery, and we were on our way out of South Bend, a town with a magnificent future.

"And that," said Omar, above the grinding of the truck, "is what you two get for sending me around with typewriters in a strange town. I didn't want to go. I warned you. There was the queerest woman I ever hope to meet in my life."

Harmony reached slowly for a large, irregular chunk of bituminous coal, intending to raise it and slay a fellow man. I kicked it overboard and saved what possibly would be regarded as a human life. The coal truck rattled onward and the shades of twilight fell softly like the wings of a brooding bird. Shadows of eventide lay thick upon the fertile land, and Omar leaned against a dusty stanchion and continued to wonder in low tones at the odd effect a woman sometimes has upon a man.

FREEDOM OF THE AIR

Continued from Page 16.

of the Alexanderson alternator. What Admiral Bullard was telling me was that this broadcasting, this intangible thing that set up disturbances of the ether, was the straw which broke the backbone of German resistance in the crisis of 1918.

"Why," said the admiral, "the very children were repeating the Fourteen Points as they repeated their catechism! It is a wonderful, almost unlimited power you have there."

When he had finished, I told the admiral that the President's request would naturally receive most respectful consideration by our officers, but that the problem was anything but simple. Here was the General Electric Company, with a million and a half invested in developing and installing the New Brunswick machine. Here was the President asking us to refuse to sell to the only company in the world then in the wireless business—to disregard our only market, and, in effect, donate to our Government a million and a half of our stockholders' money. While I was wholly sympathetic with the President's position, it seemed to me that if we did not sell to the Marconi Company, our duty to our stockholders demanded that we find some other outlet.

Admiral Bullard then suggested the organization of a radio company—an American company—which should insure the position and independence of the United States in the field of international communication. He assured me that such an enterprise would certainly enjoy the support of the Administration and of the leaders in Congress, for it would solve not only our problem but the Government's.

This suggestion offered an interesting way out, but a way that was lined with hurdles. There were various reasons why it seemed impossible to form such a company. Nevertheless, this conversation did have one very definite result—our arrangement with the Marconi Company was canceled. Then came a series of conferences with representatives of the Administration and with the chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, the late Senator Lodge.

Out of these meetings there emerged a single conviction that, in as much as America was not dominant in cable communications, it was quite essential that she should somehow lead in radio. I began to consider the radio situation seriously. Thanks to President Wilson, it had become my job. Besides, I had a problem of real company interest—a large development cost and nowhere to go with it.

As my investigation proceeded certain facts became clear. It was evident that radio patents were widely diffused; that the art had never been integrated. The Western Electric Company and the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, through their great laboratories, controlled inventions and developments in wireless of which the world knew little. The United Fruit Company of Boston had early developed ship-to-shore communication as a means of announcing to planters and fruit growers—so that fruit might be cut at just the proper moment—the precise docking time of their boats. The president of the United Fruit said that wireless had been so successful in eliminating lay-overs that it had not only cut down the usual losses from spoiling of the fruit but saved the company enough to account for much of their current profits. Naturally they were interested in developing so valuable an instrument and owned many patents.

I found, too, that the Westinghouse Company had acquired the inventions of Armstrong and of Reginald Fessenden. Last, but not least, our own laboratories at Schenectady had been far from idle and had patented many devices of fundamental importance besides the Alexanderson alternator.

Here was a wealth of resources that had never been mobilized. Obviously, if America was to lead in radio development, the only sound and sensible course was to concentrate in the same hands all these patents. Otherwise we should not even be able to start. This view was finally accepted and I began to make arrangements for the consummation of the plan. But consummation was easier to plan than bring about. In fact, I doubt that it ever could have been effected, except that proximity to the war intensified the patriotic appeal made on behalf of the Government.

As it was, every concern involved believed itself in the strongest position. Each claimed to control the basic patents, both for transmitting and receiving. Occasionally the courts had to be called on to decide

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between their claims. Fortunately, however, the consolidation of the patent situation was as vital as it was difficult, and so it was ultimately effected. Certainly, without it, the radio as we know it today would have been impossible.

As soon as the mobilization of patents got well under way, it became clear to me that the acquisition of the structures and rights of the Marconi Company in this country would be distinctly to our advantage. The New Brunswick station was theirs and, equipped as it was with the alternator, it was a valuable asset. Likewise, they had built and owned a station on the Pacific Coast and operated ship-to-shore stations on both coasts. And so, acting on its own initiative, the General Electric Company bought from the English Marconi Company, for $3,500,000, its interests in the Marconi Company in America. They made the sale reluctantly, but it had become obvious that a British-controlled company operating in America would find it difficult to function in competition with a new all-American unit. Of course, it was never hinted that our Government would fight the foreign company, but only that there would be a lack of sympathy. The Marconi people decided to get their money out.

It was in 1919 that the Radio Corporation of America was organized, with various groups turning over their inventions and putting up a certain amount of cash for working capital. This working capital was represented by shares of preferred stock, the inventions and patent rights by common stock. The new company contracted with its founders for the right to enjoy not only the inventions they controlled at the moment but all that they might acquire or develop in the radio field over a term of years. I became chairman of the board of directors.

A Tight Hold on Cables

General Electric became the largest stockholder in the new company, since we were in position to turn over not only our present and future patent rights but also the properties of the American Marconi Company.

These transactions were completed just in time. In 1921, as the nations began to reinterest themselves in foreign markets, the question of international communications became acute. During the period of the war, and immediately afterward, when all countries were trying to reëstablish their economic machinery, the communication situation had caused some irritation. Europe could send its messages to America and the rest of the world only through London and Paris, the two world cable centers. Moreover, many cables had been cut and were not immediately repaired.

Also, the habit of deferring all but government messages, highly proper during the war, continued into peacetime, so that cables were subject to censorship and delays. The inevitable result was bad feeling. An easy and convenient explanation when one country lost business was that the government of another had delayed the transit of important messages.

It was obvious enough that every country needed radio communication with the rest of the world, and first of all with America. Germany speedily set up a radio service with America, Norway and Sweden. Soon afterward, all eyes turned to South America; each country hoping for exclusive concessions in the Argentine, Brazil and Chile. Rivalry threatened to become acute.

Coöperation in the Air

And so, in 1921, I went to Europe and called together the heads of the British Marconi Company, the Compagnie Générale Télégraphie Sans Fils of France, and the Telefunken Gesellschaft für Drahtlose Telegraphie of Germany. They came. This was the first business conference after the war at which Allied and German representatives sat round a common council table. I had to join the French company in seeking permission from the French Government for the Germans to come to Paris When we first met, the French and German representatives would not speak to one another. They spoke first when a point was being argued on which they disagreed. Neither side could resist any longer the temptation to go for the other. From that time on, the ice was broken.

I pointed out that if one of us erected a station in any South American country, the others would have to do the same thing, and since there was no more than enough business for one, we should inevitably ruin our investment by overloading it. I suggested that we develop radio communication with South America through a single company, of which we should each own 25 per cent, but that the American company should be in control.

The others agreed to the first proposition and objected to the second. However, a plan was finally worked out which gave each country two directors and a 25 per cent interest in the concern. Provision was also made for a ninth director—an American not connected with the Radio Corporation—who should be chairman of the board. It was agreed that this chairman should have the right not only to break a tie but also to veto any action of a majority which he felt unfair to the minority. That arrangement still exists. Thomas Nelson Perkins of Boston is chairman. He has performed so ably that today not one of the groups concerned would change the situation, for each now feels secure against any combination of the others. There could be no greater tribute to the fair-mindedness and wisdom of any man.

There are few departments of our life, whether it be work or education or amusement, which radio does not touch, but the entrance of radio into these fields—the development of broadcasting, for example—is a story in itself. Suffice it to say that as these developments have occurred one after another, with a rapidity that might well be bewildering, every precaution has been taken to guard against confusion. The tendency has been to organize in all the major departments a subsidiary company controlled by the parent organization, but organized as a separate unit to perform its own independent function. In the field which we have been discussing, R. C. A. Communications, Inc., is the principal operating unit, while the Radio Marine Corporation handles the ship-to-shore correspondence.

The development of this new communications system has been remarkable enough. In an incredibly short time it has put us in direct and lasting contact with virtually every quarter, and a great many corners, of the globe, and has become an enormously important factor in the whole scheme of world communications. So long as it remains strong and prosperous, America's position and independence in this field are assured.

The American Business Man

The physical sciences and the vast powers they release are developing fast, but no faster, I hope, than the moral fiber of the individual and his capacity to deal with them. In the last analysis, all crises must be met by men of character. Of course it is the fashion to call this machine age of ours an age of materialism. The American business man, they say, is just a money grubber. Well, I have known many of them, and I say I don't believe it. Every age has its materialists, and so has ours. By and large, however, I think the American business man cares less for money than the business man of any other country. He works less for luxury than for power. His aim is primarily achievement. He will give away his money to universities and hospitals, but the power to embark on great enterprises he will not give away. And so I say to his critics, if this be materialism make the most of it.

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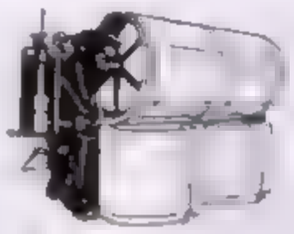

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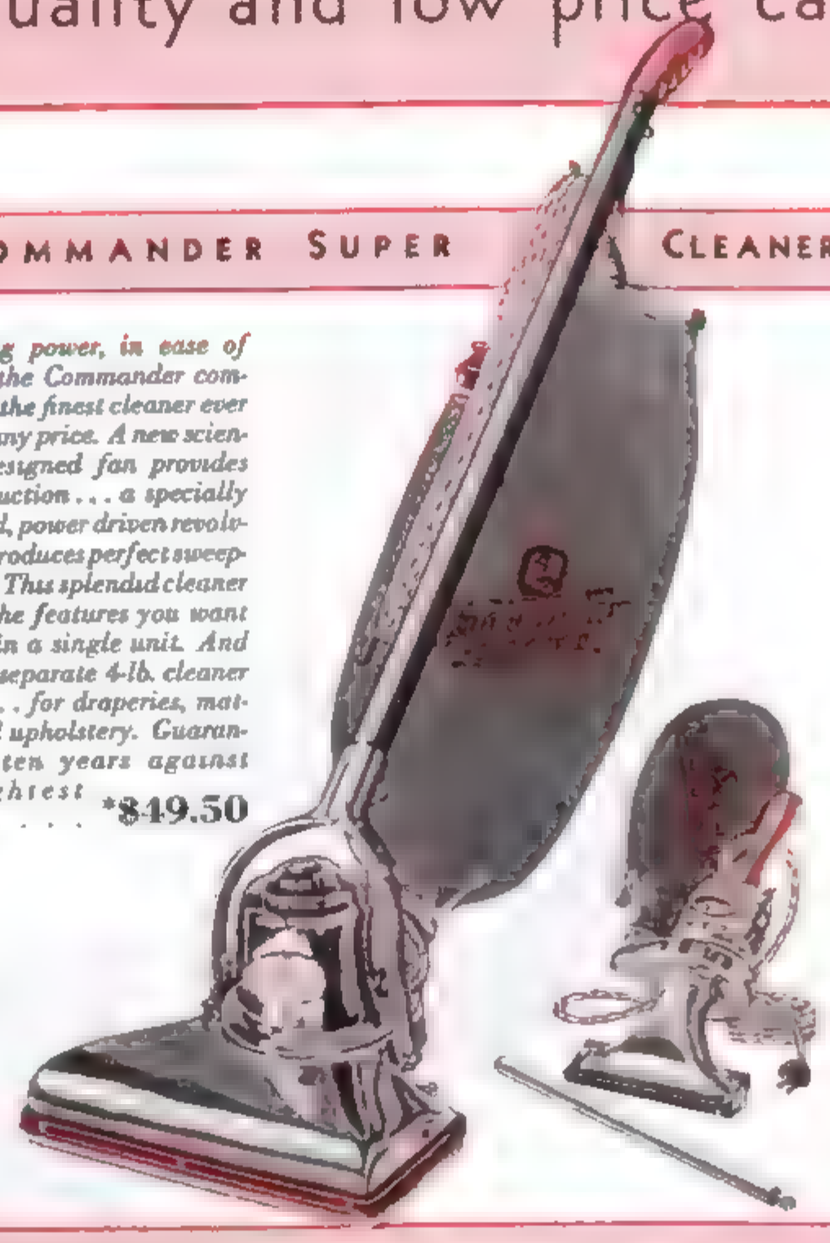

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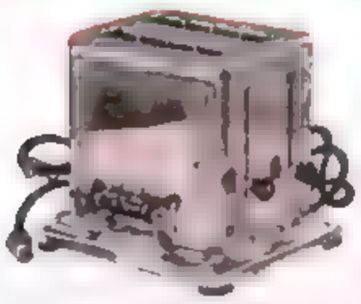

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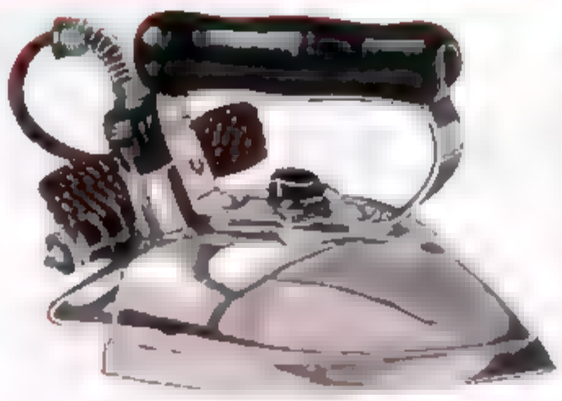

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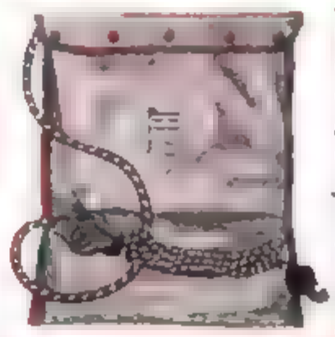

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Continued from Page 36

to burn down every château except his own, and leading or occasionally forcing a rabble of ignorant and credulous peasantry to a myriad dreadful atrocities in a nation-wide conflagration of country houses. The authority of the king—ostentatiously and insultingly defied at Versailles by the Tiers État of the States-General, now constituting themselves the National Assembly—had completely, and patently, collapsed.

In Paris, the gardens of the Palais Royal swarmed with *filles de joie* and wild-voiced revolutionary orators corrupting the garrison of the capital in a perpetual orgy lavishly subsidized by the Duc d'Orléans. At every street corner of the poorer quarters, raving demagogues shrieked to crowds panicked by a famine they were assured was deliberate, maddened by the most fantastic and obscenely scurrilous libels against the king and the Austrian, his queen. Among them were agents of the King of Prussia, seizing an opportunity to break the alliance between France and Austria which had kept the peace of Europe for thirty years, and condemned Prussia to a permanent inferiority. Those same strange hordes of brigands which had terrorized the provinces began to appear in Paris also. On July fourteenth, a mob of a thousand people, largely composed of those brigands, reënforced by some of the Gardes Françaises—deserters who had been fêted at the Palais Royal—had—while Paris at large was placidly ignorant of the event—attacked the Bastille, tamely surrendered to it under pledge of safety for its garrison immediately thereafter massacred.

The entire nation was in fact in delirium, oscillating between the most magnificently sublime impulses of a newly conscious civic virtue, and the ignoble crimes committed in the panic of the Great Fear mysteriously and identically propagated from end to end of the land—a phenomenon which yet puzzles historians. At Versailles, in the National Assembly, on August fourth, the nobles and the great ecclesiastics had risen, one after the other, in a competitive frenzy of philosophically generous self-sacrifice, had surrendered voluntarily—and even embarrassingly—the whole of their privileges, to the last shred, through a momentous nightlong sitting wherein deputies of all factions had embraced hysterically as brothers, ecstatically terminating with a Te Deum of thanksgiving and a decree of the Assembly solemnly proclaiming Louis XVI as the "Restorer of French Liberty." Bells had rung all over France with the immense tidings, had a little later rung again to acclaim the epoch-making Declaration of the Rights of Man. Surely, the Revolution was complete, the old era was destroyed, the new era of universal fraternity had authentically begun!

No. That Revolution had been too sudden, too easily accomplished, for the vast agitation immediately to die down. It was not allowed to die down. All over France demagogues vociferated to mobs that all good patriots must exercise ceaseless vigilance to thwart the intrigues of a malignant court, resolved at the first opportunity to steal back the privileges it had been forced to yield, to thrust the people once more under a "detested yoke," into the "irons of servitude." It was immaterial that the court remained patently passive, proposing nothing, attempting not at all to defend a menaced and insulted dynasty—the king was benevolently if fatuously obstinate in refusing to permit a military restoration of order—for a certainty, it was "a den of tyrants" thinking only of "massacring patriots." An accusation so universally and vehemently repeated was of necessity a fact. Nine-tenths of the people of France believed it, vowed themselves to "shed the last drop of their blood" in defense of liberty.

The young Comte Raoul de Saint-Vaast believed it also. The fascination of the beautiful Madame d'Audresson had kept him faithful to the salons of the Duc d'Orléans. In those salons was a constant feverish activity, a constant coming and going of "patriots," mostly indigent, by no means so loud-voiced there as they were in the Assembly or at those street corners where they thundered. Thither came the ugly little Comte Mirabeau, whose genius for impassioned oratory could fire the Assembly to white heat and mold it to whatever enthusiastic decision he would. Thither came another ugly, bull-necked man, a jovial, needy lawyer from Arcis-sur-Aube, by name Danton, singularly effective at street corners in rousing a mob to maddened violence. Thither came also the ardent young Camille Desmoulins; strikingly handsome, although pitted with smallpox, as were Mirabeau and Danton; as were—curiously enough—nearly all the leaders of the Revolution, including a certain Maximilien Robespierre, who in the Assembly recently had briefly issued from obscurity by a singularly violent speech in opposition to a proposal that the representatives of the people should take measures to facilitate the bread supply of a starving nation.

All these "patriots" conferred with the amusingly cynical Chloderlos de Laclos, the novelist author of the famous Liaisons Dangereuses, who supplied a diabolical ingenuity—certainly not to be expected from that august and careless *roué*—in the intrigues incessantly woven within the Palais Royal. To the young Saint-Vaast, saturated with the atmosphere in which he lived, those intrigues seemed venial, even legitimate. The unquestionably patriotic end justified any means. It was vitally necessary that the people should be continually infuriated to an anarchy wherefrom only Orléans could rescue France, that they should be continually maddened to hatred against that royal family certainly plotting a desperate counter-revolution in the baffling silence of their palace. Only when the "patriotic" Philippe d'Orléans had replaced the "tyrant" Louis XVI on the throne of France could the Revolution be regarded as secure. The young Saint-Vaast was fervently convinced of it.

Thus came it that on the afternoon of the fifth of October, 1789, he found himself marching along the road to Versailles in a strange company. The plotters of the Palais Royal had had a brilliant idea. The famine-stricken people of Paris—the flour convoys had again been conveniently interrupted by brigands—should be stirred up to invade the Palace of Versailles. Already that people had been skillfully inured to massacre and blood—anything might happen. Moreover, lest the royal troops should fire upon the procession as it approached, it should be headed by women crying legitimately—for bread. Unfortunately, the Parisian workingwomen had responded meagerly. A few hundreds of harridans from the slums of the Faubourg St.-Antoine. It had been necessary to improvise others.

Accordingly—what laughter there had been in the Palais Royal—some of the well-born ladies of the Orléans party had disguised themselves in rags to march in the procession. Even these had been unconvincingly few. Therefore, a number of deserters from the Gardes Françaises, a mob of other male ruffians, had travestied themselves in female attire, together with a picked band of conspirators from the Orléans household, headed by the monstrously fat Duc d'Aiguillon, irresistibly comic as a *poissarde*. In rear of this "feminine" protection marched a swarming rabble of brigands, of the lowest dregs of Parisian criminality, inflamed by drink and by the vociferations of rabid mob orators. Before leaving Paris, they had stormed the armory of the Hôtel de Ville and seized eight hundred muskets and two cannons.

Now they streamed along the great *chaussée*, singing revolutionary songs, screaming imprecations against "fat Louis" and the Austrian. To the young Saint-Vaast it was both amusing and impressive. Amusing because the lovely Marquise d'Audresson looked piquantly novel in her rags as she smiled and joked with him on his own feminine appearance. Impressive, because the current cant of the time had habituated everyone to see the sacrosanct "people" in these wild mobs, and—despite his knowledge of the way this particular mob had been recruited—he was naïvely convinced that he was leading a legitimately enraged "people" to "beard the tyrant in his lair." Ignorant of the full villainy of the Orléanist schemes, he attributed to that tyrant and his minions the evident starvation of the people. Righteously indignant, the people now demanded bread from the author of all their woes. If only this contemptible Louis could be deposed, if that hateful Austrian woman—had she not recently seduced the troops at a banquet, made them trample underfoot their cockades of blue, white and red, originally the Orléanist colors and now the emblem of patriotism and liberty, made them restore their Bourbon white in an oath to massacre every patriot?—could only be thrown to the just vengeance of the people!

In the great courtyard of the Palace of Versailles was pandemonium. Throughout a rainy night there had been a grotesquely fearful orgy around the huge fires kindled by the mob, mysteriously provided with a plenitude of drink, but with no food save a dead cavalry horse they cooked and ate. If a number of poor bedraggled workingwomen wandered on the outskirts crying miserably that they had been forced to march, but did not know what for, the majority danced like maenads around the fires, shrieking the most bloodcurdling imprecations against Marie Antoinette. In and out of the rabble moved the disguised aristocrats of the Palais Royal, doling out packets of money in exchange for shouts of *"Orléans! À mort Louis et l'Autrichienne! Vive notre bon roi d'Orléans!"* Performing what he was convinced was a "patriotic" task, the young Saint-Vaast, his petticoats turned up out of the mud, had gone also with those packets of coins, bidding their recipients shout, "Vive notre roi d'Orléans!" Madame d'Audresson, flushed and laughing exaggeratedly from too many swigs at the bottles held out to her by dishevelled harridans, had accompanied him, had returned with him to joke wittily with Chloderlos de Laclos, with the Comte de Sillery, husband of Madame de Genlis, with the Comte de Mirabeau, all comic in their feminine masquerade.

At midnight, with a feverish rolling of drums, with a great glare of brandished torches, had arrived from Paris a second revolutionary army, headed by Lafayette, now equally hating, and hated by, the Orléans party and the Court, who had just been forced humiliatingly by his own troops to march amid mob shrieks that the king must be brought to Paris. With their arrival, the frenzied uproar had been intensified.

It was now dawn, a little before six o'clock. Suddenly there was an immense clamor, on a new note. The people had burst into the palace! Instantly there was a wild rush across the courtyard. The young Saint-Vaast raced with the rest. It was true. The mob was now surging into the palace, with appalling vociferations was now swarming up the great marble staircase. A mysterious individual pointed the way to the queen's apartments.

A dozen of the bodyguard barred the rush as it arrived. The royal order, meticulous that none of the people's blood should be shed, forbade them to defend themselves. They were instantly massacred. But they had gained a moment of time. When the mob smashed in the door, swarmed into the queen's bedchamber, the room was empty. The queen had fled to the king.

The mob dispersed itself wildly about the palace, shrieking imprecations, seeking their prey. Saint-Vaast ran with them, he hardly knew why nor whither, save that the queen must not be permitted to escape; found himself running alone down a long narrow passage terminating in a small door. A man—evidently a gentleman—stood before that door, a drawn sword in his hand. He rushed up to him, recoiled.

"Jacques!"

The solitary sentinel started at that familiar voice from this bedraggled female.

"Raoul! You?" Astonishment and contempt were witheringly vivid in that exclamation.

Some of the mob were now clamorously near the passage. Raoul was transfixed with a sudden poignant terror—this was his brother, and in an instant he would surely be killed!

He stripped off some of his disguise, held it out.

"Jacques! For God's sake! Quickly! Put it on! You will be murdered!"

His elder smiled grimly, spoke in bitter scorn.

"I would rather be murdered than owe my life to your harlot rags." He raised his sword point menacingly. "And one assassin at least shall die first!"

Raoul heard him with horror. "Jacques! My brother!"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "You are misinformed. The Marquis de Saint-Vaast has no brother."

"Jacques!"

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast was insultingly curt: "*Monsieur l'assassin*, my duty does not permit me to move a foot from this door. But if you will be good enough to advance within reach of my sword I will for the first time pollute it with the blood of a coward."

The young man gasped in horror-stricken incredulity. Jacques could say this to him! Incontestably true then was it that this Austrian woman seduced all in contact with her, inspired them with a mortal hatred of all true patriots. And assuredly she was behind that door, plotting perhaps at this instant a massacre of the people! Not even his brother could stand between him and his sacred duty to the nation. He raised his voice, shouted down the passage, loudly over the undiminished clamor, over distant, rapid musket shots.

"*À moi! À moi, citoyens!* The Austrian is here!"

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast planted himself firmly in the doorway, threw away his scabbard, smiled again at the young man held at his horizontal sword point.

"*Courage!*" he said pleasantly.

The uproar in the palace increased suddenly to appalling violence. Volley after volley of musketry reechoed in deafening discharges, followed by panic-stricken shrieks and cries. Lafayette had put himself at the head of his grenadiers, was sweeping the mob from the palace.

Even as the young man shouted again, frenziedly, "*À moi! À moi, les patriotes! L'Autrichienne est ici!*" a squad of those grenadiers came running down the passage, their musket barrels smoking, bayonets fixed. They seized him brutally.

"What have we here?" cried one, pulling off the badly adjusted skirt. "Another of these *sacrés jeunes* pretending to be women!"

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast spoke coldly from the doorway. "*Doucement, mes amis! Foi de gentilhomme*, this is no man. Give back the skirt and let the little lady go. Her friends will be anxious for her."

They roared with appreciative laughter at the joke, fastened the skirt again around him, hustled him down the passage, threw him out onto the grand staircase packed with screaming fugitives. He wished himself dead in an agony of shame, found himself hating his brother as he had never

(Continued on Page 200)

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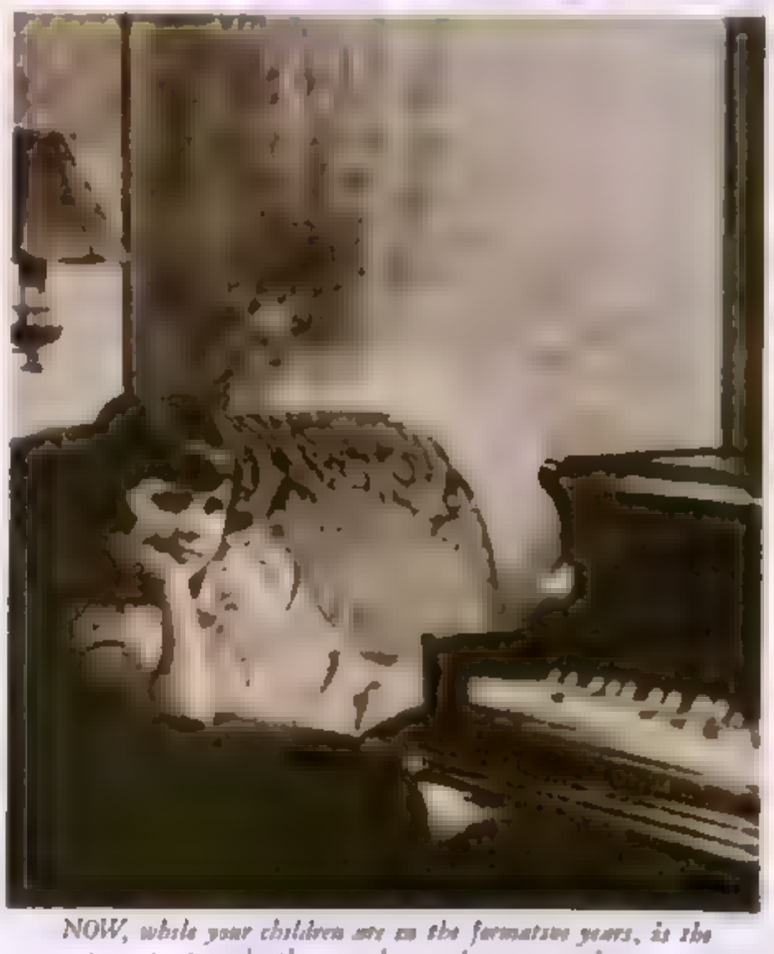

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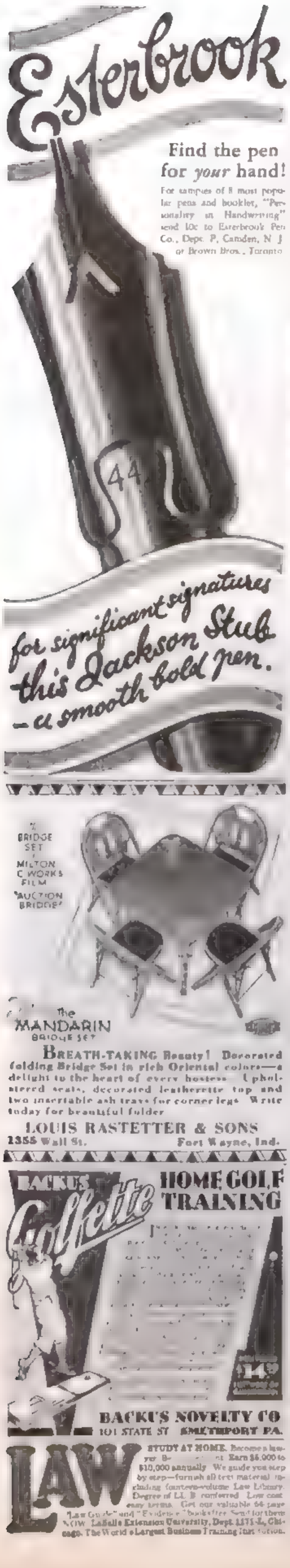
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imagined he could hate anybody. Never would he forgive that insult. He tore off those women's clothes as if they burned him.

A little later he was standing outside in the crush of an immense crowd shouting phrenetically—such was the fickleness of Parisian mobs—"*Vive le Roi!*" in a loyal enthusiasm which overpowered the countering shouts of "*Vive la nation!*" From a balcony the king had successfully appealed for mercy to a number of his bodyguard murderously attacked in a corner of the courtyard. The situation changed as by magic. Bodyguard, grenadiers and people vied with one another in cries of "*Vive le Roi!*"

Someone raised a shout that the queen must show herself also to the people. There was a second shout: "No children!" Young Saint-Vaast thought he recognized the voice of one of the frequenters of the Palais Royal—a man he had just seen talking and laughing with the Duc d'Orléans himself, completely at his ease in this vile rabble. It was a shrewd move. Had the queen shown herself with her children, the women in the crowd would certainly have been melted to one of those sudden revulsions of sentimental pity characteristic of the revolutionary mobs for the most part knowing not at all why they raged and rioted. "No children!" cried the stentorian voice again.

The queen appeared on the balcony alone. There was a sudden cessation of the cries, a deathly hush. She stood in her night attire, a little yellow-striped wrap thrown over her shoulders, her hands crossed on her breast, erect in a mute queenly dignity. Saint-Vaast saw a man in the crowd lift his musket; saw the musket knocked down by those around. The impressive silence continued. Then Lafayette also appeared on the balcony, knelt and kissed his sovereign's hand.

There was an instant tumultuous vociferation: "*Vive la Reine! Vive la Reine!*"

Saint-Vaast gnashed his teeth. His patriotism was in despair. The *coup* had failed! This accursed Austrian had now seduced even the people! He glanced round, saw the Duc d'Orléans angrily slashing at his boots with the riding switch he carried. One of his adherents was whispering eagerly to him. The duke nodded. A moment later there was another cry: "The king to Paris! The king to Paris!" That cry was not allowed to die down, was shrieked and yelled everywhere from the turbulent multitude, suddenly in love with the new idea presented to it. The king must go to Paris, where his faithful people could be sure of always having him with them. "The king to Paris! The king to Paris!"

The vociferation continued endlessly, until at last the king again appeared on the balcony, spoke in a loud, clear voice:

"My children, you wish that I shall follow you to Paris. I consent, on the understanding that I shall not be separated from my wife and children, and I ask for the safety of my bodyguard."

The multitude answered in a joyous roar of voices: "*Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi! Vivent les Gardes du Corps!*" Even popular now was that bodyguard whom a little before they had vowed to massacre to the last man. Yet more popular was the king, unmistakably the benevolent father of his people.

That popularity was not allowed to continue. It was again in the midst of a howling, drunken mob, shrieking all manner of insults, that the royal family journeyed slowly, in a calvary that lasted seven dreadful hours, to the capital, henceforth to be their prison. The Orléanist agents, always ingenious, had released wagonloads of grain and flour which they added to the procession. The starving people, believing that these supplies were indeed those held up by royal machinations, shouted gleefully: "We bring you the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy!"

Saint-Vaast, returning with a group of his friends in a carriage where the lovely Madame d'Audresson coquetted wittily with one and another, was filled with a sternly patriotic delight. Now the true patriots would hold this counter-revolutionary court in the hollow of their hand. And let them beware if still they dared to conspire against the people! He wondered what had become of his brother in the tumult, strove to exclude the thought from his mind.

It was November, 1793, Year II of the Republic. Much had happened. If, for nearly two years after the removal of the royal family to the Tuileries, it had been unsafe publicly to attack a monarch annoyingly idolized by his subjects as that first of Citizen Kings who had taken a mutual oath of fidelity with them in the ecstatic ceremony of the Champ de Mars; nevertheless that monarch had become more and more a mere prisoner whose last shred of authority vanished with the ignominiously unsuccessful flight to Varennes. His brother monarchs of Europe had at last more or less agreed among themselves to profit by the anarchy of France, and—for a price—to rescue the French king from his humiliation. In April, 1792, the revolutionaries had forced a declaration of war against Austria, recently allied with Prussia, for various reasons convenient to the factions. In July, the country had been convulsed by the proclamation of "*La Patrie en danger!*" On August tenth, a mob, instigated jointly by the Orléanist party and the ultra-revolutionary Commune of Paris, had invaded the Tuileries with declared intent to massacre the royal family. That part of the plot had failed; the royal family had taken refuge with the Assembly, whence they had been sent to imprisonment in the Temple. It was the last stroke of the Orléanists, already being swamped by the flood of ultra-revolutionism they had let loose upon a country wildly distracted from end to end. At the end of the month the new Convention had been elected, with the Duc d'Orléans as a humble member, prudently changing his name to "Philippe Égalité."

Meanwhile the foreign enemy had advanced across the frontiers, to the consternation of a maddened Paris. On September second some 300 murderers, organized chiefly by the now redoubtable Danton and a diseased surgeon named Marat, had massacred in the prisons of Paris 1080 common citizens, 245 priests, and 43 aristocrats and officials, a few days previously arrested for the specific purpose; "*Audacity! Audacity! Audacity!*" had cried Danton in his famous speech for the occasion; it was necessary to strike terror into all who would oppose good patriots in the defense of the nation: and on the same day the Paris Commune had sent a circular to all the departments, advising a similar holocaust. Who indeed would dare to oppose such terrible men? On September twenty-second the Republic had been proclaimed.

The year 1793 had opened with blood. On January twenty-first, Louis XVI had been guillotined. On the frontiers the ragged armies of the young Republic had been defeated after the intoxicating victories of the autumn. The country was permanently "in danger." The terrible Committee of Public Safety constituted itself. Robespierre, Danton and Marat became an all-powerful triumvirate. Revolutionary tribunals, with perambulating guillotines, toured the country. Marat in Paris shrieked maniacally for heads and yet more heads, obsessionally harping on 300,000 victims. Revolutionary proconsuls, *en mission* to the provinces, did their best to satisfy him, mowing down men, women and children with grapeshot, drowning them in great batches, since the guillotine alone was plainly insufficient. The west and the south rose in savage insurrection, savagely repressed. In July, a republican young woman came from Caen to deliver France from the most sanguinary of her tyrants, and killed Citizen Marat in his bath; so that a grief-stricken country had to quasi-deify him in the Pantheon. Still on the frontiers a hostile Europe massed itself. In August, the *levée en masse* was decreed in defiant answer. On the fifth of September a "salutary Terror" was made the order of the day.

In October Marie Antoinette went, white-haired and dignified, to the guillotine on the square which is now the Place de la Concorde. That machine operated daily, a special sewer carrying off the blood. To be strapped upon its seesaw plank were carted not only hundreds of insignificant people from the herds in the prisons but deputy after deputy from a Convention now devouring itself in ferocious internecine hatreds, in mutual denunciations of treachery to the Republic. Two weeks after Marie Antoinette the twenty-one Girondins, most of them ex-Orléanists, followed her to "look through the little window" and "sneeze in the basket," to be likewise buried in that cemetery of headless corpses near the Madeleine. Three weeks later, amid a jeering crowd reminding him of his crimes, Philippe Égalité, *cidevant* Duc d'Orléans, himself mounted from the tumbril to that scaffold, still scarcely crediting that those once obscure conspirators who had fawned on his bounty should now ruthlessly exterminate him for whom they had no further use. No one was safe. The Convention met sparsely on almost empty benches, in paroxysms of craven terror. It no longer mattered. The real power in France had passed to the Club des Jacobins.

In that club, the church of a convent in the Rue St.-Honoré, on the evening of the 26th Brumaire, the Citizen Saint-Vaast, deputy to the Convention, occupied his accustomed place in the oval amphitheater of tiered-up benches. Dimly perceived in the sparse illumination—for candles were as rare as most other commodities in Paris in the Year II—the public in the galleries at each end shouted turbulently, sang Dansons la Carmagnole, and the vehement refrain of the Ça Ira:

"*Vive le son du canon!*
Ça ira! Ça ira!
Vive le son! Vive le son!
Ça ira! Ça ira!
Vive le son du canon!
Ça ira! Ça ira!"

It was barely eight o'clock, and the members were only just arriving, moving around the sacred stone from the Bastille deposited in the center, climbing to their seats in the amphitheater. The president's table and the orators' tribune opposite were still untenanted. The members glanced at both as they entered, whispered together nervously. Tonight's sitting was notoriously to be critical, fateful. The mask was to be torn from traitors to the Republic.

Like those others, the Citizen Deputy Saint-Vaast was vaguely informed of the highly secret affair which was torturing the revolutionary chiefs. A vast conspiracy menaced the safety of the Republic. It was certain that behind it was the mysterious, formidable Baron de Batz—already a nightmare to every good revolutionary—who, disposing of limitless royalist or English gold, had all but rescued the royal family from the Temple, who had even attempted to rescue the "tyrant" on his way to execution, and who had bafflingly eluded every effort to arrest him. Now, it was whispered, that monster of iniquity had cunningly involved a number of the most prominent "patriots" in a scabrous corruption concerning the great Compagnie des Indes. He intended to provoke a scandal which should discredit the entire Revolution in the person of its leaders. The great question was: Who were these unworthy wretches who had sold themselves? Who, indeed? Every one of those members looked with uneasy suspicion on the others. In the Convention, on the 20th Brumaire, the deputy, Philippeaux—inspired by whom?—had suddenly hurled a bombshell: "I propose that every member of the Convention be called upon to produce a statement of his income before the beginning of the Revolution; and if it has

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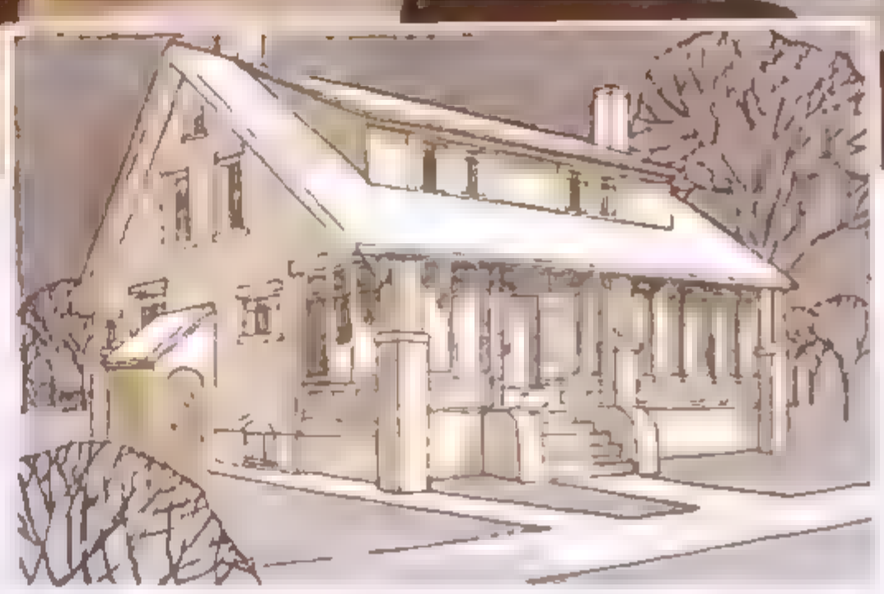

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Continued from Page 200

increased since that time, to show by what means it has done so!" He had finished by demanding that guilty persons should be declared traitors and punished accordingly. There had been panic in the Convention. The matter had been referred to the Club des Jacobins.

The Citizen Saint-Vaast could await the event with a good conscience. Fanatically rigid in principles of revolutionary virtue, he was one of the comparative few who had not shamelessly profited by the general ruin.

One by one the members came in, sat down; the best-known patriots greeted by shouts of recognition from the galleries. Particularly noisy was the welcome accorded to Hébert, the virulent journalist of the Père Duchesne, virtual master of the sister club of the Cordeliers, and the leader of the fanatical persecution of Christianity. Behind him entered Robespierre, buttoned up and thin, impenetrable behind dark spectacles, the Incorruptible, frowning a little at this evident popularity of Hébert.

The sitting began. Anacharsis Clootz, the German *illuminé* who was the "deputy for all mankind," took the chair. Routine business was disposed of. From the galleries came shrieks of "Chabot! Chabot!" It was the deputy, hitherto almost as powerful as Robespierre himself, alleged to be most deeply involved in the conspiracy, an ex-Capuchin who had recently married an Austrian woman and now lived in a highly suspect luxury. The most violent of revolutionaries he boasted of having invented the word *sans-culotte*—he always appeared in the Convention with semibare legs—despite the forty pairs of trousers subsequently inventoried in his domicile by the representatives of the nation -and wearing the red cap of republicanism, winning thereby an immense popularity with the rabble of spectators. In the Jacobins, a more *bourgeois* assembly, such fantasy was out of place. It was in ordinary revolutionary garb—a high collar with deep *revers* opening from a huge cravat, tight trousers on his booted legs—that he rose in his place, a short, stocky figure, whose face was of a livid pallor, his voice uncertain.

"*Citoyen Président! Je demande la parole!*"

It was accorded him amid a rustle, a tensely excited whispering from the crowded amphitheater. Mysteriously, this former idol of the people seemed to have lost their favor tonight. They shrieked at him, women's voices shrill above the others, as he moved toward the rostrum. "*À la guillotine! À la guillotine!*" at every moment interrupted his vaguely exculpatory speech.

He cried frantically through the clamor: "In spite of my enemies, whom I defy, in spite of the revolutionary women"—they shrieked again, "*À la guillotine! À la guillotine!*"—"no one can deny that I saved the Republic!"

Instantly there came a man's voice from the spectators' gallery: "The Republic can save itself!"

Citizen Saint-Vaast glanced up sharply. There was something oddly familiar, though momentarily unidentifiable, in that voice. It had given a cue to the mob. The uproar redoubled in a storm of jeers at this presumption. Robespierre frowned, adjusted his spectacles ominously, pressed his lips together, sent a terrible glance toward the rostrum.

Stammering, gasping, Chabot withdrew the unfortunate remark. Since they unjustly suspected him he would resign as a deputy, would enlist with the volunteers.

Again over the tumult came the voice from the gallery: "The defenders of the country want no suspects in their ranks!"

Again Citizen Saint-Vaast glanced up. If only he could distinguish that man who shouted in that vaguely remembered voice, cunningly seizing every opportunity to set the populace against this first of *sans-culottes!* Personally, he had no pity for the wretched Chabot. If this deputy were guilty, let him perish! The revolutionary law was justly inexorable. Only by its pitiless application could the country be saved. It was an axiom. Chabot himself had proclaimed it, over and over again.

The uproar continued, increased. Jacobin after Jacobin got up, pointed a denunciatory finger at Chabot, dooming him frenziedly before he could involve other uneasy consciences in that doom, demanding hypocritically to know the origin of his fortune, demanding to know how many horses he kept like an *aristo*, demanding the explanation of his marriage with an enemy suspect known to be a creature of De Batz. Robespierre sat grimly silent, taking no part. The shrieks from the gallery were a pandemonium. The President, Clootz, put on his big hat with the huge tricolor emblem, rang his bell violently to restore order.

Chabot, weeping in the rostrum, protested pitiably that all these tales were false. Desperately he offered to constitute himself a prisoner that they might be examined, through the din shrieked despairingly to all good citizens to help him unmask his persecutors.

Again came that voice from the gallery, perfidiously impersonating a member: "I demand that Chabot be called to order for appealing for help when no one is persecuting him!"

The tumult broke out again more vehemently than ever. Hébert had sprung up, was moving that Chabot be expelled from the club. Weeping and sobbing, the wretch stumbled down from the rostrum, struggled toward the door amid a wild vociferation of insults. The Citizen Saint-Vaast did not heed him. Automatically he had jumped to his feet, was eagerly scanning the sea of faces dimly visible in the gallery. At last he had recognized that voice, a voice he had last heard in the Palace of Versailles on an unforgettable day. It was the voice of his brother Jacques!

A corollary leaped instantly to his mind. Was Jacques then one of the myriad agents of that ever-elusive scoundrel De Batz, now diabolically trying to set patriots at one another's throats? He trembled with excitement. At last might there be a clew to that bafflingly mysterious arch-enemy of the Revolution, at last might he possibly be tracked down! He alone—in patriotic virtue trampling underfoot, Roman fashion, mere private ties—might, if he were swift, save the Republic! He must post himself at once at the exit of the public gallery, trail his brother to the lodging where doubtless the chief conspirator would be waiting for him. In the morning the police could arrest them both.

He hastened to the door. A man clung to him, sobbing, utterly unnerved. It was Chabot.

"Ah, my friend, it is true!" he sobbed. "I have been a great fool, but I meant no harm to the Republic! I meant to denounce them all at the proper time! If only they would listen to me! Tomorrow evening, at eight o'clock, De Batz and the other conspirators are to meet at my house!"

Saint-Vaast looked at him scornfully.

"Do your duty, then," he said, with impatient contempt. "Inform the Committee of General Safety. You may save your head."

Nevertheless, he had no faith that this craven wretch would risk so dangerous a denunciation. He tore himself away, hurried to the public exit. He himself must save the Republic. The crowd of *sans-culottes* was streaming out, with yells and blasphemies, under the dim light of the oil lamp in the *lanterne*. In that mob of fierce harridans, of long-haired, red-capped, squalid-visaged ruffians, he suddenly had a glimpse of a face which under its smeared dirt was surely familiar. Even as he stared at it, its eyes glanced round into his own, startlingly. Jacques!

For a moment or two he feared he had lost him in the crowd. Then he perceived, slouching quickly along in the shadow of the poorly lit street, that figure—authenticated by a queer little shock at his heart—which was surely Jacques. He set himself

(Continued on Page 204

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And here's another reason why Energine is better. It is absolutely harmless and cannot injure the most delicate fabric. Energine contains no harmful sulphur, paraffin, caustic, acid or alkali.

Expert chemists agree that Energine is the best solvent of grease. Grease on any material attracts and holds dust and dirt. Energine, by removing the grease, also removes the dirt.

Energine is *a better* cleaner for dresses, hats, scarfs, suits, coats, neckties, gloves, shoes, curtains, carpets, drapes.

Used by Millions

FOR a quarter-century Energine has been used exclusively by millions of particular people—people who have tried many cleaning fluids only to learn that there is nothing to take the place of Energine!

Exhaustive tests have been given Energine by many nationally known laboratories such as those maintained by the Delineator Home Institute and the Priscilla Proving Plant. And wherever so tested Energine has won the hearty endorsement of the experts in charge.

Sold the World Over

A small amount of Energine does a lot of cleaning. Large, convenient can, 35c. Double size, 60c. Slightly higher abroad. Sold by druggists everywhere.

A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 2c in stamps to cover mailing cost

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World's Largest Selling Dry Cleaning Fluid

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ENERGINE

THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

Continued from Page 202.

to gain a little on it, to follow it prudently without arousing suspicion, dodging from shadow to shadow of the overhanging old houses.

The man zigzagged from narrow street to narrow street. The audience of the Jacobins had dispersed. They were alone. Nevertheless, the man in front seemed unaware of pursuit. He turned abruptly into one of the myriad dark courtyards which made old Paris like a rabbit warren, disappeared.

Cautiously, his heart throbbing, the Citizen Saint-Vaast turned also into that courtyard, peered into the darkness. The next instant something was tight over his mouth, an inexorably strong grasp seized him, his hands were forced behind his back, bound so that he was helpless. He saw, dimly, two figures as he writhed.

"March, my friend!" said a voice which was not that of Jacques.

"Would it not be better to kill the dog now and throw his body into the street?" said the other contemptuously. It was, dreadfully, the voice of Jacques, coolly proposing this fratricide. But were not all these *aristos* and *émigrés* monstrous fratricides, implacably determined to assassinate this nation of freemen which had rejected them from its virtuous bosom? If only he had denounced Jacques at the Jacobins!

"No," said the first voice. "Let us see who it is. . . . March then, scoundrel!"

His arm was atrociously twisted and he was pushed forward into the dark doorway of a house, up a steep staircase where he stumbled, into an upper room. His unknown captor struck flint and steel, kindled a sputtering match, lit a shaded lamp. He was in a sparsely furnished apartment; evidently only occasionally occupied. What was going to happen to him? The stranger came up to him, took the gag from his face, scrutinized him.

"Ah," he said pleasantly, "the Citizen Deputy Saint-Vaast, if I mistake not." He made an ironical bow. "Permit me to introduce myself, *citoyen*—the Baron de Batz, at your service!"

The Citizen Saint-Vaast gasped one deep breath, and then leaped, bound as he was, toward the window he saw half open.

"*À moi, patriotes!*" he screamed. "*À m——!*" He felt something cold and circular against his head, stopped in the shock of it.

"Another sound, *citoyen*, and your few brains will unfortunately leave your head," said the Baron de Batz, still pleasantly. "May I invite you to be seated? There are one or two little matters we might discuss." He obeyed sullenly, sat on a chair the Baron de Batz, an athletic-looking young man, pushed toward him. The baron turned toward his companion with a smile. "It seems I saved you from the disagreeable accident of killing your brother, marquis."

The tall, grimed *sans-culotte* answered curtly, "I have no brother."

The Citoyen Saint-Vaast shuddered. It was true. They were no longer brothers. He had followed his elder precisely to denounce him, to deliver him to the guillotine. He would do it now, in relentless civic virtue, if he had the chance. The Baron de Batz turned to him.

"And you, *citoyen?*"

"I have no brother either. I know only patriot citizens and enemies of the nation!" He said it with desperate defiance. Let them murder him if they would. He would never disown his principles.

"Quite," said the baron cheerfully. "I have done the Citizen Deputy the honor to investigate him a little. He is one of the incorruptibles. *Mes compliments, citoyen!* You are one of a select minority. It is all the more pleasant to welcome you here tonight as my guest—although somewhat unexpected."

The Citizen Saint-Vaast writhed in his chair. Let them finish this mockery! If only he could get his hands free, snatch at one of those pistols the baron had deposited on a rickety table! Even Jacques muttered angrily at his companion's ironic courtesy.

The Baron de Batz seated himself imperturbably in a tattered *fauteuil*, crossed his legs, smiled at him.

"The Citizen Deputy is certainly a sincere believer in the Revolution?"

"I am ready to lay down my life for it!" he answered, with republican stoicism. Let them kill him now if they would!

"Precisely. I have the honor to be the sworn enemy of your Revolution, and with equal sincerity I risk my life against it—as does my friend here"—he waved toward Jacques—"and several others. We are honest men who can understand one another. What would you do if it were proved to you that almost all your virtuous Republican leaders were in fact treacherous scoundrels who had sold themselves to that implacable enemy of the Revolution, myself?" He smiled again.

"I should denounce them! . . . But I do not believe it. It is a lie!"

"Ah! Then I must prove it to you. We will begin with Chabot."

Coolly, mockingly, the Baron de Batz told him every detail of the widely ramifying financial conspiracy in which he had involved the miserable Chabot, Delaunay, Jullien of Toulouse, Danton's friend Fabre d'Églantine, and many others. He proved it every now and then by producing their signed receipts, proved likewise that a number of the most prominent deputies—those considered the most pure in their Republicanism—were in his pay.

"Now, Citizen Deputy, if I release you, do you still propose to denounce these false patriots?"

The Citizen Saint-Vaast had listened with growing horror to those proofs he could not doubt. The sweat was cold all over him. He saw, suddenly, clear into the diabolical play of his adversary. One of two things: Either he himself would be guillotined before he could complete his denunciations, or the Convention would be decimated in a wholesale justice, would be discredited to all the world, and the Revolution would collapse in its fall. He sat silent.

"I take it, then, that you will not denounce them?"

He shuddered, muttered: "I shall denounce you first."

Again the terrible baron smiled. "I have many times been denounced. Fortunately, I have faithful friends even in the committees."

"It is a lie!"

At that moment there was a discreet, peculiarly irregular tapping at the door below.

"Again I shall have the honor of proving it to you." He turned to Jacques. "Marquis, may I trouble you to open to my messenger?"

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast disappeared, returned after a moment with a folded piece of paper.

The baron opened it.

"Ah," he said nonchalantly. "Our good Chabot has denounced me to the Committee of General Safety. I am to be arrested at his house, together with some mutual friends, at eight tomorrow evening." The Citizen Saint-Vaast gasped. "I must give a little order. Pardon me, *citoyen*." He took a pencil from his pocket, scribbled a few words on the scrap of paper, added a gold coin, gave them to the marquis. "May I trouble you again, *cher ami?*"

The false *sans-culotte* disappeared with them. The baron resumed the conversation.

"Your precious leaders are all in the hollow of my hand, *citoyen*."

"Not Robespierre!" Defiantly he pronounced the name of the one certainly incorruptible.

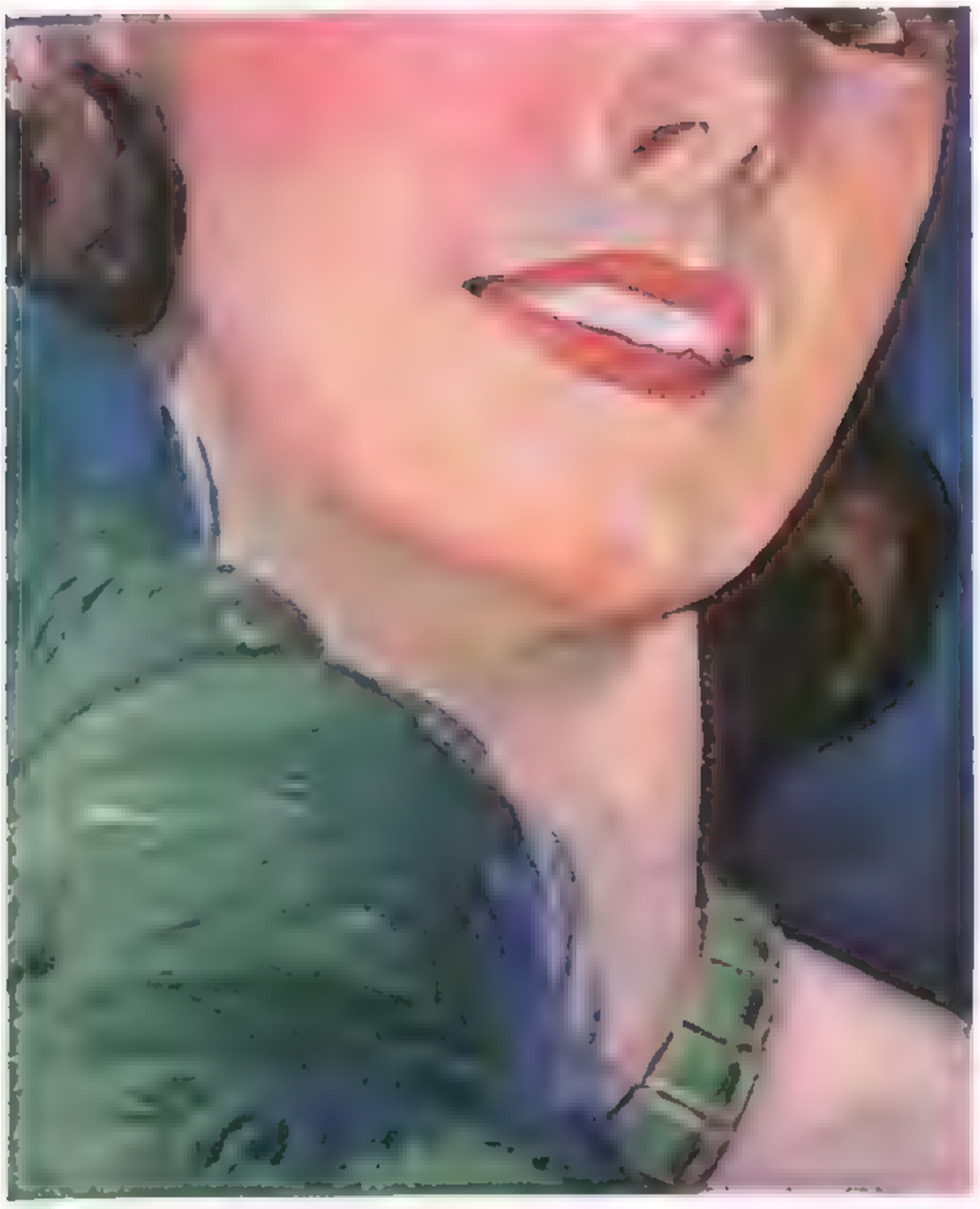
"Not Robespierre, I admit, but assuredly I shall send Robespierre also to that guillotine whither he has sent so many. You may be confident of it, *citoyen*."

Jacques returned to the room.

"Is it not time to finish with this farce?" he said angrily. "We are playing with our lives, remember."

The baron turned to him.

(*Continued on Page 206*)



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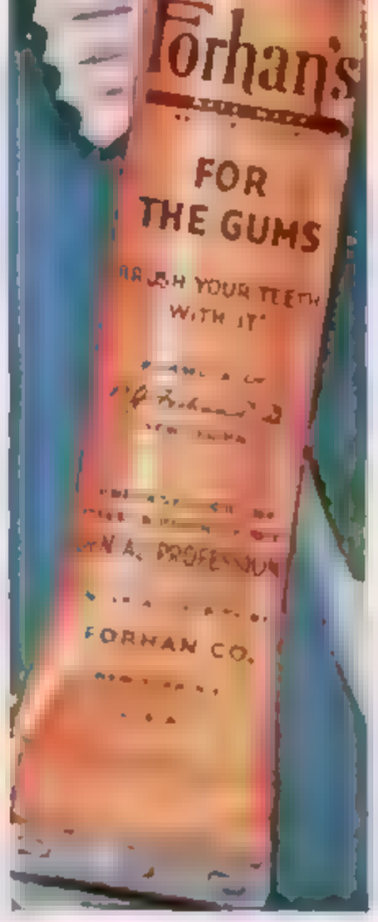

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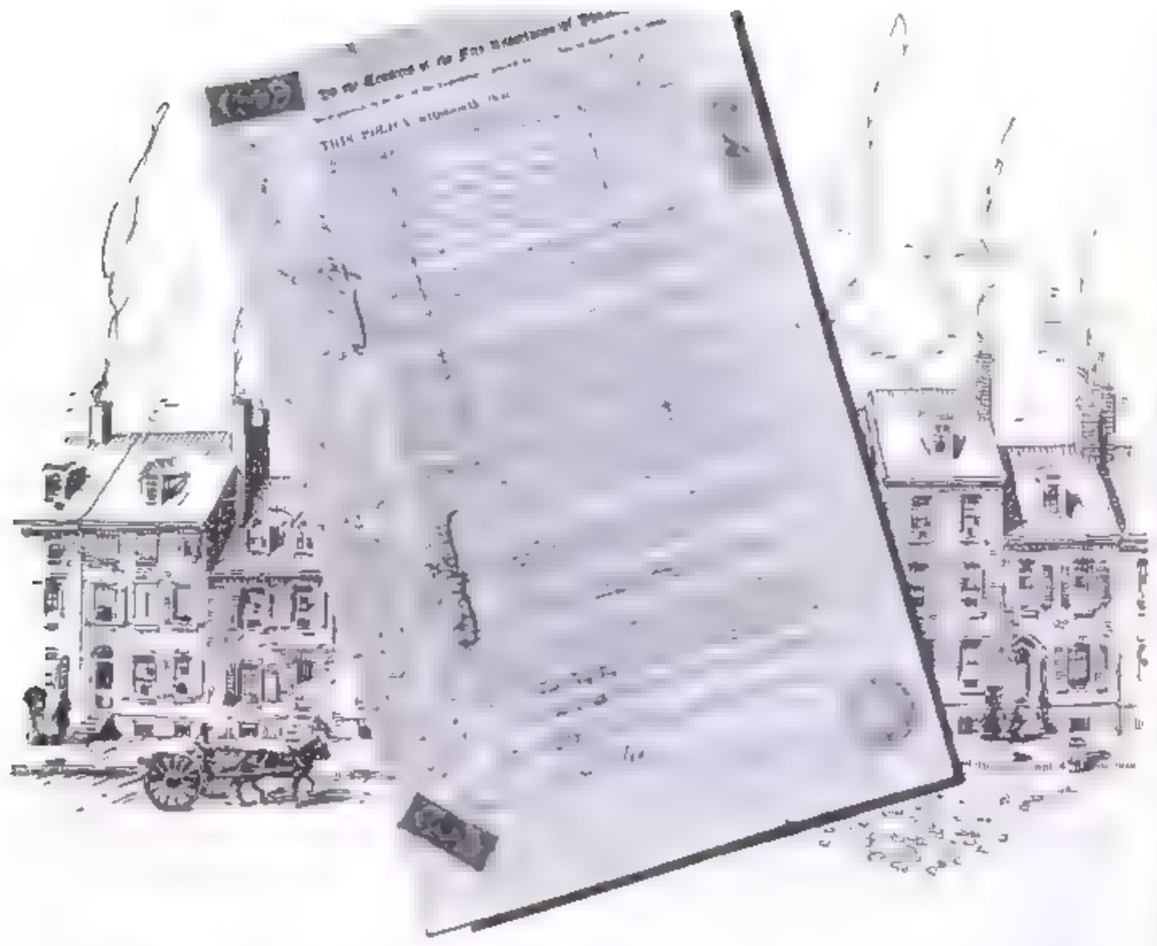

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Continued from Page 204

"*Mon ami*," he smiled, "you are a little impatient. What, then, do you suggest?"

"This deputy voted the death of the king. There can be no mercy for regicides," said the marquis coldly.

"*Parfaitement*," replied the baron. "There can be no mercy for regicides. But I do not want our interesting guest to die just yet. It would be a pity. *Citoyen*, I propose that with full foreknowledge you shall enjoy the spectacle of your sublime Revolution devouring itself. I will tell you exactly what is going to happen. Thanks to me, there is going to be that holocaust you shrewdly foresaw if virtuously you denounced the guilty. I have your patriot leaders all in my net, and already they are in an agony, not knowing whom to trust. They are going to denounce one another in batches, desperate to save their own criminal heads. Your incorruptible Robespierre will be my best agent. Precisely because they are in terror of his fanatic and singular rectitude, the Hébertistes will conspire against him, will give him the opportunity he wants. He will ally himself with Danton and exterminate them. But Danton is a *viveur* who now only wants to enjoy his château at Arcis, provided for him by the Revolution; for him the Revolution has gone far enough; he would cheerfully intrigue for a royalist restoration if his head were guaranteed. Robespierre will seize the opportunity to exterminate him and all his party, for your frigidly ambitious Incorruptible is haunted by his fears; already he is convinced that his sole chance of safety is to make himself sole master of France. I have taken his measure, *citoyen*, as I have taken the measure of all of you—one man single-handed against your Revolution! Robespierre will go on exterminating in a process where he cannot stop; for I shall play on those fears, send him victims enough. It will cost many innocent lives, you say? But remember I am fighting a battle, and in a battle one must expect casualties." He laughed horribly, demoniacally. "And one day, *citoyen*, thanks to me, Robespierre's foot shall slip in blood. The Convention will revolt in panic, will guillotine him lest its miserable remnant perish. You shall see that terrible Convention commit suicide, reduce itself to a discredited handful of nonentities—and then the counter-revolution! All this you shall see, *citoyen*, if Robespierre lets you live so long." He laughed again. "Have I made myself plain?"

"I do not believe it!" He spoke it from an agony. Atrociously probable seemed that prospect.

"No? Well, you shall have evidence of my complete veracity. For the moment, I fear you must remain quietly here after we have left. Marquis, will you help me to secure him?" The Citizen Saint-Vaast found himself tightly lashed in his chair, his gag again bound over his mouth. "Now, *citoyen*, tomorrow morning one of the neighbors will find you and release you. Do not foolishly rush to the committee to denounce me. You are aware that our friend Chabot has already done so, has arranged that I am to be arrested at his house at eight tomorrow evening. You shall see what happens to my denunciators. I have given orders to your precious committee that he—all by himself—is to be arrested at eight tomorrow morning. . . . You do not believe it. Go and see for yourself. Then perhaps, *citoyen*, you may be convinced that I do what I like with your Revolution." He turned to the marquis. "*Mon ami*, our virtuous regicide here sincerely believes in his infernal farce of liberty, equality and fraternity. Would it not be a pity if he did not see the burlesque played out to an end he pleasantly knows in advance?"

The Marquis de Saint-Vaast shrugged his shoulders. "So that at last he does not estape the guillotine, I care not."

The Citizen Saint-Vaast shuddered. Fraternity!

The Baron de Batz smiled. "Never fear, *mon ami*. Few of them will escape the bloodthirsty monster of their own creation." He bowed ironically to his prisoner. "*Citoyen, mes révérences.*"

He blew out the lamp. The Citizen Saint-Vaast heard the two of them go from the room, heard a key turned in the door, heard them go down the stairs.

The next morning an old woman came to clean the room for its tenant, the *Citoyen* Bon. She released him. It was just past eight o'clock. He raced madly round to the Rue d'Anjou, where Chabot lived.

A great crowd was round the doorway. Precisely at eight o'clock the Citizen Deputy Chabot had been arrested—in a bewildered astonishment that would be shared by all subsequent historians. The Citizen Saint-Vaast thought he was going to faint. He redressed himself with an immense effort. *Quand même!* He would be true to his principles. The Revolution was greater than any individual. Let the guilty perish!

It was the 12th Vendémiaire, Year IV of the Republic One and Indiviaible, otherwise the fourth of October, 1795. The Citizen Saint-Vaast paced up and down his room in the Luxembourg prison, not now crowded, as in the days of the Terror, with aristocrats, petty shopkeepers and the miscellaneous herd of suspects denounced by an infinitude of private hatreds, but more sparsely tenanted by lesser ultra-revolutionary deputies, by a mob of *septembriseurs* and other active "patriots" of an earlier epoch.

For a great transformation had taken place. Punctually and precisely, the predictions of the Baron de Batz had been fulfilled. The *affaire Chabot* had spread panic in the highest revolutionary circles; from this same Luxembourg prison the doomed wretch had frantically denounced everybody

Robespierre, cold-bloodedly using one faction to destroy another, had allied himself with an alarmed Danton to exterminate the Hébertistes. Then he had turned on the Dantonistes. On the 16th Germinal—the fifth of April, 1794—three tumbrils had carted to the Place de la Revolution fifteen men condemned for "embezzlement and moderation"—among them Chabot, Delaunay, Fabre d'Églantine, Herault de Séchelles, Camille Desmoulins and the bound lion Danton himself, who had screamed from his prison, "You are all my brothers Cain! Infamous Robespierre, thou followest me!" A fortnight later the Committee of General Safety, obeying the orders of Robespierre, now the unchallenged autocrat of France, wrote to Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Prosecutor:

3rd Floréal, Year II.

The Committee enjoins upon you to redouble your efforts to discover the infamous Batz. Remember . . . that his agents are everywhere, even in the prisons; that this Catilina has always been the soul of every plot against liberty and national representation. . . . We wish to catch that scoundrel at any price

For Robespierre was himself terrified of De Batz, saw or imagined everywhere the evidence of a vast conspiracy, the mysterious Foreign Conspiracy mentioned in every document of that dreadful period. A month later he forced the passage of the sanguinary Law of the 22d Prairial, which deprived persons accused "of conspiracy" of the right even of the previous mockery of trial; they could be sent to the guillotine upon mere denunciation before a magistrate. That guillotine worked faster than ever. In six weeks it devoured 1366 victims. Robespierre was in a febrile panic of assassination, in that panic threatened the decimated Convention with vaguely wholesale denunciations. Under those threats, the terrorists themselves split into two parties—those led by Robespierre, Couthon, Saint Just, and those even more bloodthirsty, led by Barrere, Billaud, Collot d'Herbois, Barras and Tallien; one party or the other must perish. On the 9th and 10th Thermidor the anti-Robespierreists won; the Incorruptible was guillotined amid universally frantic delight. To their own astonishment,

Continued on Page 209

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MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN

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(Continued from Page 206)

those ultra-terrorist victors found themselves hailed as deliverers, as the inaugurators of a new régime. They promptly and prudently adjusted themselves to that overwhelming public opinion.

The Terror was over. The prisons opened, released their victims, were filled instead with the hated personalities of "Robespierre's tail." The Convention lingered, more and more discredited, in a Paris which gave itself up to orgy. The capital became more and more defiantly counter-revolutionary. Now at last it was in open insurrection against the despised Convention. Royalist agents had won over the National Guard, had organized a counter-revolutionary army of 60,000 men, with their headquarters in the Section Le Peletier, with—at last boldly issuing from the shadows—the Baron de Batz as an avowed leader.

In his prison where, as an obscure partisan of Robespierre, he had precariously lived for nearly a year, the Citizen Saint-Vaast listened to the rumor of the distant tumult in the center of the city, to the tocsin wildly ringing as so often in these maddened years it had rung, to the occasional boom of a cannon, to the yells of a rabble marching toward the Tuileries. Suddenly he heard voices outside his door, saw it opened by the turnkey accompanied by a man in an official tricolor scarf. They were come at last to drag him to a mockery of a trial, to the guillotine! He drew himself up, spoke proudly. "Here is my head, *citoyen commissaire*. Take it if it can serve the nation!"

The *commissaire* laughed, ran to embrace him.

"The nation needs not your head but your arm, citizen! It is menaced by that infamous De Batz, and there is not a moment to lose. All good patriots must come to its assistance. The Convention has ordered the release of all proved revolutionaries. You are free. Hasten to the Tuileries. Barras is arming a sacred battalion of patriots. There will be desperate fighting. Quickly!"

With other similarly released deputies, with a mob of massacrers and criminals of "proved revolutionary principles," the Citizen Saint-Vaast hurried to the Tuileries. Perhaps at last, if the infamous De Batz were defeated, the glorious Revolution—purged of its greatest malefactors—would resume that earlier grandeur which had terrified the world. He vowed his life for such a victory.

In the offices of the Committee of Public Safety, at the Tuileries, was wild confusion. A crowd of deputies were shouting and gesticulating in panic, in a rivalry of fantastic proposals.

They scarcely heeded the magniloquent arrival of Saint-Vaast. Night came and still nothing had been agreed upon. The Citizen Saint-Vaast was in despair. Surely by this time tomorrow the Revolution would be finally overthrown!

It was something past ten o'clock when he saw a shabby, dreadfully emaciated young officer, in a riding coat too big for him, enter the room. The young officer clutched him, spoke excitedly. Returning from the Théâtre Feydeau, he had just seen a column of 10,000 troops, sent by the Convention to arrest the insurgent leaders, refuse their duty and retreat on being harangued by a single individual. He gave it as his professional opinion—he was an artillery general of brigade, retired as a Robespierreist—that unless vigorous measures were taken the entire army would go over to the counter-revolution. He would gladly put himself at the disposal of the Committee if they would accept his services

"Your name, *citoyen-général?*"

"Napoléon Buonaparte." He added, by way of recommendation: "Barras knows me."

The Citizen Saint-Vaast, in default of anything better to do, constituted himself the patron of this nervous, shabby little general of brigade. He dragged him in front of Barras, pompous with an exaggeratedly large saber, vociferated until he secured attention, stood aside while they talked rapidly, eagerly, professionally. Barras said that guns were wanting for the defense of the Tuileries.

"There are forty pieces at the camp of Sablons, *citoyen!*" replied the little general. "There is a good Jacobin officer"—he turned to indicate one in the crowd—"Captain Murat. Send him with a squadron of cavalry to fetch them here at once!"

Barras kindled into energy with the ardently authoritative words. A moment later, Captain Murat had dashed off through the crowd to gallop his chasseurs to fetch the guns.

"You shall command them, *citoyen*," said Barras gratefully to the haggard young officer. "More—I put you at the head of fifteen hundred *tape-durs*—a sacred battalion of patriots. I give you this citizen deputy"—he indicated Saint-Vaast—"as *officier d'ordonnance*. Save the Revolution, *citoyen-général*, and you shall be reinstated in employment."

All that next day the fate of the Revolution hung in the balance. Had not the insurgents been fortuitously commanded by the imbecile Danrican, it would have been swept away. Their great columns massed themselves, halted irresolutely when one rush at the Tuileries would have settled everything.

It was half-past four in the afternoon. The Citizen Saint-Vaast was with the shabby little General Buonaparte, in command of two hundred *tape-durs* and a section of artillery opposite the Church of St. Roch in the Rue St.-Honoré. An immense column of the insurgent National Guard, 20,000 strong, had advanced along the Rue Dauphine and its leading files had taken up position on the steps of the church, whence they fired wildly at the defenders of the Convention.

The little general ran to the guns, pointed them himself.

"Fire!" he cried. In a sudden cloud of smoke, a violent double detonation, a hail of grapeshot swept along the street, awoke an awful tumult of shrieks and yells.

When the smoke cleared, the street was empty. The insurgents were racing for their lives. Only one stayed, knelt, took deliberate aim at the general, conspicuous in his great plumed hat. The Citizen Saint-Vaast perceived the danger, snatched a musket, knelt and fired. The rebel marksman pitched forward. Exultant in his novel military prowess, he ran up to the dead man—the first he had ever killed with his own hand—turned him over. It was Jacques! Sternly, patriotically, virtuously, he mastered himself in that dreadful shock.

He turned to the little officer, spoke magniloquently through unworthy tears.

"*Vive la nation!* General, we have saved the Revolution!"

It was incredibly true. That discharge—and two discharges from a single gun at the Pont Royal, before which a column of 40,000 men had fled in panic, leaving suddenly only four attackers, of whom one was the utterly disgusted Baron de Batz, his three years of work dissipated in the instant of victory—had indeed saved the Revolution from a royalist *coup d'état*.

But on that day, the 13th Vandémiaire, it virtually came to an end. The next day, General of Brigade Buonaparte was promoted to lieutenant general, and a fortnight later was appointed to command of the Army of the Interior, beginning that astonishing career—thanks to the Revolution, "open to all the talents"—which would make him the greatest of military despots, magnificently rebuilding a ruined France while he devastated Europe in a blaze of glory.

On a December day in the year 1804, the Comte Raoul de Saint-Vaast stood among the splendidly costumed mass of his fellow senators—in large part, ex-conventionals like himself—at a gorgeous ceremony in Notre Dame, intoxicatedly cried, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

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SUN WORSHIP

(Continued from Page 29)

to be the mother of that highly essential substance we call Vitamin D. They penetrate the skin of the human body, activating the blood and developing in it this peculiar substance which alone appears to make it possible for the individual to assimilate an adequate supply of calcium and phosphorus from the food he eats. When Vitamin D is not present in the body, the greater part of these two important salts appears to pass out without rendering any useful service.

So it follows that when our skin is cut off for some weeks or months from ultra-violet radiations, the resulting deficiency in the body's content of calcium and phosphorus brings an aftermath of ills caused by a rickety condition. It means weakened bones in children, while in grown-ups the outcome is a lack of vigor and lowered resistance to colds and other common ailments. This is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by the vital statistics of the United States Government, which show that the highest death rate occurs in March, at the end of winter, when people have been weakened physically by a lack of solar vibrations due to smoky skies, short days and a sun that hangs low in the heavens.

Unfortunately, the very rays that are so vital to human life are the ones most easily intercepted by clouds, dust, smoke, window glass and other obstacles that separate us from the full light of the sun. Here we have what subsequent research will probably prove is life's most intimate and most important problem. It is likely that the answer properly set forth and widely observed will make winter as healthful as summer, thereby benefiting business and industry to the extent of billions of dollars.

In order to get a good working knowledge of this interesting problem, let us take note of a few fundamentals. It should be borne in mind that the factor of prime importance in this whole matter of radiations is the wave length of the vibration. A short X ray may produce a totally different effect from a long one, and the same thing is generally true of ultra-violet and infra-red radiations. It is also well to remember that the rays at one end of each octave are quite different from those at the other end. In the octave that we call visible light there are seven distinct colors ranging from violet at the short end to red at the long end.

The Measurement for Light Waves

Likewise, there are a number of distinct colors in the much-discussed octave of invisible ultra-violet light. Not all of these "tints" have equal curative powers, and the disclosure of this fact is resulting in a confusion of thought and practice. Some experts are urging that we designate the different parts of the ultra-violet octave as "extravital," "vital" and "intravital." The first named, produced only by certain lamps, has some bodily effect; the second includes the real health rays that are found in sunlight as well as lamps; and the third, which is nearest in character to visible light, is of lesser value when regarded from the viewpoint of its germicidal quality and its power to develop in the body the principle of Vitamin D.

Furthermore, there are some blank spaces or octaves on the ether-wave organ that are not yet understood. Between the short end of the ultra-violet octave and the long end of the X-ray band, is an unexplored region. At least, the waves in this space, while known to the physicist are a mystery to the biologist. Probably when the vibrations of these unexploited wave lengths are finally utilized, the results of their applications will be highly beneficial to life and industry.

Man, like all other living things, is in a new and dangerous environment when touched by vibrations of shorter length than any of the solar radiations which pass through the earth's atmosphere. The unit of length employed by science to measure waves of light is known as the Ångstrom unit -a. u. It is one ten-millionth of a millimeter. Notwithstanding that this length is so short as to be practically incomprehensible to the average person, the Gamma rays from radium are but one-tenth of an a. u. X rays run up to 500 a. u. in length, while the octave of ultra-violet vibrations extends from 2000 to 3900 a. u. The band of light waves visible to the human eye are included in that spectral region from 3900 to 7700 a. u., and the infra-red octave of vibrations extends from 7700 to about 500,000 a. u. in length.

Throughout this entire field of ether movement it is the wave length that determines the nature of the energy. It may be heat, or light or sound, all of which are merely effects which are observable at a distance from the source of energy. When air is pulsating with a wave length of a few feet, the vibrations travel slowly and the ear can be in tune, registering the sensation of sound. In the case of visible or invisible light, however, we are dealing with waves all of which travel at the same velocity, 186,000 miles a second. Wireless broadcasting stations use giant light waves of hundreds of feet from crest to crest, but a tiny wave of visible green light has a length of only 5000 a. u., which is about one fifty-thousandth of an inch.

Rays That are Harmful

The infra-red rays give the sensation of heat and are usually detected and measured by their thermal effects. The ultra-violet rays have practically no heating power and are frequently detected by photography. When of very short wave length they are harmful to the eyes and skin. Fortunately we are protected from these dangerous vibrations by the atmosphere, particularly by the ozone in the upper layers.

The ultra-violet rays having special biological value extend from wavelength 3200 a.u. downward. Practically no ultra-violet rays shorter than 2950 a.u. succeed in passing through our atmosphere and reaching the earth's surface. This means that the beneficial natural radiation experienced in our climate is almost entirely included in the wavelength range from 2950 to 3200. It is this band of vibrations that has the power to cure rickets. Ordinary glass is practically opaque to rays below 3300, which presents a serious health problem to people who work indoors behind windows that shut out the actinic rays.

The closer we get to radiations that simulate unskimmed sunlight, the less the threat to bodily health. This explains why certain kinds of ultra-violet vibrations are producing such highly beneficial results. In many instances, the effects of ultra-violet waves are just the reverse of those produced by X rays. For example, too large a dosage of X rays will produce a large ulcerating surface on the skin. A proper exposure of this same surface to ultra-violet light will very often stimulate the edges to cell growth and thereby remedy the damage done by the shorter type of rays. X rays often cause an epilation or falling out of hair; ultra-violet waves appear to encourage a growth of hair. X rays precipitate little or no effect upon nerve tissue; ultra-violet light is a desirable stimulus for sympathetic nerve structure.

Certain bands of the rays contained in the ultra-violet octave will not only cure rickets, but will definitely increase the bacteria-resisting power of human blood. Some dentists are using these invisible waves to cure pyorrhea. Even the bacterial life in indoor swimming pools may be largely destroyed by exposure to this kind of light radiation.

Some of the modern water-purifying installations using ultra-violet radiation are now so effective that a rapid stream of water inches deep may flow past a powerful source of these waves and become sterilized. In this process the taste of the water is unaffected and the cost of operating such a system is very low.

Even more astonishing is the discovery that water treated with this same kind of light vibrations acquires peculiar qualities of a beneficial nature. For instance, food deprived of growth-producing power appears to acquire this capacity when mixed with water which has first been treated with ultra-violet rays. Apparently the water is so influenced when radiated in this way that it behaves just as the energy itself would behave were an animal exposed to these same rays instead of being fed with treated water.

This means that water exposed to complete sunlight will become "vitalized" unless the water is absolutely pure and contains no organisms. A number of tests at boys' camps and other places proved that human beings, when exposed to nature, acquire an ability to judge vitalized water from that which lacks dissolved sunlight.

This action of ultra-violet light upon the matter contained in water provides an interesting answer to the question of how the cod, living at great depths, acquires the sunshine to produce the principle of Vitamin D in its oil. The truth is that the organisms known as plankton in sea water are acted upon by sunlight and form Vitamin D. The squid feeds upon these plankton and in turn becomes the food of the cod, who thus obtains his Vitamin D at thirdhand and stores it in his liver. Other fish livers contain as much or more of this valuable oil, and yet for years we have thrown them away. In this respect the ancients were more wise than ourselves, for they were taught to believe that the oil in fish liver would cure a diseased condition resulting in soft bones.

Many similar proofs might be supplied to indicate beyond doubt the peculiar activating qualities of these light radiations. It is not disputed that the most poisonous of all snakes are those whose habitat is in the desert. In an effort to discover why this is so, two French scientists exposed snake venom to ultra-violet rays and found that after such treatment the poison became increasingly fatal. The natural conclusion was that the deadliness of desert snakes is a result of the increased amount of ultra-violet rays that reach the bodies of such reptiles.

The Glandular Ages of Man

It even appears that solar radiations may supply the answer to the question of why birds migrate. It is not enough to say that the weather alone is responsible. The fact is that the migrations proceed relatively undisturbed in warm winters as well as in cold ones. Long study of this mystery by Canadian scientists has developed the belief that the migratory impulse of birds is controlled by a glandular change resulting from the stimulus imparted by hours of sunlight. Selected colonies of birds when subjected to light radiations gave no indication of sensing the migratory impulse at the time of year when the southward flights usually begin.

Probably one of the most interesting lines of research now being carried on in this great field of vibrations has to do with the effects of various bands of light waves on the glands of the human body. Astonishing results of such treatments have been reported from many directions. The students of this problem are generally agreed that ultra-violet radiations may be used to overcome a deficiency in the secretions of such glands as the thyroid, the pituitary and the parathyroids. Of course, in case of an enlarged thymus, the patient must consult a specialist and probably submit to an exposure of X rays or Gamma rays of radium in order to bring about a retrogression of the gland.

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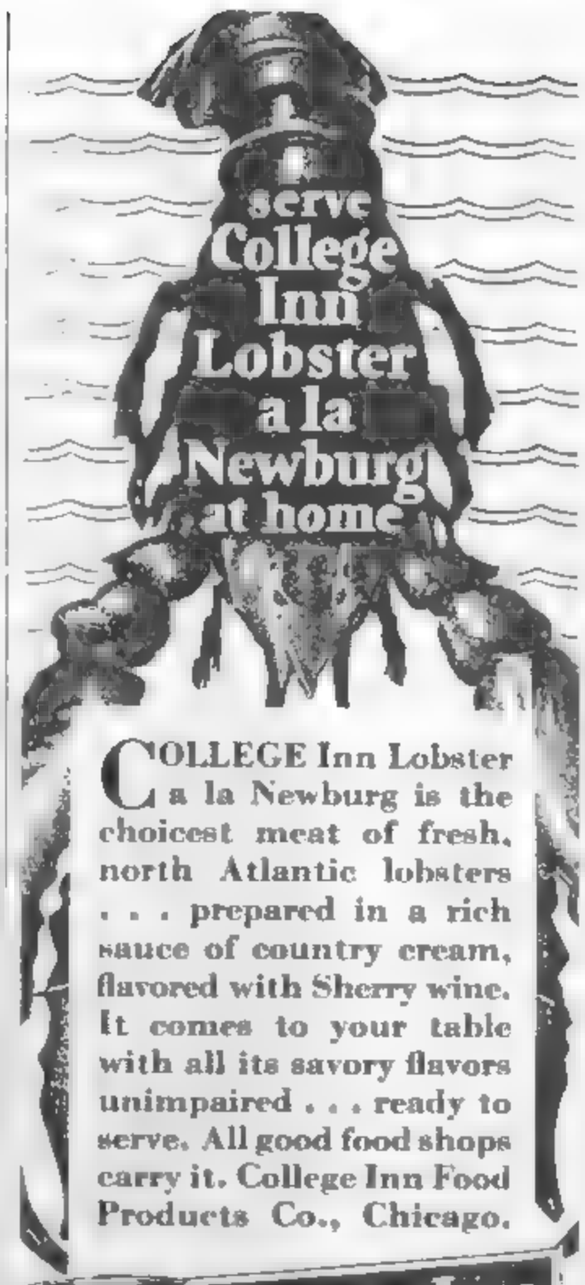

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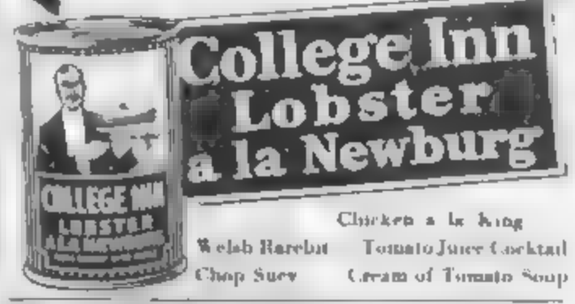

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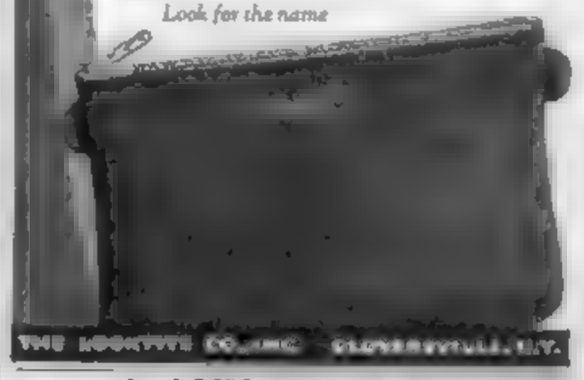

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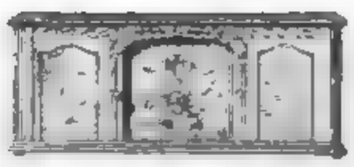

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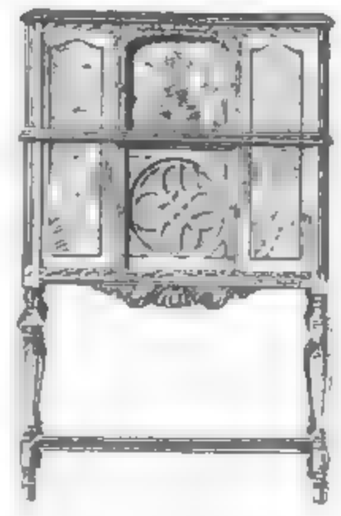

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(Continued from Page 211)

The developments of each passing day make it more clear that the defeat of old age can only be realized through the careful and intelligent utilization of mysterious light radiations. The five ages of life may be said to represent the five changing periods of the endocrine, which latter is the name given to the internal secretions of the body. Infancy is spoken of as the epic of the thymus; childhood is the epic of the pineal; adolescence is the epic of the gonads; maturity is the epic of whatever gland is left in control as the result of the life struggle; and senility is the epic of general endocrine deficiency.

New knowledge respecting human glands and the transition that occurs in the balance of the body's internal secretions is disclosing how light radiations influence personality. Glandular difficulties in many places have been lessened by carefully regulated exposure to ultra-violet waves. All glands and all personalities bear close relationship to the subject of light. The adrenal glands are closely involved in the appearance of the brown pigment in the skin; and while the research on this problem is not yet entirely conclusive, much evidence encourages the belief that the thyroid is largely responsible for the red pigment in the skin, and the pancreas for the yellow pigment.

All of which indicates a direct tie-up between light radiations, skin pigment and human glands. A healthy skin, moderately tanned by ultra-violet light, presents the likelihood of vigor and energy as the result of a properly functioning adrenal gland.

While most authorities hold the adrenal glands responsible for the mobilization of energy, physical and mental, we must not overlook the dominantly thyroid personalities who usually differ from the adrenal types in their reactions to light by burning instead of tanning. This species of human is generally alert, energetic, restless and frequently inclined to be pop-eyed. He must be careful in exposing himself to ultra-violet vibrations because such waves will probably whip his thyroid gland into such a state of activity that the result may be a break in the internal glandular balance of the body.

But how different is the situation of one suffering from a deficiency of the thyroid. Here is an individual with coarse skin, lacking in energy, requiring much sleep, subject to nearly all the diseases that go around, and especially the victim of frequent colds. Such a person may be greatly benefited by regulated exposures to ultra-violet light. The thyroid needs stimulation and this type of vibration will often provide the remedy.

Athletic coaches of several large universities have returned to the old practice of the Romans and the Greeks in having their athletes pigmented by exposure to light radiations. In the earlier times, the source of radiation was the sun. Today the waves of ultra-violet light utilized during the winter months are produced largely by electric lamps of various designs. Records of muscular tests conducted on different groups of athletes have shown that those pigmented by irradiation display 20 per cent more energy and persistence than the young men not given light treatments.

Grouches Cured by Sunlight

Science is rapidly raising this subject of irradiation out of the realm of guesswork into the field of fact. Extensive tests have disclosed a number of important truths: Rickets in grown people are shown by a lack of muscle tone, rundown, nervous condition, poor digestion and a generally grouchy disposition. The best remedies are natural sunlight, artificial sunlight, cod-liver oil and irradiated foodstuffs. All of which means merely that the body must have the principle of that strange something we call Vitamin D.

Investigation has shown that the inmates of insane asylums can be managed much more easily when kept in the sun. Another survey disclosed an increase of nearly 100 per cent in the intelligence of school children who were kept out in the sun for a week. A test at Concordia College definitely determined that the air in a room where the windows are glazed with a glass transmitting ultra-violet waves is much more free from harmful bacteria than it is in a room where ordinary glass shuts out these vital rays. After a given exposure, the number of colonies remaining alive were in the following ratio: Absence of sunlight—shade 11; plate glass, 8; glass permeable to ultra-violet waves, 5; direct sunlight, 3.

Studies of the effect of sun spots on various forms of life are bringing interesting results. There is growing evidence of a relationship between the sun-spot cycle and the periodicities of certain epidemic diseases. The Russian physicist, Prof. A. L. Tchijevsky, after intensive research has concluded that the ultra-violet rays in sunlight are responsible for the ionization of the atmosphere; that the number and virulency of microörganisms in the atmosphere grow less as the ionization of the earth's air increases; and that there is more ultra-violet radiation and more nervous tonicity and excitability among human masses at a time when solar activity is very great due to a large number of sun spots facing the earth.

The Ideal Ultra-Violet Home

The evidence favoring the manifold benefits of ultra-violet light continues to grow rapidly. The tallest people in Europe are the Icelanders, and many tie up this fact with the abundance of solar radiation in Iceland. The Icelanders are practically immune to rickets, while the people of the Faroe Islands, less than 200 miles away, suffer from rickets in an extreme form. Since the diet of the two peoples is practically the same, the existing difference in health must be attributed to the greater amount of sunshine reaching Iceland. The Faroe Islands lie completely in the Gulf Stream and are usually covered with fogs and mist. There are only six or eight really sunny days in the summer, and a survey disclosed that the largest town in the Faroes has only an average of about 900 hours of sunshine per annum.

Furthermore, the sky shine during the summer in Iceland sends forth ultra-violet rays until as late as ten or eleven o'clock in the evening, and measurements have shown that this sky shine contains three times as much ultra-violet radiation as does that over the plains of North Germany. In the words of the scientific commission that studied the health of the Icelanders, "It is no wonder that the Icelandic children are beautifully brown. The fact that they become extremely pale in the long, dark winter makes them all the more sensitive to the great amount of ultra-violet waves that are present in the spring and summer."

An interesting point brought out by this investigation was the probability that cod-liver oil may need to be supplemented by ultra-violet rays in order to be effective as a remedy for rickets. The people of the Faroe Islands, like the Icelanders, consume a large amount of cod livers, and yet more than 55 per cent of the children in the Faroes are afflicted by rickets. Another fact worth noting is the value of sky shine as well as sunshine. A number of investigators have proved that sky shine, under certain conditions, may contain as much as 60 per cent of the ultra-violet contained in sunshine. This means that so far as the vital waves of light are concerned, northern exposures are by no means lacking in health benefits.

This new consciousness of the value of sunlight is effecting many changes in thought and practice. Our progressive architects are already discussing the possibility of a reversal of the conventional order of residential building. They visualize the ideal ultra-violet home as one having the sleeping chambers—where only the dark hours are spent—on the ground floor with the kitchen and dining room. On the second floor would be the living room, study, play room or nursery. Some kind of transmitting glass would be in all the windows, and in addition there would be the increased diffusion of ultra-violet light indoors through the use of certain types of floor and wall coverings. Even the finish on tables, chairs and other objects in the house would be designed to permit the highest utilization of the health benefits of vital radiations.

The same tendency to look ahead is also evident from the latest designs for huge apartment buildings. Here we have what may properly be called sunlight towers. These buildings will go high into the air, and the area saved by the lesser ground coverage will be devoted to recreational uses. Full advantage is taken of sunlight by turning rooms to an angle of 45° with the street, giving to the façade a saw-tooth face which permits outlook in two directions from every room.

These towers will cost more than the ordinary rectangular straight-sided building, but there will be these advantages: Cross ventilation in all rooms; a 50 per cent increase of sunshine; most rooms will have sunshine three-quarters of the day; light will be admitted to center of rooms, making deeper rooms possible; window space in the general direction of the street instead of across it; first-floor stores will also have a saw-toothed frontage affording a maximum of display space; pedestrians will have plenty of room for viewing the windows without obstructing the sidewalk.

In such a building the larger revenue resulting from increased health benefits will doubtless more than counterbalance the higher construction cost. We may at least be sure that all the buildings in which people live in a near tomorrow will have sun chambers on the roof. It is now being disclosed forcefully to the whole building industry that it is more profitable to build for the future than for today.

The influence of the gospel for more and better sunlight has caused George Bernard Shaw to have built for himself a three-sided revolving house that in reality is a clever sun trap. It has special windows to admit ultra-violet rays, and can be swung around easily so that it will always face the sun. A similar house in France follows the sun at the touch of an electric push button. The observation cars of crack trains in this country and abroad are being converted into ultra-violet-light solariums through the admission of health rays.

Sunshine in Our Food

The precious octave of ultra-violet light was never before so highly valued or profitably commercialized. Smoke campaigns made little progress until people discovered that natural sunlight is made up of 50 per cent visible waves, 45 per cent invisible infra-red rays and only 5 per cent ultra-violet. To fill the air with smoke that largely absorbs these last vibrations, which alone tan the skin, is now regarded as a direct attack upon community health.

To make up for the seeming deficiency of available ultra-violet radiations in modern life, many are now searching for ways and means either to duplicate or imprison and later release the health rays of natural sunlight. Foods of many kinds are being bathed in artificial radiations from high-powered electric lamps. Such exposures appear to vitalize yeast, commercial casein, lanolin, and grain products, such as starch, meals, flours, oils and breakfast foods. This really means that we have come to a time when we may literally eat sunshine.

Several experimenters have developed substances which, when exposed to natural sunshine or ultra-violet waves, become a remedy thousands of times as potent as cod-liver oil. Six ounces of one substance that resembles ergosterol is said to equal a ton of fish oil. A few grains of irradiated ergosterol might prove more deadly than an equal quantity of arsenic. Before long the papers will be filled with warnings

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against newly developed vitamized substances that may do great damage if taken to excess.

The fact that certain oils and fats can be rendered active with ultra-violet waves fits in nicely with the latest explanation of the effects of sunlight on the human body. Throughout the body of man is this peculiar fat known as cholesterol. It occurs in the bile, the blood, the spleen, the kidney, the liver, the brain and in large quantity in the many capillaries which lie directly under the skin. It is doubtless this cholesterol that captures and imprisons the vital principle that lies in the ultra-violet radiations of natural and artificial sunlight.

It seems only yesterday when the average person believed that an application of light rays to the skin did no good unless it produced a decided tanning effect. Now we know that it is better to use the vital rays of light in such a way that they do not tan the skin to excess. When one acquires a coat of tan from natural or artificial radiation, it then becomes necessary to raise the intensity of the light waves or the tissues will refuse to react any further through the tan. If one tans and does not raise the intensity of the vibrations, it does him no further good. Let us also remember that overradiation of the skin decreases the bacteria-resisting power of the blood, and a continuance of this overradiation keeps decreasing the bodily resistance until finally it is far below normal.

There is nothing highly technical or difficult about the methods now used by medical men to discover the blood's bacteria-resisting power. The record that is made is called an opsonic index and is obtained in the following way: A few drops of blood are first drawn from the patient's body and mixed with some bacteria. This mixture is allowed to stand for a certain number of minutes, after which some white cells are separated from the blood. Then by counting the number of bacteria in each of the white cells and averaging them, the physician arrives at the opsonic index. With this information in hand, one may know at once whether or not he is taking proper exposures of light radiations.

Here it should be emphasized that the sole justification of a health lamp in non-professional hands is to keep a well person well. If it is desired to use such a machine to treat sickness, it is absolutely essential that the individual discuss the matter with his doctor. Self-treatment is not only foolish but dangerous. Even natural sunshine may be dangerous in certain kinds of illness, intensifying the very condition it is desired to cure.

But let us not accept without reservation the more or less general assumption that the octave of ultra-violet light includes all the radiations that are beneficial to life and health. The next two octaves of vibrations as we pass on toward the longer end of the ether-wave organ are made up first of those bands of waves that are visible to the human eye, and second the infra-red invisible rays which are regarded as the chief source of heat.

The Color Scheme of Life

Visible light is absolutely essential to normal growth and development in both humans and animals, producing effects hardly less striking than those obtained with the shorter rays of ultra-violet. It is the visible waves which offer us the unlimited possibilities in the utilization of color. Most people respond to color as plants do to the sun. Color environment influences our lives by creating in us certain types of thought and varying degrees of mental and physical activity.

Color is taking on added importance in the eyes of modern medicine. Respiration is affected by it. Sedative colors induce deeper respiration; they soothe and calm. Recuperative colors cause a more even respiration; they refresh us. Stimulant colors excite a rapid respiration, thereby quickening our activities. All races appear to prefer those groups of colors that foster qualities in which they are lacking.

Screens and color filters which absorb certain rays and allow other rays to pass through are being employed in the treatment of diseases of the eyes and nerves. In many cases it has been found that a change of color is often of as much benefit to an invalid or convalescent as a change of air. The green of the ocean, the woods, and the golf course is a physical sedative, soothing nerves and giving fresh life to city dwellers who are mentally tired.

In appraising the various color factors we must distinguish between a short exposure to the particular condition and a long exposure. Nature goes in heavily for weak tints—not pure colors. The sky is usually a weak tint of blue, and most of the greens of vegetation are merely shades of green mixed with a multitude of shadows. It is pleasant to hear a brass band occasionally, but living with one for hours each day would not bring happiness. A garden of red roses is most pleasing, but no one would care to live constantly in any such atmosphere of pure color. Man has been exposed for so long to subdued colors that he responds quickly to vivid hues in an artificial environment. In the tomorrow of lighting, color rays will be an important factor in most illumination schemes.

Infra-red light waves are only commencing to be understood. The heat they impart causes a gushing of fresh blood to any infected part, thereby utilizing in the fullest way the defensive qualities of the blood supply. Just as sunlight combines infra-red with ultra-violet rays, so does it appear to be desirable in artificial light treatments to combine these two kinds of vibrations. With this combination it is not necessary to employ such a high intensity of ultra-violet radiation to get the same result. The blood brought to the surface by infra-red light makes it possible for the ultra-violet waves to serve with higher efficiency.

Getting Sunlight by Law

The ready absorption of the shorter waves of solar light by the earth's atmosphere clearly explains various interesting phenomena. For instance, the reddish color of the sun toward the end of day is due to the fact that the solar rays pass through much more atmosphere when the sun is at a low altitude. This means that the atmosphere—particularly smoke—absorbs the waves of shorter length at the violet and blue end of the visible octave, while the longer radiations of yellow, orange and red have the power to pass on through. It is for this same reason that the sun's germicidal power is greatest before noon and least in the evening.

The whole science of astronomy really depends upon the accuracy of that essential yardstick called the light mile. In a universe so large that it takes several centuries for a ray of light to reach the earth from a distant star, even though this same wave is traveling at the rate of 6,000,000,000,000 miles in a year, it would appear unnecessary to reduce the light mile to such an exact figure that there would not be an error of even a few miles one way or the other. Nevertheless, the study of vibrations, which includes the relativity theory, is being carried on with such precision that the speed of light is being measured and checked by a device which revolves so rapidly that 376,000 mirror-faces are presented to a light beam in a single minute.

In this great realm of energy waves, figures, distances and speed become so great that they are almost incomprehensible to the average person. Dr. Harlow Shapley, of the Harvard Observatory, tells us that two stars, one of them being Nova Pictoris, collided in 1390, and the light announcing this collision only reached the earth in May, 1925. How very small we and our solar system seem to be in a universe of vibrations so endless.

Many wonders will come out of this field of research. The other day I saw a little photo-electric tube that translates light into energy. Recently two scientists at the California Institute of Technology produced X rays less than one twenty-billionth of an inch long waves so short that they were observable with mechanical aids through steel doors more than 100 feet away. This discovery represents an important step on the road leading to the release of atomic energy.

No less astonishing was an experiment of Prof. E. N. Harvey, of Princeton, with inaudible sound waves, which he called the death whisper. These waves were produced at the unprecedented rate of two and a half million a second, and under their impact small organisms in water were killed, blood corpuscles were warped, twisted and disintegrated, and living protoplasm in plant cells was whirled until it separated into spinning bits, broken and disorganized.

Let no one think that this growing appreciation of the value of sunlight is merely a fad. The new knowledge being piled up concerning the benefits of bodily exposure to various bands of rays is founded in truth. The arbiters of fashions in clothes will be compelled to shape their ideas on style in accordance with the dictates of health. Even the male portion of our population will awaken to the advantages of greater skin exposure. Vehicles of all kinds will be equipped to admit the sun's vital radiation, and municipal authorities will banish the smoke nuisance so that more ultra-violet waves of light may enter our towns. Sun worship will find vindication not only in modern laboratories but in the more frequent occupancy of roof tops by those who have learned to value this most effective measure of health preservation.

It has been said that no human force man ever created equals the power that lies in an idea whose time has come. The true relation of sunlight to life and industry has possessed our minds. Nothing can prevent our having sunlight by law. One great building in New York casts a shadow one-fifth of a mile in length, completely enveloping an area of nearly eight acres. One thousand years before the birth of Christ the City Council of Pompeii paid three thousand sesterces compensation to those whose sunlight was affected by the erection of the city wall. An English law now protects the rights in light of each citizen. This statute provides that if a window in a building has enjoyed the access of light for a period of twenty years, that right becomes permanent.

A Man's Right to Light

Here in America we have given most attention to structural safety and largely disregarded sanitary safety. In view of the fact that the physical development of our present civilization will be determined chiefly by the character of our architecture, we may be sure that radical changes in practice will give us a marked enlargement of window area and the assurance of an adequate amount of sunshine each day for each and every room occupied during daylight hours. The only alternative is to provide artificial sunlight containing a suitable percentage of vital rays. The health that is in sunshine must not become the exclusive property of any one group or class of citizens at any time of the year.

We are coming to understand that the people who contributed most largely to the history of the world by their doings and undoings were slaves to light. The record of this bondage is still written in all the cells of human bodies. Either directly or indirectly, the waves of the various octaves of visible and invisible light now reach into all the haunts of life and appear to be the mysterious link that keeps humankind in tune with the infinite.

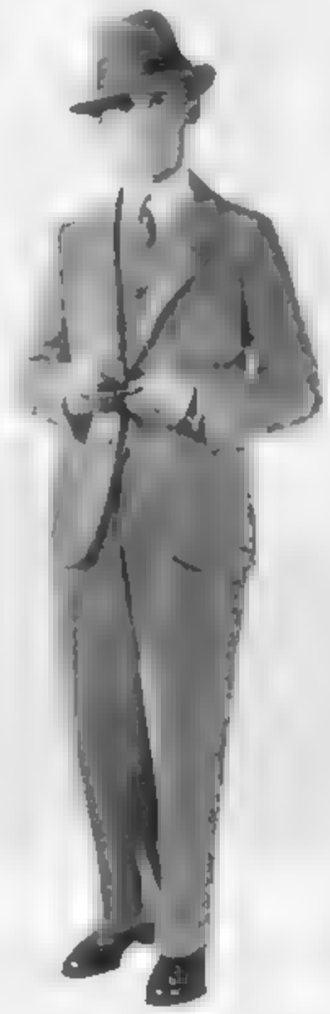
It all represents merely the beginning of a great scientific adventure that will doubtless bring disclosures of unmeasured value to the well-being of mankind. More and better light, both natural and artificial, means increased happiness, improved health, larger profits and greater prosperity.

BLACK SHOES LOOK BEST with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter grays. For Fall and Winter, high shoes provide the conservative style and extra protection preferred by many well dressed business men. Wear blacks *always in the evening.*

TAN SHOES LOOK BEST with trousers of the lighter shades, with all of the browns, *and in daylight.* You'll find successful men who dress as well as they do their work, wearing winter-weight tans on every sort of job. Try changing to a different pair at night—so restful!

THIS BOOKLET *sent free on request.* Tells how to get the utmost in dress-value and satisfaction out of whatever shoes you buy, wherever purchased. Illustrated in color and written by the foremost American authority on current custom among well dressed men. *Write to address given below.*

PLAIN-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (high or low, black or tan) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. You'll seldom see men you admire wearing heavy shoes of "doggy" design with suits of thin, fine-textured weave.



SPORT SHOES LOOK BEST with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general play-time wear, men may choose from an almost unlimited range of special footwear that's smart and practical—even to the utterly new blue-and-white sport shoes that will be worn with flannels at the "sunshine resorts" this winter.

FANCY-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas. Popularity begins with pleasing personal appearance. Too often shabby shoes must walk alone.

FORMAL SHOES LOOK BEST with formal dress. Make this your most rigid rule concerning footwear: Wear strictly formal-dress, plain-toe shoes of black patent leather with tuxedo or tailcoat to complete an evening-dress turn-out. In business or social activities, it's a great help to know you're *right* . . . and look the part.

In Every Walk of Life

Shoes Mark the Man

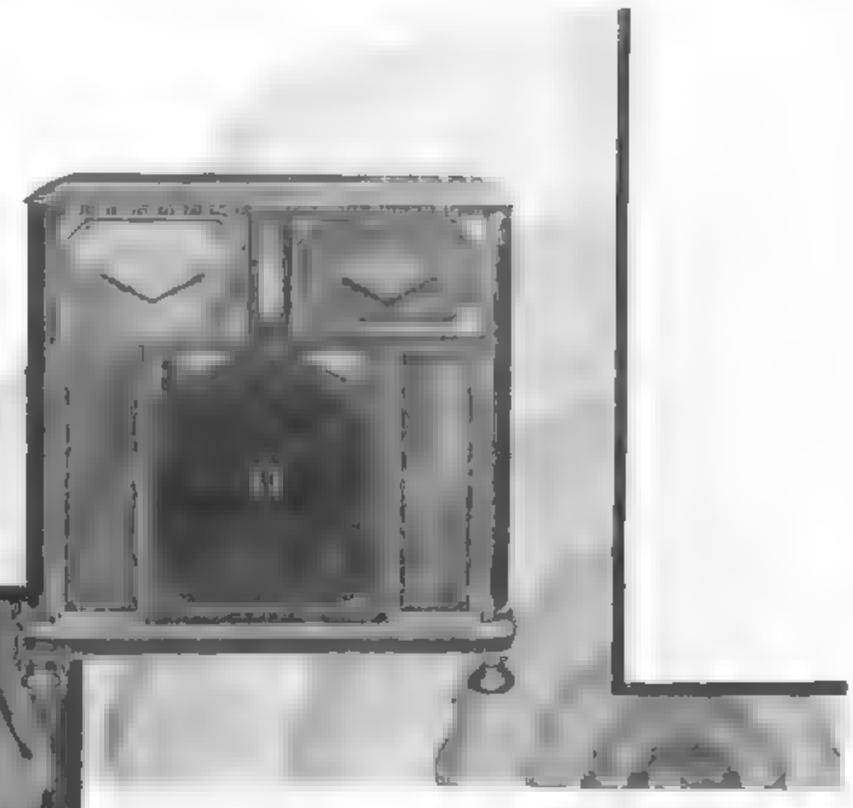
THE BASIC RULE to follow is this: the best and most useful shoes for you are shoes of those various TYPES that go best with the clothes YOU wear and the things YOU do. Apply this to your own case. When you dress, choose your shoes as carefully as your tie. Don't let "shoe shame" spoil the whole effect.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

FOR CORRECT DRESS as well as correct fitting, consult shoe merchants who display this emblem. This advertisement is one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries, collaborating with the National Shoe Retailers Association. *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 200 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.*

The gentlemen's correct attire shown in these illustrations supplied by Rogers Peet Company, of New York and Boston

Now... CAPEHART MUSIC *for the home*



Plays a four-hour program of your own choice, 28 records on both sides, without attention!

HERE, indeed, is the final development in music reproduction for the home. Even the radio, marvelous as it is, has not filled the place which now, at last, the Capehart occupies.

For now you may *choose for yourself* a program of four hours duration—a whole evening of dance selections by renowned dance orchestras, a complete program of symphonic music, a full length concert of your favorites among the great artists of all time—*and the Capehart will play the entire program for you without so much as causing you even to rise from your chair!*

The Capehart plays continuously 28 of your own records on both sides, 56 selections, changing and turning the records automatically *and noiselessly*—without attention. Four hours elapse before a single selection is repeated.

Surely, this is the musical instrument you have wished for—music to suit your mood, by artists of your own choice, that you may enjoy—as you would in a concert hall—*entirely without effort.*

A Christmas Suggestion

If you like to make your Christmas gifts original and unusual, investigate the Capehart *now*. No occasion can be more fitting than Christmas for the introduction of this "musical marvel of the age" to your home. It will bring new opportunities for enjoyment to each member of the family, all the year 'round.

Tone that re-creates the quality of life

Not less thrilling than its convenience is *the tone* of the Capehart. It is no exaggeration to say that its tone cannot be distinguished from the original. The vibrant quality of life is there, the mellowness—the breadth. That foreign timbre peculiar to recorded music is gone.

The secret of this superb tone lies in the fact that the vibrations are brought through three stages of electric amplification and are reproduced through an electro-dynamic speaker. The Capehart will reveal new, and unsuspected beauty in your favorite records.

The cabinet of the Capehart is, in itself, a thing of exquisite beauty. It will harmonize with and adorn the finest surroundings.

Capehart dealers everywhere are prepared to deliver an instrument to your home for trial, without charge or obligation. Please accept this invitation. Only thus can you realize what an important contribution the Capehart has made to the enjoyment of music in the home.

If you do not find a Capehart dealer readily, write us and we shall gladly direct you.

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FORT WAYNE, IND.

THE *Capehart*
ORCHESTROPE
CONTINUOUS AMPLIFIED MUSIC FOR ALL PURPOSES

DESERT DUDES

(Continued from Page 23)

Laguna Creek to permit the cars to cross the ford. He maintained that attitude for several days, again and again pointing out where we were wrong and his chart was right. I imagine he is still wondering what happened to that map. Wade started a fire with it one morning on the way in to Rainbow Bridge.

The trip to Rainbow Bridge, as we make it, requires three days and includes a complete circumnavigation of Navajo Mountain, that ten-thousand-foot dome that can be seen—a dim blue cloud on the northeastern horizon—from Grand View or Desert View points at Grand Canyon. On the way out from the Bridge we use the Bernheimer Trail through Redbud Pass, Cliff Canyon, and Forbidding Canyon. To avoid any repetition of wonders, we go in to Tsa-Nodzelid over the more difficult, but scenically superb, Wetherill Trail around the eastern end of Navajo Mountain. After leaving Beaver Creek, the noon-hour stopping place on the first day out, the trail crosses to the basin of Junction Creek over a series of outcroppings that at one time, a few million years ago, were probably sand dunes. Today they are rounded hills of naked red sandstone, an expanse of billowing rock so smooth that no growing thing can find root hold.

Men call them the Bald Rocks, the Slick Rocks, or the Baldheads, and the tortuous path by which they can be crossed was shown to John Wetherill and Byron Cummings by Nasja-bega, when that Piute Indian took the first white men in to the Rainbow Bridge. There are more dangerous spots on the trail, but none more spectacular. Even the Indians whom we take with us as horse wranglers dismount and lead their ponies—and when a desert Indian walks, it's a safe bet that he feels the footing is insecure indeed.

Where Wise Men Tread Lightly

I have learned that panic is communicable and that tenderfeet can be easily frightened by a remark to the effect that they are nearing a ticklish spot, so, on approaching the Slick Rocks, merely dismount myself and signal the others to do likewise.

"We'll walk over this smooth stuff and save the mules' feet,"— some such remark as that alarms no one.

Several years ago, when going in with a large party, we were making what speed we could in order to reach Surprise Valley, made famous in one of Zane Grey's novels, and pitch camp before dark. An eighteen-year-old girl had dropped behind the train, and when she caught up, the entire convoy, dismounted and leading their animals, was strung out across the rolling billows of bare rock. Even the pack horses were ahead of her. The maid's equestrian experience was limited to the bridle paths of the East. She slapped her mount sharply with the long reins and crossed the Slick Rocks at a brisk trot, passing all but the leaders of the party.

"Were you trying to lose me?" she inquired in gay reproach.

When those of us who knew the country had swallowed our hearts, we assured her that we had no intention of leaving her behind. What else could we do? A thousand dollars in cold cash would not induce me to attempt to duplicate her feat!

The Tourist and His Adjectives

I have taken a good many people in to Rainbow Bridge—have stood beside them at the point where the deep canyon makes an abrupt turn to the westward, and have enjoyed their reactions to the first sight of this most inaccessibly located of all the National Monuments. Almost invariably their first words are an expression of a vague disappointment.

"Is that it?" they ask.

For days, by automobile and on mule back, they have traveled through wonders. Theirs it has been to possess horizons unparalleled in grandeur, to traverse lonely, unnamed canyons where every turn is guarded by cliffs as mighty and as sheer as El Capitan in the Yosemite. They have run out of adjectives long before they reach the objective of their journey and they view that objective, the Rainbow Bridge, from a distance of more than a quarter mile and against a background of thousand-foot cliffs. Small wonder that, surfeited with marvels, they ask, "Is that it?"

I never apologize for Tsa-Nodzelid. She tells her own story. To the geologist she is a freak of erosion, the effect of wind and water carving the soft Navajo sandstone into a tremendous flying buttress two hundred and seventy-eight feet across the span and three hundred and nine feet from the crest of the arch to the canyon bed. To the Nature lover she is an expression of madcap forces in whimsical mood; to the religious she appeals as an overpowering, appalling example of the handiwork of the Almighty, and to all she is Beauty personified in splendid sweep of perfect curve, in delicate tracery of outline and in the strength of fluted abutment.

We who know her say nothing to those who are seeing her for the first time. We know how tremendous she is and realize how she is dwarfed by the greater immensity of her surroundings. We let them go ahead, these first-timers, until they stand beneath the arch and can see that slender thread of rock so far above their heads. Slowly there steals over them a realization of the bridge's bulk and of the comparative insignificance of humankind. Their voices are hushed, their

Towers and Minarets of Monument Valley

Tune in "Brown bilt Footlites"

Every Friday Night

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WLBW	Oil City
WMAL	Washington
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YOU'LL enjoy "Brown bilt *Footlites*"—

A tuneful orchestra—some good singing—a bit of pathos—a little comedy—a real good program—for normal people—who enjoy normal entertainment—

Get your family and yourself front row seats for the "first night"—Friday, November 15th—

Yes—Buster and Tige will be there—a special act all their own.

"Brown bilt *Footlites*" is dedicated to the millions of men, women and children who wear Brown bilt and *Buster Brown* Shoes, and to the 15,000 retailers who sell them. They have made possible the splendid growth of Brown Shoe Company who this year is observing its *Golden Anniversary.*

An advance program of "Brown bilt *Footlites*" is on display each week in every retail store where Brown bilt and *Buster Brown* Shoes are sold. Be a regular "*Footlites*" Friday nighter. Tune in the station nearest you.

Brown Shoe Company

Manufacturers Saint Louis

The CHOSEN land

of thousands from other states. Let California tell you why, this winter

What is the secret that each year brings throngs of new residents to California? Many of your friends and neighbors have come to live. First they came to visit. Thousands of others who have been here once or twice are even now waiting for the propitious moment for the move. That is how California has been settled, by travelers who found here the end of the road, the homeland they sought.

There are two chief reasons for California's lure. One is the Springtime that is in the air at every season. Winter is as summer, children playing in the sunshine and their parents living out of doors. The same sports summer and winter, plus the special gaiety of the winter social season. San Francisco, cosmopolitan and joyous. World port. The largest Chinatown outside of China. A definite personality that wins the hearts of those who have seen many cities.

Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, nearby, provide winter sports. They are deep in snow and never lovelier than in winter. Del Monte, bathed in sunlight, green and beautiful. Spectacular golf courses, two along the rocky coast, one cut through a virgin forest and the fourth beautifully landscaped on a rolling plain. Yes, these are reasons why so many choose to live in California.

Another reason is opportunity. San Francisco serves the 11,000,000 people west of the Rockies more quickly and cheaply than any other city. Her port is the natural gateway to the lands bordering the Pacific, in which 900,000,000 people are rapidly awakening to modern wants. San Francisco is the headquarters city in a region rich in natural resources.

Business success is no easier here than elsewhere. Competition is keen for many have already seen the vision of a great future. The same requisites are necessary for success in San Francisco as in any other city. But for those who are already winning success somewhere else, California offers a brighter, fuller, freer life. They are the kind of people who are coming to live. For them the future holds brilliant promise.

You have long dreamed of California. Why not come this winter to enjoy a month or two of lovely Springtime? Perhaps you, too, will feel the charm and see the promise of this western country.

As an aid to your plans, you may obtain a new, illustrated book, "San Francisco—in California—Where Life is Better", which tells more fully this story of California. Send the coupon.

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exclamations and eager questions are stilled—and we turn away to attend to the unpacking and send one of the Indians to rustle wood for the fire. Our guests have come to the foot of the Rainbow.

Nowhere in America is the sense of one's isolation more profound than at Rainbow Bridge. The approach—over the Stick Rocks, up Junction Creek, and through lonely and lovely Surprise Valley—terrifies even those who ride it today, secure in the realization that their guides know every foot of the trail and that many others have gone that way before them.

The realization of the bridge's isolation, of their utter dependence upon their guides, makes visitors appreciate even more the courage of that first party which, headed by John Wetherill and Bryon Cummings, blindly followed the Piute Indian, Nasjabega, to Rainbow Bridge. Cummings and Neil Judd wrote the story of that discovery expedition in the visitors' register, which is kept in a ratproof steel box in a niche of the rocks beneath the span. I hope that record is never copied and told elsewhere. It should be the reward of those who elect to follow the trail that Wetherill and Cummings blazed to read the narrative of that journey, of the courage of the men who voted to accept the Indian's word and push on into the unknown, and of the whining cowardice of one man who had forced the leaders to accept him as a member of the expedition and then, terrified by the country into which the Indian led them, clamored for the abandonment of the trip.

The dudes eat it up. They read the Cummings-Judd account, they write their names, and the names of their mules, in the book, and after their first awe of the bridge has subsided they begin to click their cameras industriously and to seek for the trail up which, with the aid of a rope, it is possible to clamber to the crest of the arch. Then they return to camp, to eat heartily and then to sprawl lazily upon their bed rolls, speculating as to the nature of the forces that created Tsa-Nodzelid and asking a million questions as to the country they will see on the morrow.

Tenderfoot, Ask Me Another

One never ceases from marveling at the questions asked by these tenderfoot pioneers. They bring with them to the desert a trustfulness that baffles any effort to understand or explain. They leave behind them all suspicion of men or of motives and invade this unknown wonderland ready to believe anything and everything.

A few years ago the Peabody Museum was conducting excavations in the Basketmaker caves in Marsh Pass. The light dry dust, the accumulation of centuries, made mandatory use of respirators. A dozen of these devices, very similar in appearance to military gas masks, were hanging in the Wetherill warehouse at Kayenta. A visitor saw them and, very obviously frightened, inquired if they were kept in such readiness in anticipation of an uprising of the Navajos.

Mention of the prehistoric cultures, so abundant throughout all this area, naturally brings to mind the lady who desired to know "why the cliff dwellers built their homes so far from the railroad."

Another lady, whom Wade convoyed, confessed to a romantic desire to see a "cattle guard." Frankly puzzled, Vent questioned her and discovered that she pictured a cattle guard as a handsome young centaur in picturesque chaps and sombrero who guarded the cattle. It was a sad blow to her when the car in which she rode crossed a genuine cattle guard—a grillwork of pipe or steel rails that permits a road to cross a fence line but prevents stock from straying beyond the barbed-wire barrier.

On these trips of ours we naturally take all our friends to Grand Canyon; to the south rim if their trip ends along the Santa Fe, and to the north side if they have arranged to go in to Zion Park and the wonderland of Southern Utah. To omit the Grand Canyon from a trip through the Southwest is equivalent to leaving Westminster Abbey out of a tour of London. At the moment memory brings to mind only three howlers of the hundreds that have been perpetrated on the brink of that mighty chasm.

"Does the canyon ever fill up with water all the way to the rim?"

"On what side of the river is the suspension bridge to Phantom Ranch?"

"How did the river get way down there at the bottom?"

To this last question—and it is one that is asked with surprising frequency—the officially sanctioned reply is to the effect that the Colorado "used to be up here on the rim, but one day it slipped off."

One can add to these the query made when a group of us camped near Flagstaff. A lady, recalling the cook's profane comments on the difficulty of boiling rice at an altitude of seven thousand feet, asked: "Is the altitude here too high to toast marshmallows?"

Where Dudes are Americanized

Most trustful of all, however, was the young California matron who saw in a trading post at Chilchinbito several pieces of turquoise that had bean pierced for ear pendants. She demanded information as to what caused the holes in the jewels and accepted with perfect faith a detailed account of the life and habits of the parasite known as the "turquoise worm" which infested the mines and bored its tunnels through the precious stone as it lay in the veins. At times, she was told, the vein was circular in section and the worm centered its burrows so accurately as to make it possible for the turquoise to be extracted and immediately sliced down into beads all ready for stringing.

"And I reckon," her informant continued, gloating shamelessly over his success, "that this desert country is the only place in the world where holes have a genuine market value. I come from the southern part of the state where water is scarce and there's lots of *caliche* that is almighty hard to dig in. Down there I've known of lots of cases where a fellow has gone down a thousand feet for water and found nothing. But it ain't a total loss. When that happens a man just pulls the dry well and cuts it up in lengths and sells it for post holes."

Gone is the day of blind belief in the yarns of such imitators of John Hance and Jim Bridger—he who told of the forest turned to stone where "the petrified birds were a-flying through the petrified air and a-singin' of petrified songs." Each season sees an increasing number of dudes invading the desert. They arrive expecting wonders. Rarely are they disappointed and they return to New York and Pittsburgh and Atlanta and San Francisco with a new outlook upon life and a fresh appreciation of this country of ours. I like to tell myself that they are better Americans for the experience.

They tell their friends of Rainbow Bridge, of Monument Valley, of the dead cities of the Mesa Verde, and of the unbelievable coloring of Bryce Canyon and the Cedar Breaks; illustrating their talks with the photographs they took of the places they describe. In their enthusiasm for these regions is our reward. Ours is the worry and the responsibility of delivering them right side up at their destinations. With the close of each season we heave long sighs, count the new gray hairs and swear we'll quit wrangling dudes forever and ever, amen. Then the winter brings their enthusiastic letters, recalling with delight their experiences, planning new trips, and introducing their friends—and we sit down to overhaul equipment, to order new tires and tarpaulins, and to realize that our pleasure in introducing this land we love to those who are strangers to it is the keenest delight that life holds for us.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Some of the foregoing experiences have come under my personal observation; others were told to me by guides and rangers whom I number among my friends. To avoid confusion and unnecessary explanation they have been grouped into a narrative in the first person.

Have you a "PRESSURE-CLEANSER" *on your washing machine?*

THE washing machine that is equipped with a Lovell Wringer has, in that wringer, a *pressure cleanser.*

Pressure has been an essential part of every effective washing method since primitive times. In some rural sections of Europe, the peasant women still beat with paddles the clothes that they are washing, in order to force out the imbedded dirt.

The necessity for the use of pressure is due to the nature of textile fabrics. Under the microscope, the fabric is seen to resemble woven netting—full of little crevices which afford a lodging place for particles of soil and soap.

As there may be hundreds of such particles to the square inch of fabric, it will be seen that their removal may easily mean the difference between a "fairly" white and a truly white wash. Soap remaining in the fabric will impart a yellowish tinge, which ironing serves to deepen; dirt that is not fully removed leaves the fabric with a greyish cast.

In the modern washing machine, the pressure required for the thorough cleansing of fabrics is supplied by the Lovell Wringer, with which over two-score of the leading makes are regularly equipped.

The gentle but positive pressure of the wringer rolls expels, besides the water, the stubborn, tenacious particles of soap and soil that have resisted the preceding steps of the washing process.

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A Useful Booklet Free

The booklet contains information of value to every housewife. It tells how to get a whiter wash, how to remove various sorts of stains from fabric, etc. It will be sent you free upon request.

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in this way:

Wash a soiled garment or a piece of household linen any way you will. Dry it in any way you wish, without using a wringer.

Then soak it again in perfectly clean water and run it through a wringer. The water as it is squeezed from the fabric will be soiled. This demonstrates the action of the wringer that makes it a *pressure-cleanser* as well as a water-remover.

The better the Wringer The whiter the Wash

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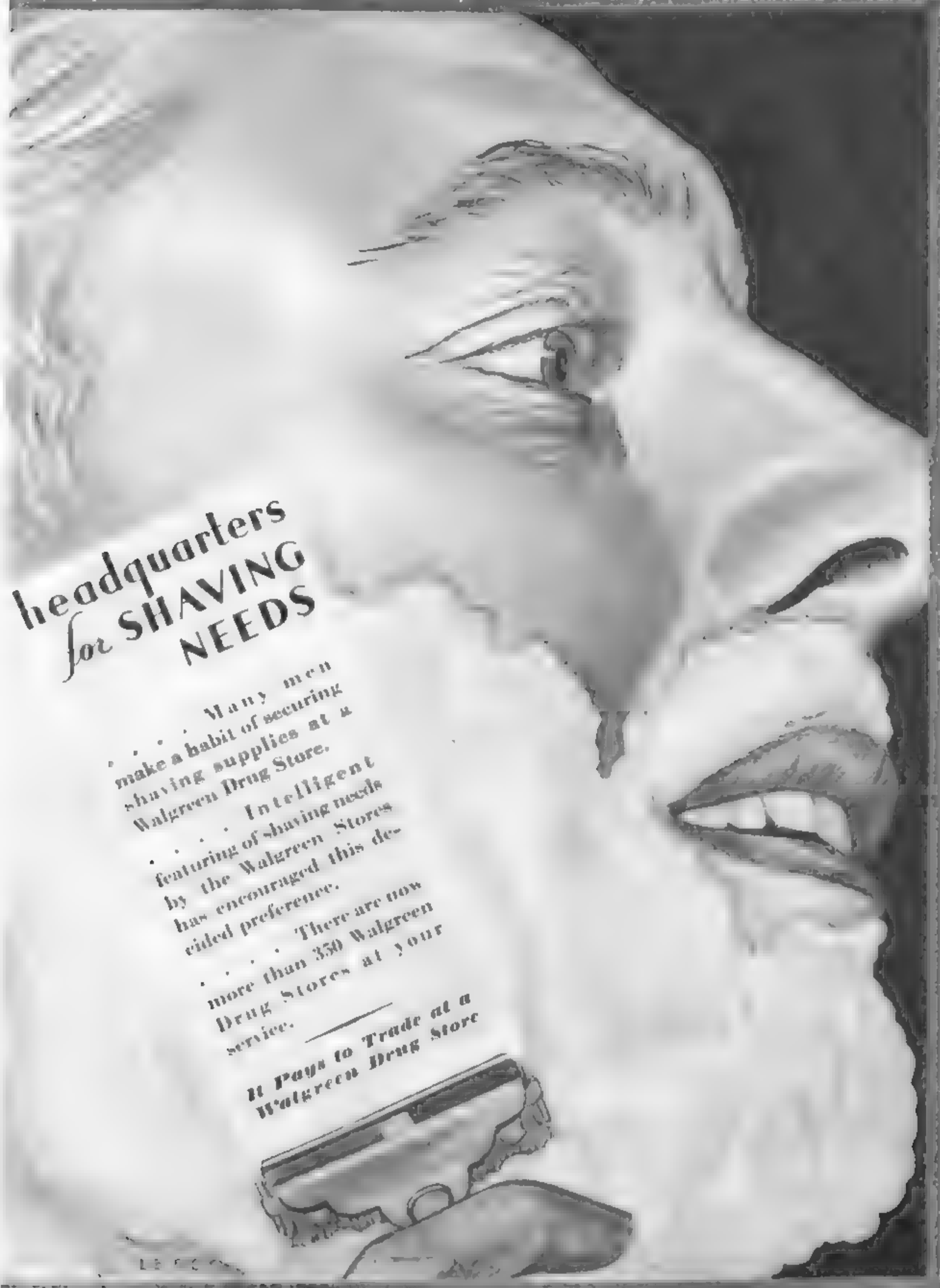
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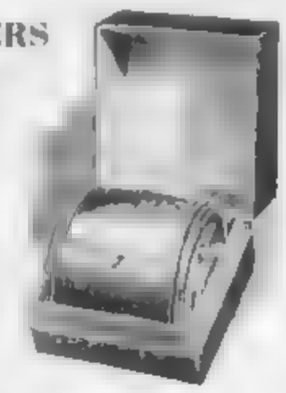

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THE DEALER IN CERTAINTIES

(Continued from Page 45)

The next morning Fernando reported at the hotel that for the first time in months the king was not at his station.

"By strategy, I first learned from Pedro, the king's principal deputy, that the king was in his house in the Albaicin, although he was neither ill nor hiding from the police. I told him to inform the king that I would visit him today in the company of my master. Pedro told me he could not leave his post. But I told him it would be greater wisdom to inform the king of my intention, and then I winked at him and hastened here to inform you. But I do not know why the king should stay at home today of all days."

"What did you accomplish by winking?" asked Starr curiously.

"He, also, will ask himself what I meant and his curiosity will devour him by slow inches. To end it he will deliver the message, hoping to learn, and, if possible, profit. When the señor wishes." And he rose.

"How far is it?"

"Very far. Shall I call a carriage?"

"If there is to be any sitting, I shall do it here, unguided," said Starr, and sat down. The pay began from the moment they left the hotel together.

"Pedestrianism, señor," observed Fernando enthusiastically, "was invented that the sun might never set on the English flag." Starr rose again. Fernando gratefully said, "Going eastward, señor, we take the Street of the Catholic Kings."

He walked beside Starr with the air of an escort, responsible for every milligram of the princely American. They left behind the rich quarters and presently walked along the picturesque gorge of the Darro. There and nowhere else in Granada, Starr saw houses with small square towers and narrow barred windows that gave out the prison suggestions of all Moorish dwellings. Also they passed bridges that spanned the gorge with an effect of really bridging the centuries. It was absolutely impossible for Starr not to imagine knights in armor rattling heavily across; or silent-footed women wearing the face veil that compelled them to do their talking with their eyes, as their Andalusian descendants have continued to do ever since.

The ease of visualization did not come from the architecture or from the topography. Indeed, looking at the picture with the physical eyes only, the medievalism was too conventional to be convincing. What saved it from inevitably suggesting the appalling standardization of the studios were the intangibles, as usual. The air of the gorge was thronged with daylight ghosts, and each gasp of the breeze loosened still more from the trees and the stones, so that Starr almost heard them complaining of the jostling—just as he almost saw the swirling phantom dust they stirred as they rushed by, alas, not to be caught by the cameras of the present day!

At last they came upon the caves of the gypsies—dens dug into the soft rock. Before some of the original lair openings the owners, grown prosperous or vain, had built façades of stucco, topped with narrow strips of tiled roof, in imitation of Christian porticoes.

Above these unnecessary eaves the backward-leaning hillsides were thinly covered with clumped aloes and prickly pears. Here and there a dwarf tree clung doggedly to the inhospitable slope with clawlike roots. Between the mouths of some of the caves were retaining walls of dry-laid cobbles. But every now and then a bit of hillside jutted jaggedly into the highway. The road before them skirted the edge of the gorge so that there was no place for the camera to work from.

Before the entrances sat or stood gypsies, who stared at the unusual sight—a guide and a foreigner, both on foot and not from poverty. The men reminded Starr of those Sicilian types which show Arab blood. But the women seemed to have come from strange far places, and they were all unlovely and unwashed, with sullen mouths and sordid eyes. They made plain the gulf between reality and art. These gypsies never would do for gypsies in those English-speaking countries where Borrow had made them live. One could not imagine them sleeping under liberty-loving stars or leaving patrins to guide the pals that followed.

They begged with a hungry-animal persistence that irritated Starr because it merely suggested the ineffective unreality of a badly trained theatrical mob, whereas a little drilling, with that setting to help, would have made them as impressive as a Greek chorus must have sounded to the Greeks. Fernando paid no heed to them until he saw a middle-aged hag lay a quivering claw on Starr's arm. He turned on her furiously and shouted ungallant epithets at her.

"Whatever he misses," finished Fernando, "the king will compel thee to restore tenfold."

"I asked him for a copper," she whined.

"But thy mind was on his watch," he snarled.

"His watch? My mind?" she shrieked with such virtuous astonishment that Starr laughed appreciatively and, American-like, put his hand in his pocket. But the guide, in his extraordinary Spanish-English, warned quickly:

"Of no manner! Of no manner! That is most bad to do!" Then he spat a specimen of Andalusian hyperbole at her:

"Woman, unless thou goest hence, I will pulverize thee so finely that not one louse will survive!"

"And only this morning at two o'clock thy longing was to kiss these lips!" she grimaced at him.

"Señor," he said, ignoring her, "this, I think, is his house."

It was not more palatial than the other cave dwellings. Fernando approached the open door and, instead of knocking, shouted "Good morning!" Then he whispered to Starr, "Never enter a gypsy's house unless twice invited. If less or if more, no. And even then, keep within one leap of the street."

"They pilfer," smiled Starr. "They are too clever to do more."

But Fernando, darkly sapient, stepped back from the threshold and confided in Starr's ear:

"Tourists have been known to leave the hotel in the morning to visit the Albaicin and not return. Nobody knows how far back these caves extend, nor what secret galleries there may be."

Starr, expert in explicit expression, laughed at his face and used it in a Spanish picture, until the hurt look made him explain:

"It was a laugh of gratitude, Fernando, such being the curious custom of my people."

"Ah! At last here comes his woman. Will you deign to wait one moment, señor?"

Starr took the hint and turned to the growing crowd outside. The volume of sound had abated, possibly out of respect for their taciturn monarch. Much of the begging now consisted of gestures and grimaces as of intense physical suffering. The intention was plain, though it carried no conviction of sincerity. But in the black eyes of the women, bright with vindictiveness, Starr saw the standing grievance of their race against all others. It was the one thing they did collectively that they did at all well; it was as though they spurted poison out of their eyes—an effective but utterly unphotographable malevolence.

"Gypsy dance, señorito?" asked a woman in a shabby shawl with a toss of the head plagiarized from the stage. She was heavy waisted and of indeterminable age. With an effect of answering him, she nodded gratefully and said, "Yes, señorito. Here? Very well."

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She turned to the others and translated for their benefit:

"He wishes to see us dance. Manuel, the guitar!" And she began to slip on her castanets. She was worse than unprepossessing, and the others were worse than she.

Starr said in his cold voice, "I do not wish to see you dance."

She was not surprised to hear the blond foreigner speak perfect Spanish. She walked up to him, her left hand on her hip, quite Carmen-like, her clenched right fist behind her back. Starr wondered who had told her to hint at a dagger attack in just that way, for he was certain it was meant for foreign consumption only

"You mean, señor?" she asked, with a sort of dragged-out menace. She was quite close to Starr and a nervous onlooker would have shouted a warning. But Starr stared at her until the anger dimmed and died and in its place was born perplexity, and then came curiosity, and then he told her:

"In my country, pretty gypsy girls do not dance for strangers."

She did not smile, but asked, "Where is that country?"

"Where my house is."

"And the house?"

"Where my *romi* is, and the *chai*," answered Starr. But the gypsy words meant nothing to her, for she persisted, "Where?"

"*Sarishan! Mushto hom me dikkava tute*," said Starr pleasantly.

"What is that?" she asked coldly.

"It is Romany jib."

"And what is that?"

"That is the language spoken by your people in my country."

Before she could speak again Starr heard a man's voice say two words in *caló* that he could not catch. Instantly the faces of the women lost all expression, as at a cue to impersonate idiots.

Starr, impressed, turned quickly, hoping to catch the look on the face of the owner of the voice, who stood on the threshold beside Fernando.

"Art thou the Romany Kral, brother?" asked Starr.

The man did not answer. Fernando volunteered introductorily:

"This is their king."

The king inclined his head composedly. He was a man of middle age, much lighter of complexion than the majority of his subjects. The flesh of his plump face conveyed a feeling of insensitiveness, as if numbed with cold. His light-brown eyes were uncommonly steady; without cunning, without dullness, without anything. His pulse could not beat more than fifty to the minute and the arterial flow must be slow beyond belief. The thoughts, by the same token, should be of snakelike sluggishness—only that Starr was certain they were not. The man had incased himself in insulating material; nothing came from him. It was more than curious.

"Thou seekest something for the eyes to see once," the king asserted with a matter-of-fact confidence. "Aye, for the eyes to see! Beyond that, the wall!"

Starr thought it fortune-teller's patter, so he said, "Yes; I told the man to tell you."

But the gypsy went on as though there had been no interruption:

"And thy wish in this house?" It was plain that no man's concern could ever concern this man.

"To learn *caló*—but that was before I knew what I know now!"

The king did not ask for an explanation, but waited placidly, so that the American was forced to speak on:

"It may be that thy knowledge of me is greater than even now I can measure." Starr kept his eyes on the king's. But still the king did not speak. Starr, who usually got his answers indirectly, was forced to ask point-blank, "Is it?"

"What I see I know. What I hear I do not know, brother," the king answered calmly.

"Why dost thou call me brother?" asked Starr, and anticipated an interesting answer.

It came: "For the pleasure of thy pleasure, the guest having eaten."

"What is thy wish to say with those words?"

"Thy desire was spread out in the sunlight when thou calledst the poor gypsy thy brother, for reasons unknown in Granada. Thy pleasure was my wisdom."

"My pleasure will come from finding what I seek," said Starr, giving him an opening that any gypsy fortune teller could use. But the king asserted emotionlessly:

"Thou dost not seek something here. Thou seekest anything!"

The sharp-eyed supersensitive Starr looked—and saw merely eyes. Their utter meaninglessness was more than uncanny.

"Where was my seeking seen?" asked Starr, beginning to be annoyed.

"In thy North American eyes."

"Eyes are eyes."

"And lips are lips whether they say 'Dance' or whether they say 'Die!'"

"And what of my errand?" asked Starr.

The king answered by nodding twice, slowly. Then he confirmed it aloud:

"The pay will be one hundred pesetas."

"And the merchandise?"

"For that one hundred pesetas I engage to show what thou hast never expected to see, what thou wilt be most glad to see, what thou wouldst not believe if I told thee I had seen."

"All for one hundred pesetas?"

"There will be the wager."

"Ah, the wager?"

"I will lay another hundred pesetas that after seeing the sight it will give thee pleasure to tell me that I told the truth. It thus will be in thy power not to pay the first hundred."

"Where is the sight to be seen?"

"We travel, look, hear and return, all in one day—on horseback."

"It is the wager of thy hours against my pesetas."

"But thou knowest that I shall win the pesetas," the king spoke tranquilly.

"Thou art then a dealer in certainties?" Starr, finding his eyes for the first time in his life of no help, regretfully reverted to the cruder method of words.

"I found the gem," corrected the king. "Having seen the sight, I sell it. My need for thy need—a fair exchange."

"Must I go alone?" asked Starr after a pause.

"Alone."

"And thou with a companion, eh?"

"With a companion," answered the king, without facially complimenting Starr on his acumen.

Starr laughed, thinking of Brian Safford. This was a man to tell of, later.

At the laugh the king asserted gravely, "The wonder will last all thy life."

"Thou art sure?"

"I am sure that thou wilt take back with thee the memory of the wonder—but not the sight."

And again Starr, president of Starr Pictures, Inc., wondered whether this gypsy had been told anything of his business.

"When should we go?" asked Starr.

"Sunday morning, early."

No waves of personality came from that inert-fleshed gypsy. Starr craved to prick him with a sharp weapon to see if there would be a quick movement. Instead, he took a bank note from his pocket.

"Here is the first, brother," he said, and watched.

The king, who had not asked for payment in advance, looked at the American with his inscrutable eyes, took the note, folded it leisurely and put it in his pocket. Then he said respectfully, no longer using the familiar thou of intimates:

"If you specially command me I could bring you a lively horse."

"Do so."

"It will take a man to ride him, señor." He did not now call Starr brother.

"Bring him."

"It will be twenty pesetas extra for each beast."

"Ten—and only for mine," said Starr.

(Continued on Page 225)

The unmistakable evidence of engineering Leadership

..... Now found in more than twenty leading automobiles

HERE is an easy way to judge the engineering perfection of the car you buy. Look at the front end. See if the manufacturer has provided a Pines Automatic Winterfront. A simple test. Yet, the fine records and reputations of the cars which have been given this protection, prove it a most reliable one.

The manufacturers who build Pines Automatic Winterfront into their cars, know that their precise engineering and manufacturing would be needlessly jeopardized to the fatal dangers of improper operating temperatures *if they did not provide this entirely automatic protection.*

Experience and tests have convinced leading automotive engineers that you as a car owner need this insurance against the many serious damages to which cold motors are exposed. Their adoption of this device is all the proof you need that motor protection—*automatic protection*—is an engineering necessity. Note the list of cars. It shows plainly that the Pines Automatic Winterfront has made an important contribution to engineering progress.

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If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

The new vertical Detachable type

If the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type Winterfront which gives you the same advantages as the built-in Winterfront.

True — Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car, impossible to attain with the radiator exposed — as well as warmth and freedom from front end drafts inside the car.

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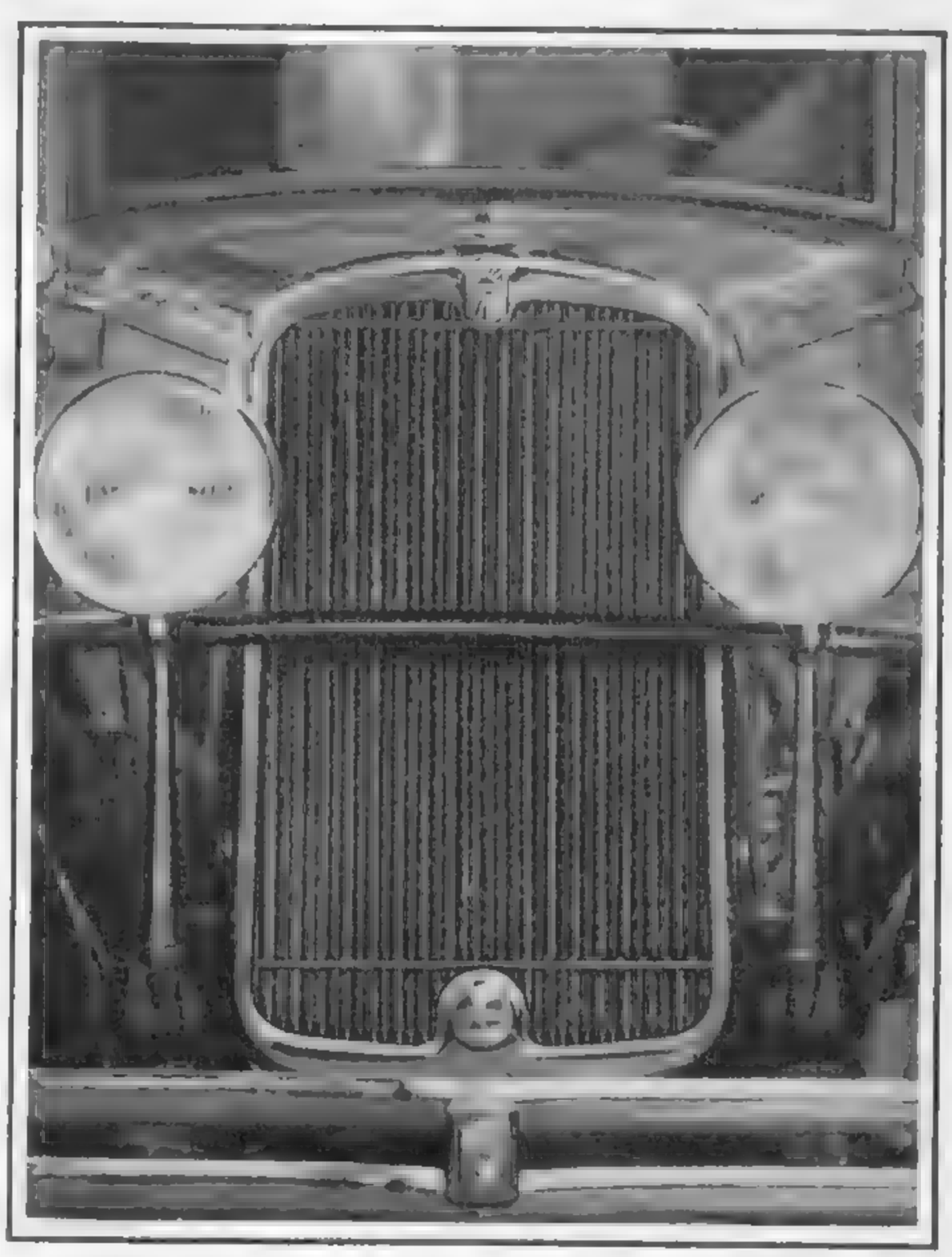

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(Continued from Page 222)

Again the gypsy looked at Starr steadily. Then, as though he were reading from a document:

"Sunday morning at five, that we may return before two. At the entrance of the Hotel de la Alameda."

He turned on his heel and disappeared in his cave. Starr and the guide left. The gypsy women, once more begging clamorously for coppers, followed them down the road.

"Señor," Fernando said anxiously, "surely you do not mean to go alone on a trip with two gypsies?"

"They will not murder me."

"They are very clever. The king warned you before witnesses that the horse was lively. A sudden prod when near a convenient precipice ——"

"The king will be told that I carry no money or jewelry with me. They will not murder from hatred of my foreign headgear."

"Suppose there is a thunderstorm and a bolt ——"

"Hombre, do not bury me yet."

"I do not think they would dare. But they are so clever in their cheating ——"

"That is my hope," said Starr.

"Of course, they would need to be, with you."

"Oh, I do not mean that. My hope is that I may lose the wager. That was my reason for betting."

The guide shook his head hopelessly. European-like, he saw no humor in the waste of perfectly good pesetas. But Starr cheered him later by promising to leave a letter for him with Fermin, explaining in detail what should be done in case he did not return to the hotel before five o'clock Sunday afternoon.

An angry-eyed, half-dressed servant awoke Starr Sunday morning to ask pugnaciously what he wished done to two gypsies who insisted on his calling the señor. Starr told him to boil some water in the portable alcohol stove. This the man did cheerfully, while Starr dressed. But presently the American disappointed him by using the boiling water merely to make coffee.

On the Alameda, the king was waiting. He was on horseback, motionless, twenty safe yards from the hotel entrance. When he saw Starr he nodded gravely. On the curb, before the door, stood a ferret-faced henchman, gripping the bridle of a restless black with one hand and with the other the reins of a long-maned dappled gray.

The black was for the foreigner—a fine animal.

"What are his tricks?" asked Starr.

"Not one. It is well known that he is the best-mannered quadruped in all Andalusia," lisped the gypsy.

"Yours?"

"The señor's," he corrected politely, and bowed.

"Thanks."

"There is no horse like that horse," the gypsy confided admiringly. "The first thing he does is to learn what manner of man he carries, and behaves accordingly."

"Then give me your spurs and keep out of the way while he acquires the information he needs."

Starr spoke in his cold voice and approached the black.

"Ah -er—a steady pull, moderately strong, señor, will be sufficient."

The gypsy's face grew sullen.

"The spurs!" repeated the American sharply.

The gypsy looked toward the king, who drew near. Starr heard the hoof beats, but could not see him. No words were spoken, but suddenly the ferret-face became obsequious and not only took off his spurs but did so with a show of pleasure and strapped them on the foreigner.

The king started southward slowly. Starr got on the black. There was a little playful prancing, but the understanding between them was complete in thirty seconds. They rode briskly down the Alameda, then along the Paseo de le Bomba, past the fountain. They turned west at the Green Bridge, on the road to Huetor. There were some magnificent views of the Sierra Nevada. Starr could see three ranges; near by, the green foothills; beyond them, rising higher, the blue mountains; and last, the undulating line of lofty peaks, apparently of solid ice, white and glistening. And behind and above them, the burning jewel that Andalusians at times call the sky.

They came to a crossroad and took the turn to the left.

"Whither?" asked the American.

"This is the Road of the Snow Carriers," answered the ferret-faced gypsy.

"The snow carriers?"

"They bring snow to the city in the summer from the Sierra and ——"

"Whither does it lead?"

"This road?" asked the gypsy unnecessarily.

"Yes."

The ferret-face looked at the king. Only then did he answer:

"To the Dornajo."

"How far is it?"

"From here?"

"Are you trying not to answer?" frowned Starr.

"No, señor. About three hours. It climbs all the way. No need to kill the horses."

Starr turned to the king.

"Are we going to the Dornajo?"

"This side."

"What name?"

"I do not know it."

"Why not?"

"I have never needed to know it." He spoke in his matter-of-fact voice, impressively unimpressive.

They went perhaps two hours more, steadily climbing, on their way to the famous peak of the Weathercock. The air grew decidedly cooler. The crowns of the Sierra Nevada, clean silver against the light blue of the sky above and the deep blue of the nearer hills below, were dead ahead. Houses were few and the countryside bleak and dismal.

The king was riding ahead. Of a sudden he reined in his horse and listened. Starr stopped and watched the two gypsies. He heard a church bell—a tinny catarrhal sound, almost as though the pealing were through the nose.

"We are just in time," said the king, and spurred onward.

"In time for what?"

"The Mass!"

They cantered on. Beyond a bend of the climbing road they came upon a small church. The king stopped, dismounted and gave the reins to his ferret-faced henchman. Starr did likewise and followed the king.

It was a small church, with the stucco pitted by the weather. One could see where years before they had tried to whitewash it, but the appearance of dilapidation came from something deeper than the surface. The façade was plain. The door was arched. Above it was a rectangular window with utterly unnecessary iron bars. The slant of the roof was decidedly flatter than in most Spanish churches. Halfway between the peak and the eaves squatted a thickset belfry that gave to the church the appearance of a fat dwarf clumsily hunching the left shoulder, while the right drooped with weariness almost to the ground. The stone step before the entrance had never been finished. Starr felt certain the stonecutter had ceased work to wait for his overdue wages.

The road ran past the church and turned sharply to the right. Starr could see a few one-story houses with tiled roofs that looked black. On the left, gloomily guarding the church, was a shabby two-storied house with disproportionately small windows, iron-barred as usual. The road was grimy and all the buildings were smudged, as with soot, at the base. The very air had a funereal quality, as though disaster were on its way. A doomed place!

The gypsy king halted at one side of the church entrance and asked phlegmatically, "Are you a Christian, señor?"

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NORTH—East—South—or West, no matter where you go or how far away from the marts of men, the One Blade of your Rolls Razor is always ready and waiting to give you a clean, smooth, non-irritating shave.

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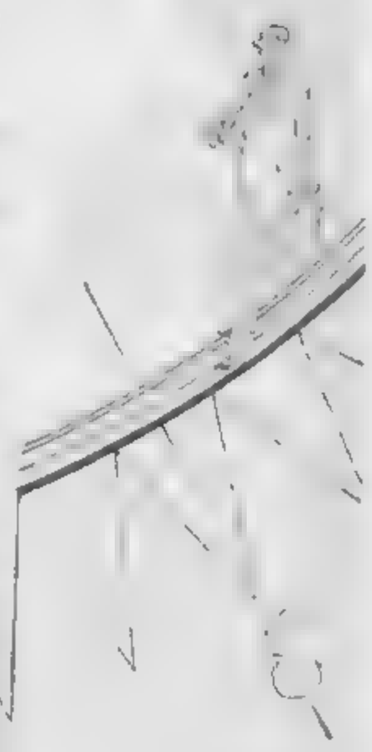

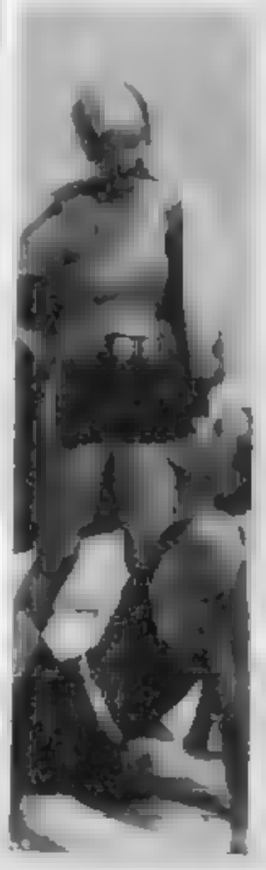

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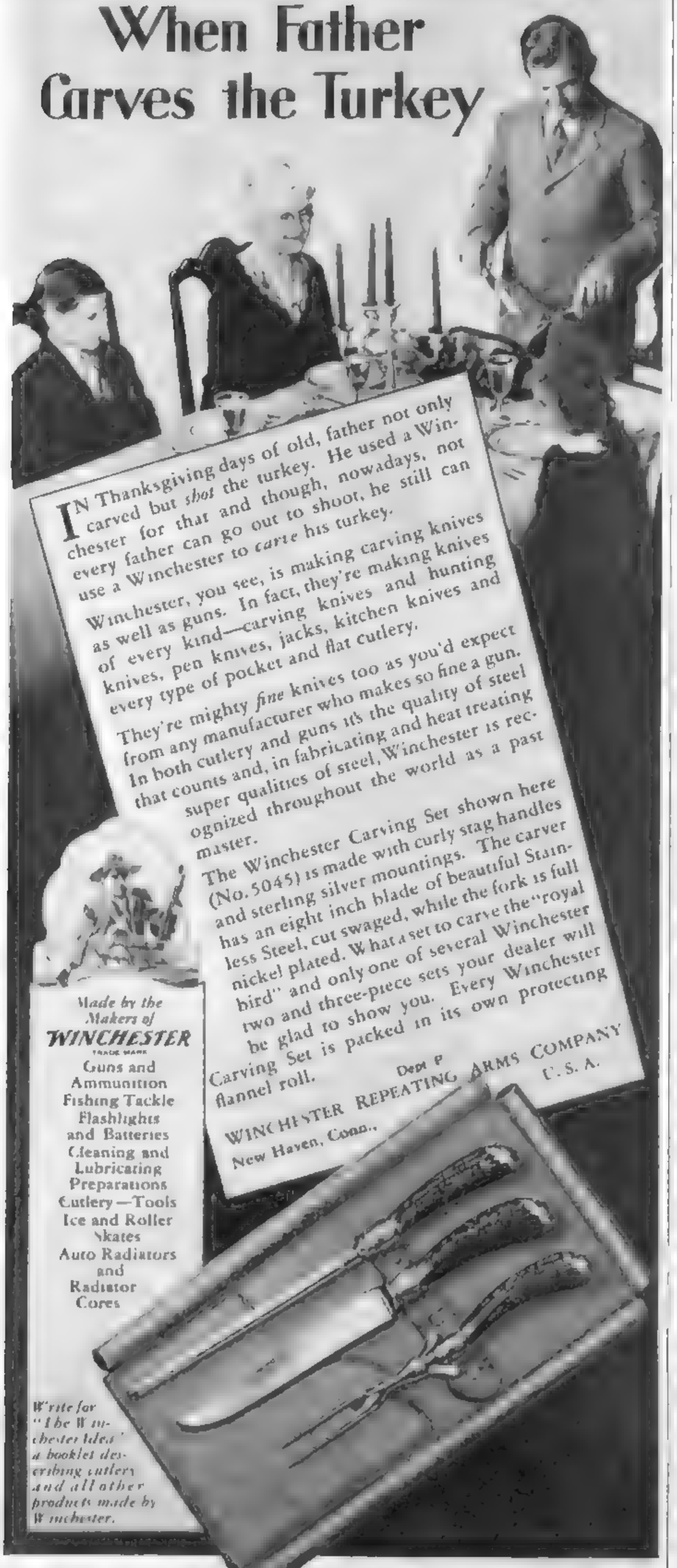
When Father Carves the Turkey



IN Thanksgiving days of old, father not only carved but *shot* the turkey. He used a Winchester for that and though, nowadays, not every father can go out to shoot, he still can use a Winchester to *carve* his turkey.

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"My enemies sometimes doubt it," answered Starr. "But I try to be one."

"Then we may safely enter." And he preceded his client tranquilly. Ferret-Face stayed with the horses.

The Mass was just beginning. Starr glanced professionally about him. A poverty-stricken church, this, even to the altar, which in Spanish churches so often reflects the ancient prosperity. The interior, he could see, always had been crude, of the roughest workmanship; but now the woodwork was worm-eaten, the stones incrusted with decay; everywhere the scars left by the tools of those sappers that attach themselves to the legions of the unresisted years.

There were no pews. Here and there a very old woman in dingy black had a small rush-seated chair. The younger were content with little straw mats to kneel on. Behind them stood the men.

The poverty of those lives was plain from that interior. But in the dull black eyes which they irrepressibly turned toward him, Starr saw that they were resigned to living on through the burdensome years because of that which was on the altar, which was on the flags of the floor and the beams of the roof: "Raise the stone and ye shall find Me; cleave the wood and I am there."

Starr inhaled the fumes of faith and was conscious of the almost palpable detritus of prayers floating in the air. Under crumbling roof boards and under patched rags—precisely where faith was most needed—there faith was. A thousand superfluous stories came to Starr in the space of ten breaths—and then the only story!

The tall thin priest in tarnished vestments had clean white hair. Against the silver the tonsure showed darkly. His was the pale, worn face and the shoulders and the eyes of one who has borne many burdens from early youth. The perfect type! Starr gazed approvingly on him. The altar boy, swarthy as a Moor, forgot his censer, gaping at the blond foreigner.

The priest murmured in his aged treble, "Kyrie eleison!"

"Lord, have mercy!" came—five seconds late—in the acolyte's clear childish voice.

"Christ, have mercy!" again implored the old priest.

Starr glanced at the king, who, instead of praying, nodded composedly. To make sure his client understood, he whispered, "Yes; there," and looked toward the sanctuary with an effect of pointing. Starr obeyed, understanding now that the king meant the bet was about to be won. All he saw was the priest, who, having finished the Kyrie eleison, passed to the center of the altar.

The American again turned to the king, who thereupon nodded twice—twice, as though saying, "Yes, yes! There, there!"

But Starr saw only a saint, tall, thin, with silver hair and bowed shoulders, who lifted his mild eyes toward the Crucified and began, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*"

Suddenly, in the heavy incense-scented air, a bird sang. The church grew bright as with the flare of a flame. God's spring! The music ceased. Before the sunlessness could return to that year-dusted altar, another bird answered. And again, His spring!

The peering Starr now saw at each end of the chancel a small wood-and-wire cage. Within each cage a canary was singing. It thrilled him so that he took a step forward. The gypsy raised his hand and the American stopped. He had counted on seeing something unusual, but not this.

"Thou wilt take back the memory of the wonder, but not the sight," the gypsy king had foretold. There would be no picture!

The voice of the old priest, tremulous but triumphant, chanted on:

"*Laudamus te; benedicimus te; glorificamus te! Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam, Domine Deus!*"

And again the glad song of birds within that time-battered church, sweet and clear, so that Starr caught his breath and held it in his lungs. Their little heads were uplifted toward the altar, while they incredibly prolonged the trills, as if repeating after the priest:

"We praise Thee! We bless Thee! We glorify Thee! We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God!"

It was only when, after kissing the altar, the old shepherd turned toward his flock and said "*Dominus vobiscum*" that Starr thought of the congregation.

On the faces of the women, young and old, he saw not weariness but mother smiles. He could not catch the eyes of the men, but it was plain they knew God's little servants were praising Him in His house, until not worm-eaten rafters but His blue skies were over men and birds, and the glad sun and all that comes from on high. And the miracle was achieved which turned for Starr the poorest church in Spain into the richest in the world.

"*Ite; missa est,*" said the priest. But the little choristers sang on and on.

Starr and the king, being nearest to the entrance, were the first to leave.

The moment they were outdoors the American said, "I wish to speak to the priest."

"They all do." The king's tone was that of a man perfunctorily acquiescing in a commonplace.

Starr, who had been on the point of congratulating the gypsy on winning the wager, was filled with regret that he must suspect.

"It is not yet won," he said, in his cold voice.

"It is not yet paid," corrected the king listlessly, and walked toward the sacristy, in the rear of the church.

The outside door was open.

"Enter, señor," invited the gypsy.

Starr walked in. The king followed. A bullet-headed boy, in very long trousers and very short jacket, looked frightened. The gypsy spoke:

"Tell Father Esteban that a Christian foreigner who speaks our language wishes to salute him."

The boy stared at the gypsy king and then at the blond foreigner and did not move.

"Tell him today: it is Sunday," suggested the gypsy gently.

The boy gave a start and went out of the room hastily. Presently the priest, in his cassock, appeared.

"Good morning," he said.

A kindly old man, bent and worn, with tired eyes and the smile of those who forgive because they never learned how not to forgive. Starr's suspicions vanished and his heart sank. He could not possibly ask this soul to sell that with which he had been blest. But what a picture that would be!

"Father," he said, respectfully, "I am an American who came from Granada to see ——"

"We were on our way to the picacho," deftly interjected the gypsy king; "happily, in time for the Mass ——"

The old priest nodded kindly at him.

"Ah, it is thou, my son. And the health?"

"By the grace of God, good," answered the gypsy. "And the birds?"

"Every day better. Thine vies with mine, as though they would see which can sing the louder and longer. And though I tell them to save their throats for the Sunday Mass, they practice all week at home from sunrise to sunset."

"They are your choristers?" asked the American.

"God's, señor. But they have lifted a weight from me. It saddened me for years, the silent church. Ours is the poorest parish in Spain, and fewer people each year. They are charcoal burners; but the wood grows scarcer day by day. So slight is their profit that I cannot ask."

"You could," asserted the king.

"How could I?" And the priest shook his head.

He was everything Starr had dreamed of and there was nothing to be done about it. It was the greatest tragedy of Starr's professional life. So the gentleman in him made haste to aver, "I prefer your choir to that of the Cathedral of Seville."

(Continued on Page 229)

HEAT *builder and robber too*

TO THE stoker, the roar of the blinding furnaces says: "More, More, More". The more fuel, the more heat. The more heat, the more power.

But in your automobile engine, only a part of the tremendous heat generated by cylinder explosions can be turned into power. The surplus must be *drained off* surely and quickly, or it will steal the power its very liberation has created.

The circulation of water around cylinders and valves accomplishes this result perfectly. But the water gets hotter and hotter. It, in turn, must be cooled—hence the radiator with its slender cooling channels, and the fan that draws cool air through the radiator core, absorbing heat from the water as it passes.

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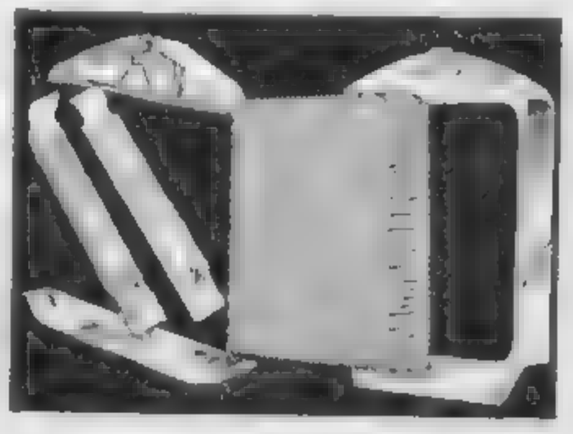

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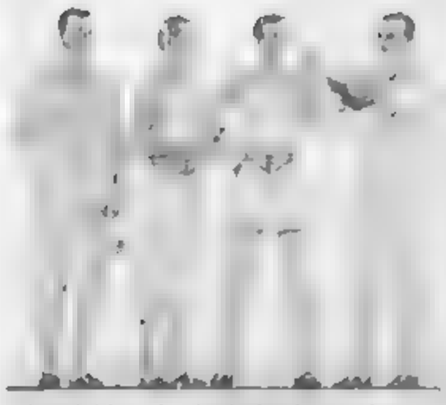

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Duofold Health Underwear

(Continued from Page 226)

"Oh, señor!" murmured the old man embarrassedly.

"It was, in truth, a wonderful notion," insisted Starr, his eyes on that face.

"It was not mine," the priest said quickly, as though he were returning some precious object to the owner. "Two years ago, in October, on His day, I was reading the Little Flowers of Saint Francis, a book I had not seen since before I went to the seminary. The next time I was in Granada I spoke to the daughter of an old friend; a pious lady, alas, lately widowed. She had a canary. She told me it had lightened her grief to hear him singing all day—a prisoner and singing—until he shamed her into not weeping." He paused, shook his head regretfully and confessed: "And that was the bird she proffered to me for the church. What could I do? I accepted it. You do not know the years of silence at Mass and—and moreover she was now resigned. I brought him home with me. It was a Tuesday. The air was cooler here and he did nothing but perch on his little swing, his feathers all fluffed out, his head half buried between his shoulders to keep warm; he who had consoled a poor woman now himself disconsolate in the mist! I fed him and gave him water; but I could not overcome his illness. It was nostalgia. Then I read that chapter once more—I know it by heart now—and then, knowing what to do, I naturally did it."

"And what was it you read that taught you how to make him sing?" asked Starr.

The old man hesitated. Then he said penitently:

"Señor, it was a silly boast to tell you I knew the entire chapter by heart. I do because I have since read it so often. But the reason I said it was that I wished praise for my marvelous memory. Vanity of vanities. Therefore I shall read now humbly instead of quoting proudly."

Starr shook his head regretfully as he watched the old man walk to an old carved credence, worm-eaten and cracked. He came back with a little book. He explained:

"It happened when Saint Francis was on his way to Bevagna. Now I read, señor." Then, in his tremulous and kindly voice, he read slowly:

"He lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees by the wayside whereon were an infinite multitude of birds so that he marveled and said to his companions, 'Tarry here for me by the way and I will go and preach to my little sisters the birds.' And he entered into the field and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground; and anon those that were on the trees flew down to hear him. And the substance of the sermon Saint Francis preached was this: 'My little sisters the birds, much are ye beholden to God your Creator, and always ought ye to praise Him for that He hath given you freedom to go into every place. And he feedeth you and giveth you the rivers and the fountains for your drink and the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to build your nests; and forasmuch as ye can neither spin nor sew He clothed you, you and your children; wherefore, beware, little sisters mine, of the sin of ingratitude, but ever strive to praise Him.' While Saint Francis was speaking, all those birds began to open their beaks and stretch their necks and spread their wings and reverently to bow their heads to the ground, showing by their gestures and songs that the holy father's words gave them greatest joy; and Saint Francis rejoiced with them, and marveled much at their manifold loveliness and at their attention and familiarity, for which things he devoutly praised the Creator in them."

The white-haired priest looked up from his book. In his shining eyes Starr saw a great love.

"And then, father?" asked the American gently.

"And then I went to my silent canary and said, 'Little brother, I who, alas, am not the blessed Saint Francis, exhort thee, in his name, to praise God, to whom like thy brothers the men thou art much beholden.' I brought the cage to the church on Sunday morning and hung it where you saw it—it is the one on the right—and when I came to the Gloria in Excelsis he burst forth into the sweetest carol I have ever heard from the loving throat of a bird. And then I knew that he had listened to Saint Francis and was praising God after his fashion. I so accepted it."

"You did right. And the other bird, father?"

"Señor, we have no time to lose if we are to reach the hotel at the promised time," interjected the gypsy king.

"Thou wouldst not have me tell of thy good deeds?" gently chided the old man. "Learn, señor, that this kindly Pablo stopped here last year to ask me if it was true that I had a canary that sang at Mass. I showed him the bird. And this same Pablo, on the following Sunday, brought me the companion—the bird on the left. After that, whenever he happened to pass by here of a Sunday morning on his way to the picacho with tourists, he stopped to hear Mass. I must say the little creatures sing the better for their rivalry. Surely it cannot be a sin to endeavor to excel in the service of our Lord. And this man did not wish me to tell you that I owe my barytone to him." And he pointed to the king.

"I begged you to forget it," listlessly said the king.

"Ay; but I again thank thee, my son."

Starr held a bank note toward Padre Esteban, who did not look to see the denomination, but said instantly, "Oh, no, señor!"

"I cannot sing," Starr said regretfully. "My only accomplishment is to be grateful. So if you will some day remember in your prayers a stranger from America who never will forget you or your choir or Saint Francis, I shall receive much more than I give through you to the poor of this parish."

The priest looked at the young foreigner steadily with his benignant, age-filmed eyes. An old man, thin with fastings and bent with service and full of an indomitable kindliness.

"I thank you, señor." He paused and smiled mournfully. "But there will come to you much sorrow. The reason is your generous heart. But never has my faith in His wisdom and therefore in His kindness wavered; and I have seen much weeping from mortal eyes, my son. Therefore I would have you remember my words in the dark to come, when your minutes turn to centuries of bitterness—never despair! Will you promise, not a priest but a very old man?"

"I promise, padre," answered Starr, sincerely desirous of pleasing him.

"Then can I accept your munificent gift. If I predict for you sorrow ——"

The altar boy came in, still in his surplice, and said in the singsong tone of one who has memorized a message because of its importance:

"Señor Cura, they have sent from the home of Paco Cárdenas to say that his lady mother, having worsened, requests that you again take the viaticum to her."

"Say that I will come at once." He turned to the foreigner. "I will eat an egg and go. She dies twice, sometimes thrice, every month, so gladly that I have not the heart to refuse her. Renouncing the world and its vanities is the only pleasure she has left at eighty-six. And, also, I cannot risk not to go; for each time is one time nearer to the last time. So if you will forgive ——"

"Go with God, Señor Cura," said Starr heartfully, and left the sacristy. Outside, he said to the king, "I suppose there is nothing more to see here."

"I do not know it if there is." He said nothing of the wager.

"And we now return to the city?" Starr asked.

"It is downhill all the way," said the king placidly.

"Is that the only reason why we shall go faster than we came?"

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—the way to summer comfort for winter driving—the best way to assure safe, clean, pure, fresh-air warmth in coldest weather.

"Install a Francisco" will be the answer.

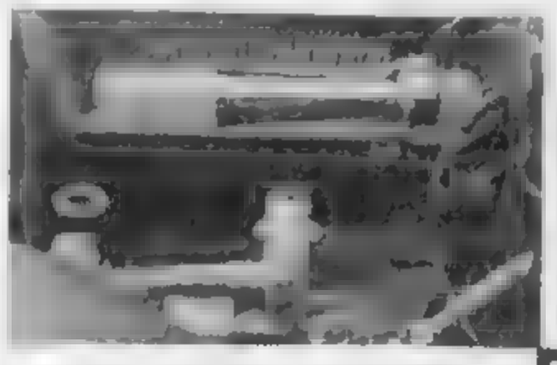
More car comfort at any price is impossible to get. With prices ranging from $3.50 to $10.00, the Francisco is a remarkably economical purchase, yet it is *guaranteed* to deliver more warmth than any other car heater—warmth in pure, oxygen-filled air, fresh-drawn from the outside. And too, this surprising heater improves winter motor efficiency and decreases gasoline consumption.

Heats Instantly—Ventilates Perfectly
Gives Summer Efficiency to Motors

Eighty per cent of winter drives are for less than four miles. On such short drives any delay of car heat means no car comfort at all. Francisco delivers heat instantly—*the minute the motor is started.* It provides driving comfort from start to finish.

Francisco heat is fresh, pure air which has been drawn from directly behind the motor fan, carried over both manifolds and instantly delivered to the car. No re-heating of the same "burned-out" air—Francisco provides an ever-flowing fresh supply, replacing the entire air contents of your car every two or three minutes. Motor fumes are impossible.

[illegible] from the intake manifold, the Francisco acts as an extra "hot spot," giving summer efficiency to the motor. That it definitely improves motor operation has been shown by tests at Ohio State University. There, Professor Jacklin demonstrated that the Francisco made for smoother winter starting and running and decreased gasoline consumption.



THE STANDARD FRANCISCO
(Typical Buick Installation)

There's a Francisco Heater for your car no matter its make or model. Two styles to choose from—the Standard, known wherever cars and cold weather are found, and the Dual-Outlet, same as the Standard except for the addition of a self forced-draft heat outlet for the rear compartment. Your dealer has either style for your car or can get it for you. Carried in stock by leading automotive jobbers everywhere.

The
Standard Francisco
Custom-Built to Fit Your Car
$3.50 to $10.00
(Dual-Outlet Model Extra)

The Francisco Auto Heater Co.
Columbus, Ohio
The Francisco Canadian Heater Co
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.
Cleveland and Essex Aves.,
Dept. 26 Columbus, Ohio. 11-10

I want comfort for my winter drives. Send me the full facts on Francisco Heaters.

Name

Address

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

RELY on FLORSHEIM SHOES for service . . . their many years of dependable performance is a criterion of quality . . . they have always made good . . . and they will today

Most Styles $10

THE STRIDE . . . *Style* M 376

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • Chicago

Announcing the Winners

BELOW are listed the names of the Cash Prize Winners of the Contest that appeared in the two-page advertisement for the Planters Salted Peanuts in the August 10th, 1929, issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

First Prize $100.00

Mrs. A. Ellis Hansen
120 Douglas Street
San Francisco, California

Second Prize $75.00

Miss Elizabeth Herold
P. O. Box 890
Richmond, Virginia

Third Prize $50.00

Arthur B. Phillips
817 So. E. Third Street
Washington, Indiana

—TUNE IN—

"*Planters Peanut Pickers*," WEAF and associated Stations. Every Friday at 10 P. M. (Eastern Standard Time).

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY

U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

"Thinking of the grain that awaits them," volunteered Ferret-Face, "the horses will not need to eat whip."

They made good time indeed. At the hotel Starr dismounted and without a word gave the king his second hundred pesetas, which the king accepted also without a word, although he nodded—a silent receipting of the bill.

The ferret-faced gypsy, to whom Starr offered ten pesetas, shook his head violently, put both his hands behind his back and said loudly, "Always have I had twenty and I cannot accept less than was agreed upon before witnesses ——"

Starr turned on his heel and entered the hotel. The gypsy followed.

"Well?" asked Starr coldly, in the lobby.

"You offered the money only once," complained Ferret-Face.

"And you were born once and you will die once," said Starr.

The gypsy looked puzzled. Then he abandoned all efforts at extreme finesse and said, "I accept the ten."

"Answer a question first."

"Not one; a million—gratis, señor, gratis."

"Is the king a Christian?"

"He is a gypsy."

"But he heard Mass with me."

"In your company anything would be a pleasure."

"I had decided to give you an extra peseta. You have just lost it."

"Be just! Ask me in such fashion that I may know what answer you wish me to give," the gypsy pleaded earnestly.

"I wish you to tell the truth."

"I have never before told the truth," he assured Starr, "for less than fifty pesetas."

But Dick asked unsmilingly, "Why does the king go to Mass?"

Ferret-Face shrugged his shoulders; then he decided to confess:

"To show to foreigners the marvel of the canaries helping the priest say Mass."

"Did he not give a bird to the cura?"

"Thus it was: One of our people told him about the priest's canary and he went to see it. Then, after he had taken a party to hear it, he gave the cura the other."

"Why?"

"That if one died, the other would do the singing for the tourists he took to the church to see what could be seen nowhere else in the world."

"Why did he wager the hundred pesetas?"

"Because you are English."

"Why because I am English?"

"He was advised always to bet, by an Englishman to whom the king did a great service. The Englishman thus repaid."

"What was the service?"

"I do not know." The gypsy said it so quickly that Starr knew he was lying, and taking a fifty-peseta note from his pocket held it in plain sight. "Señor," said Ferret-Face desperately, "I could not tell you if you gave me a hundred. Three weeks the Englishman lived in the king's cave. I do not know why. I did not hear their talk. I saw nothing. I wish I could give you better measure." Starr gave him fifteen pesetas. The gypsy said with great dignity, "I thought it would be twenty."

"Did you?"

"From one of your ancestry, it would have been an insult to expect less."

"You are right. Let me have them back."

Ferret-Face made a movement as if to return the coins, but caught himself.

"I am overpaid!" he cried, and almost ran out of the hotel. He had guessed the foreigner's intentions; but not from anything he saw in his face.

On Monday morning, Fermin, the gorgeous doorkeeper, took a letter to Starr, for which, in accordance with the custom of the country, he had given a fee to the postman for delivering it. Starr put his hand in his pocket.

"Read it first, señor," advised Fermin politely; but his eyes were coldly curious; the eyes of the born gambler.

They interested Starr so that he asked, "Why?"

"If the news is good I can profitably wait. If ill, I can wisely run."

Starr opened the letter. It was from Brian Safford, asking for news. The postscript read:

"Began portrait today. Will remain three weeks. Mother ill."

Starr smiled. The *portero* asked deferentially, "Is it permitted to congratulate the señor?"

"It is"—and Starr gave him a peseta.

"A million thanks, señor. May the winds continue favorable."

"And how do they blow for you?"

"This makes the third hit out of the last nine letters."

"One in three. Not enough," Starr told him.

"A compatriot of yours, after reading a letter from France, once gave me ten pesetas."

"And that gave you the habit, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! Always have I loved to adventure," explained Fermin, with a grave complacency.

"And I," said Starr, "never bet except on a certainty."

"Ah," said Palacios admiringly, "that is also the habit of gypsies."

"OUCH!"

TEN MILLION PEOPLE MAY HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

WHO'LL KILL TINEA TRICHOPHYTON?

"I" SAYS ABSORBINE JR.

FRIENDS, Absorbine Jr. has news for you. I who have stood by you through many an ache and sprain; I who have soothed your sunburn and bruises, eased your sore muscles and loosened your stiffened necks; I, Absorbine Jr., take up a new crusade in your behalf.

Beware of this tiny monster

A tiny parasite with a big name is on a rampage. Dermatologists call him tinea trichophyton, the parasite that causes a form of ringworm or "Athlete's Foot".

According to a great skin specialist, 10,000,000 men and women are already infected by this upstart parasite. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service declares that half the adult population now has it or has had it at some time.

Tinea trichophyton lurks in golf shower rooms, gymnasiums, on the wet tiles about swimming pools, on the floor of locker rooms, hotel rooms, and bathing establishments, waiting for the unwary foot. Then it is carried home to breed on carpets and bath mats, to infect the feet of other members of the family. It's getting so a man can't shoot a quiet game of golf without running afoul of this tiny monster.

This outrage must stop.

So I, Absorbine Jr., have declared war on tinea trichophyton.

In a private combat in a laboratory, dermatologists watched while I slew millions of these ringworm parasites. What I did in the laboratory, I am prepared to do for you.

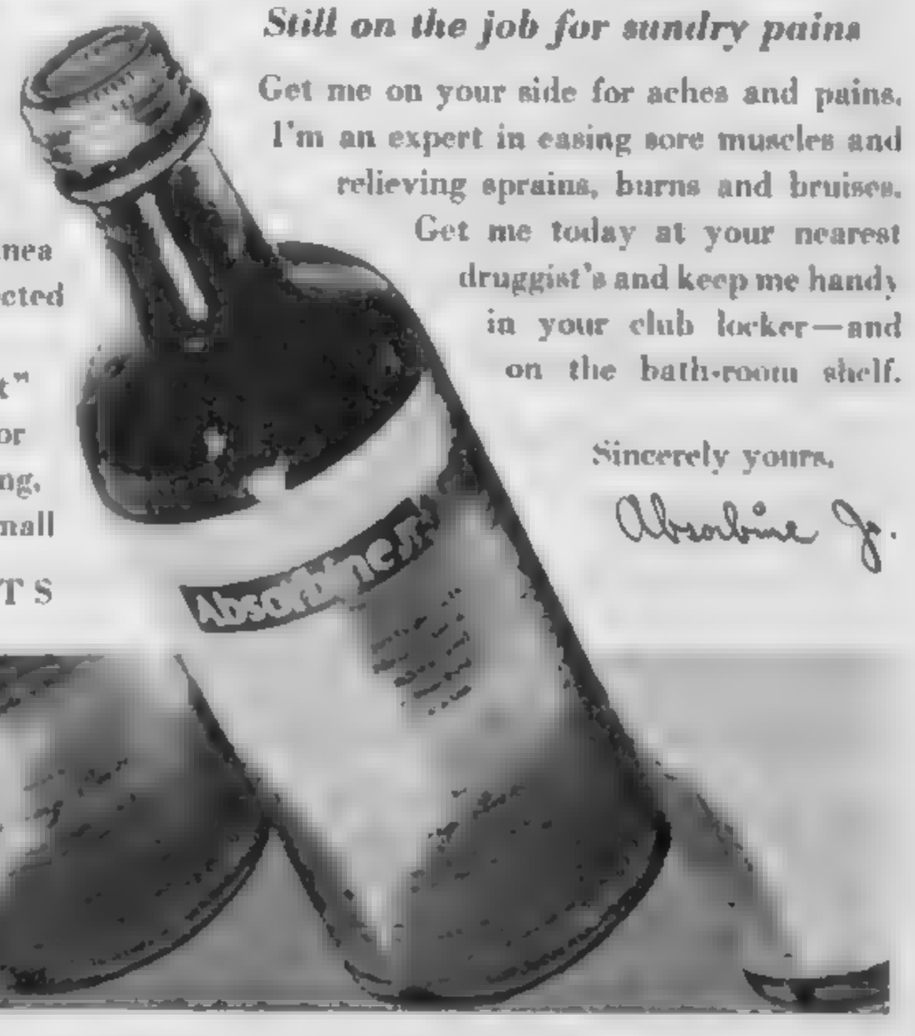
Look for tinea trichophyton tonight

No one is immune from the attacks of tinea trichophyton. It is possible to be infected for weeks without even knowing it.

The first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" usually appear between the toes. Look for these symptoms: if the skin is moist or peeling, cracked or inflamed, or if there are small blisters and itching, or white thickened skin between the toes, you can be almost certain that the ringworm parasite is at work.

Let me at him now before he spreads along the sides and soles of the feet and burrows beneath the skin.

I stop the itching in short order and when I come to grips with tinea trichophyton his game is up.



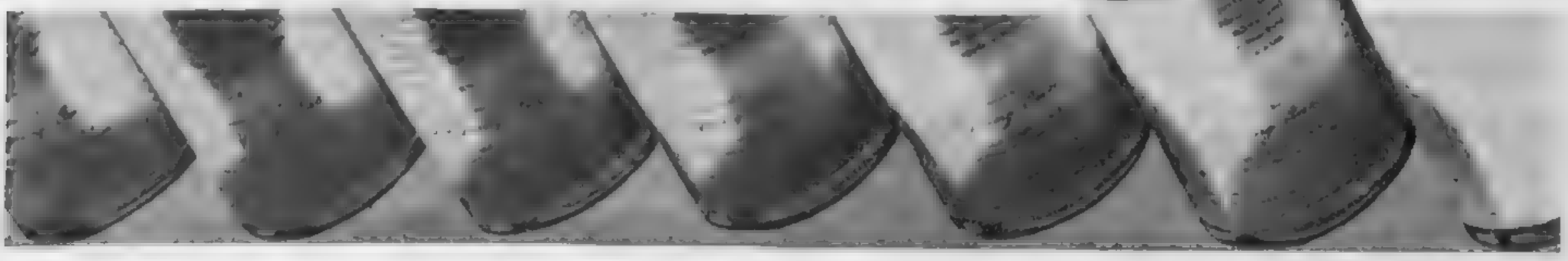
Still on the job for sundry pains

Get me on your side for aches and pains. I'm an expert in easing sore muscles and relieving sprains, burns and bruises. Get me today at your nearest druggist's and keep me handy in your club locker—and on the bath-room shelf.

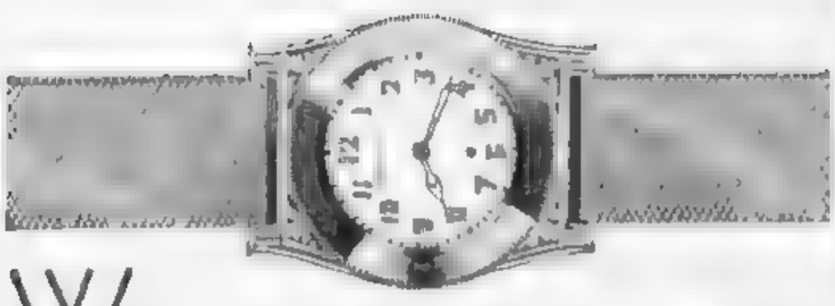
Sincerely yours,

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



THE THUNDER OF A WATCH'S TICK



WHO has heard such sounds? Great men, thinking about the boundless possibilities of their dreams, have heard them. • Gutenberg, cutting type, and ushering in an age of presses, may have heard them. • Watt, listening to the kettle-lid jiggled by the steam, may have heard them. • Edison, working on his "talking machine", Bell dreaming of his telephone, Mergenthaler, dreaming of his linotype, Orville and Wilbur Wright trying their glider and dreaming of motors — these may have heard them. • But the sound we have in mind is the tick of the Self-Winding Watch. • There are thousands of watches that will run down today. There are thousands of people who will be inconvenienced by not winding them. There are thousands of phone calls that will be made in consequence. But there will be fewer tomorrow. • The Self-Winding Watch has come. Its mechanism incorporates every principle of accurate timekeeping, and to that mechanism has been added a perfected device for keeping it wound. It is a wrist watch and winds itself by the normal movement of the arm. It cannot be overwound. Without a stem, it is sealed against dust and moisture. • Its symmetry is a pleasure to see, and it is worn wherever people abreast of the times forgather. Clasp it on and forget about it until you wish to know the correct time — or to listen yourself to its tick.

• • •

Write for illustrated booklet No. 5, "From the Moving Shadow to the Self-Winding Watch," which tells the fascinating story of time-keeping down the ages. The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch Co. of America, Inc., 485 Madison Ave., New York.

THE WATCH THAT WINDS ITSELF

Getting On in the World

Goodwill, $1

HIGH up on the topmost floor of the New York Stock Exchange Building the analyst of the committee on stock list was studying an application for the listing of 500,000 shares of the stock of a manufacturing company. By an interpretative power gained through years of experience and certain special sources of information, the analyst was able to translate the figures of the company's balance sheet, income statement and surplus statement, all presented in the application, into a mental picture.

What he saw was an eight-story building housing a gravity system of factory production. He saw on the top floor huge vats for the treatment of molasses, sugar, tree bark and other substances; he saw large pipes descending to the smaller vats on the next floor; and so on to the bottling plant and shipping platform of the ground level. In fancy, we may suppose, he pictured as well the activity of some ninety employes—executives, stenographers, office boys, chemists, laborers, shipping clerks, credit men and salesmen. Certainly this was a small enterprise to dare to seek the trading privileges of the most carefully organized market place of the world, where are bought and sold the shares of such giant industries as United States Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad, New York Central and a thousand others. A small company, indeed, but one which in the preceding year had made a profit of $2,244,037.16 on gross sales of $4,652,347.17.

A Market for Earning Capacity

From the application and from his own calculations, the analyst discovered that these 500,000 shares to be offered to the public at thirty-four dollars a share represented only two dollars of physical assets. About twenty-eight dollars of this proposed price was accounted for in the statement by an item which was set down in this manner: "Formulas, processes, trade names, trademarks and goodwill—$14,000,000."

The analyst reached for the telephone. The man he then engaged in conversation was the head of the banking house which was planning to offer this stock to the market.

"What," he said, "is this $14,000,000 of goodwill in Medicine Cabinet Products?"

"Well," said the banker, "it stands for a widespread buying habit; for three generations of steady patronage. It stands for $27,000,000 spent for advertising during the history of this company. It stands for ——"

"That's enough for my purpose at the moment. Advertising, $27,000,000, eh? Thank you."

With certain additional data concerning the record of the company's earnings, the stock-list committee approved the offering, and in the weeks that followed the 500,000 shares were absorbed quickly at thirty-four dollars a share. In the several years that have intervened these same shares have reached a top of seventy-nine dollars and are, when this is written, hovering around seventy dollars. At this price the holders of the stock are in the position of appraising the goodwill of the company not at $14,000,000 but at $32,000,000. Today the physical assets of the company represent something less than three dollars a share. It is not unusual. It is cited here because it is an example of the intangible value which is the dominating factor in that curious but by no means illogical state of mind which is called the bull market.

What the public is trading in when it buys common stock is, essentially, earning capacity, and on the books of the companies whose shares they deal in, this factor is set down as goodwill. In Wall Street the term has no other meaning than earning capacity. In conversations the term is qualified in many ways, but always it boils down to that essence which is the soul of all business—profits, actual or potential.

Nevertheless, there is a strong prejudice in banking establishments against a book appraisal of goodwill at any higher figure than one dollar. One of the heads of a large private banking house in New York which from time to time guides into the security markets stock issues of merged companies or of old, closely held corporations, attempted recently to explain this prejudice.

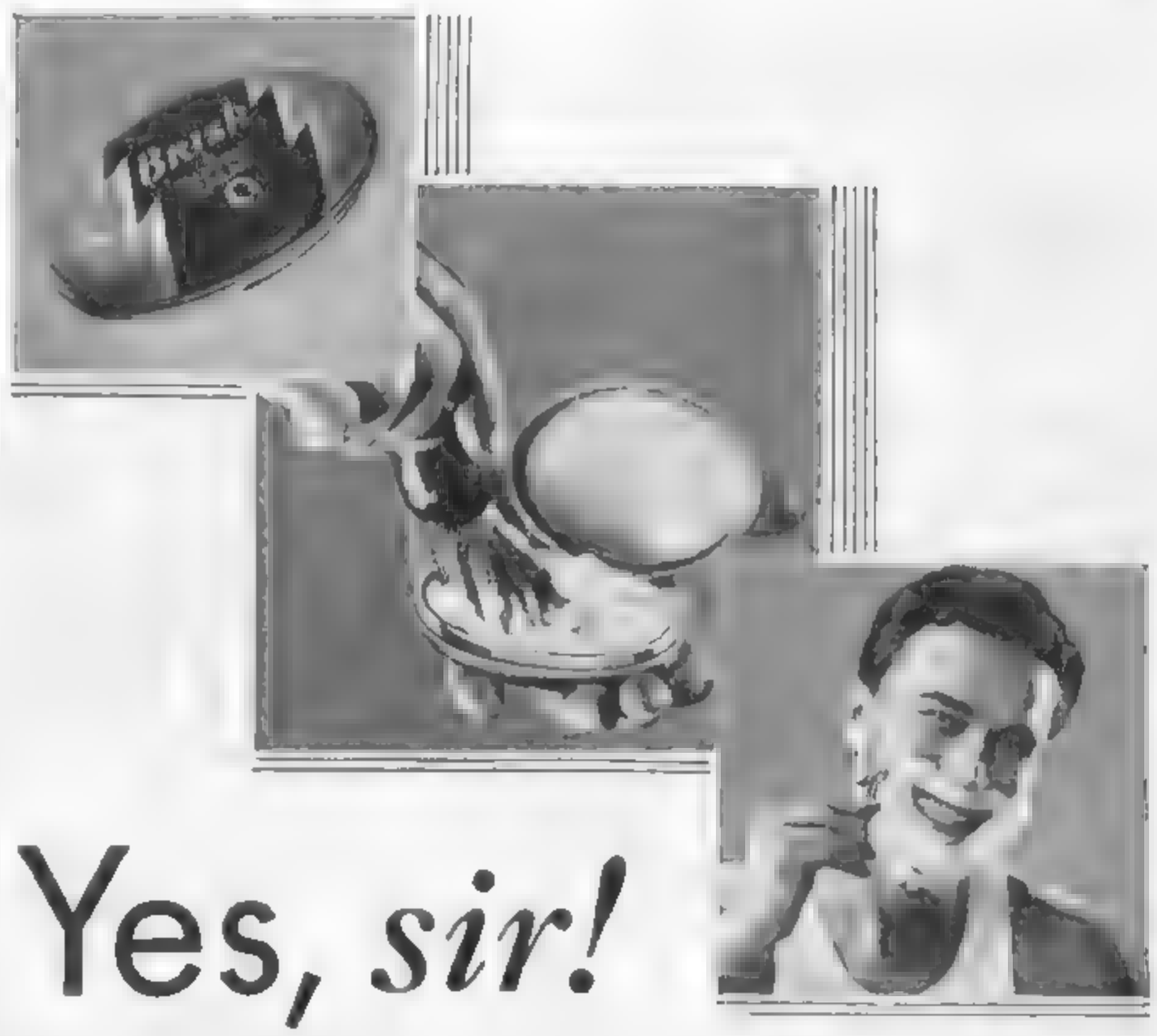
"Goodwill," he said, "is merely the algebraic term which represents the unknown factors that govern the earning capacity of a business. A hundred, perhaps more, factors enter into the bankers' appraisal of a company that is to be sold or refinanced. Among these will be geography, the amount of competition, the management, demand, undeveloped markets and many, many others. Sometimes these appear to him as intangible assets; sometimes as intangible liabilities. The balance that is struck in his mind represents the probable earning capacity of the company under consideration. For the lack of a better term, he calls this balance goodwill. Now, these are matters which the banker wishes to calculate for himself. If he finds a formidable sum set down on a balance sheet as the value of the goodwill, he winces. He objects to its presence for the reason that it tends to throw out of focus the picture that he is trying to form. Besides, he knows that it can mean anything, because of the widespread confusion as to the meaning of the term. It means one thing to the tax collector, another to the merchant, another to the accountant, and something entirely different to the professional appraiser.

"Some time ago we bought a third of the common stock of a concern making toothpaste, shaving soap and other articles sold in drug stores. We paid $3,000,000, which indicates that we thought that the rights represented by all of the common stock were worth about $9,000,000. Six months afterward the price of those shares on the New York Stock Exchange showed that the public's appraisal was $15,000,000. Now, there was no question at any time as to the value of the physical assets of this company. The appraisal of those elements had been made by a competent concern which is skilled in judging the values of things—of buildings, of machinery, furniture, spur tracks, dock facilities and other materials. The spread in the two appraisals—that of the bank and that made by the public, by striking a level where there were many willing sellers and many willing buyers—was something that happened when this one item of goodwill, of earning capacity, was considered."

Appraising a Business

"Twenty-five years ago all of our best political demagogues were railing against the water in common stocks. They were not alone. Many bankers supposed that the prices of common stocks represented something so intangible that they were willing also to speak of it as water. Today we know better. We know that what we used to call water actually was in many cases that vital force which crystallizes in the form of profits. It is earning capacity; and that is a very real value, that is recognized in law.

"The old-fashioned way of appraising the value of a business enterprise was to multiply the average earnings by ten. That is, we would say to anyone with a business to sell, 'We will pay for your business a sum equal to the amount of your earnings for the last ten years.' That is still a pretty good rule, even though the public, as represented by the purchasers of common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, are demonstrating a willingness to pay at the rate of twenty and even forty



Yes, *sir!*

Once you open a box of Brisk and treat your face to a "Mint Julep Shave" you'll never go back to a tube, stick, or powder.

Your druggist can now supply you with all the Boys of the Brisk Brigade—Brisk, the Mint Julep Shave, 50c. Smooth, a powder that takes the shine off men's faces and leaves no trace of powder, 50c. Zest, for an after shaving lotion, 75c. Stop, the modern styptic, 25c. Trim keeps the hair trim without greasing the hands, 50c.

Morning Mouth

Everybody has it... Astring-o-sol corrects it

Breakfast Tastes So Much Better After You Have Corrected Morning Mouth . . . with Astring-o-sol

Even sparkling fruit juices lose their delicious savor when they have to compete with that stale taste . . . Morning Mouth. Everybody wakes up with it. But nobody has to take it to breakfast. Start getting real enjoyment out of breakfast. *Before* breakfast shake a few dashes of Astring-o-sol into a quarter-glass of water. Gargle and swish it through your teeth. That unpleasant Morning Mouth taste will vanish. Throat and mouth tissues will be cooled, stimulated, refreshed. All tiny teeth crevices cleansed. The breath purified. The unusual effectiveness of Astring-o-sol comes from its concentration—which makes it *(1) Do More, (2) Cost Less to Use, and (3) Taste Better (you can dilute it to suit your taste). Dentists use and recommend it. All drug stores have it in 35c, 60c and $1.00 sizes. Try a bottle today.

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY
Manufacturing Pharmacists Since 1855
DETROIT, U. S. A.
Windsor, Ontario . . Sydney, Australia

Use this COUPON *for* FREE 5-day sample
Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, Mich., Dept. 62
Name ——
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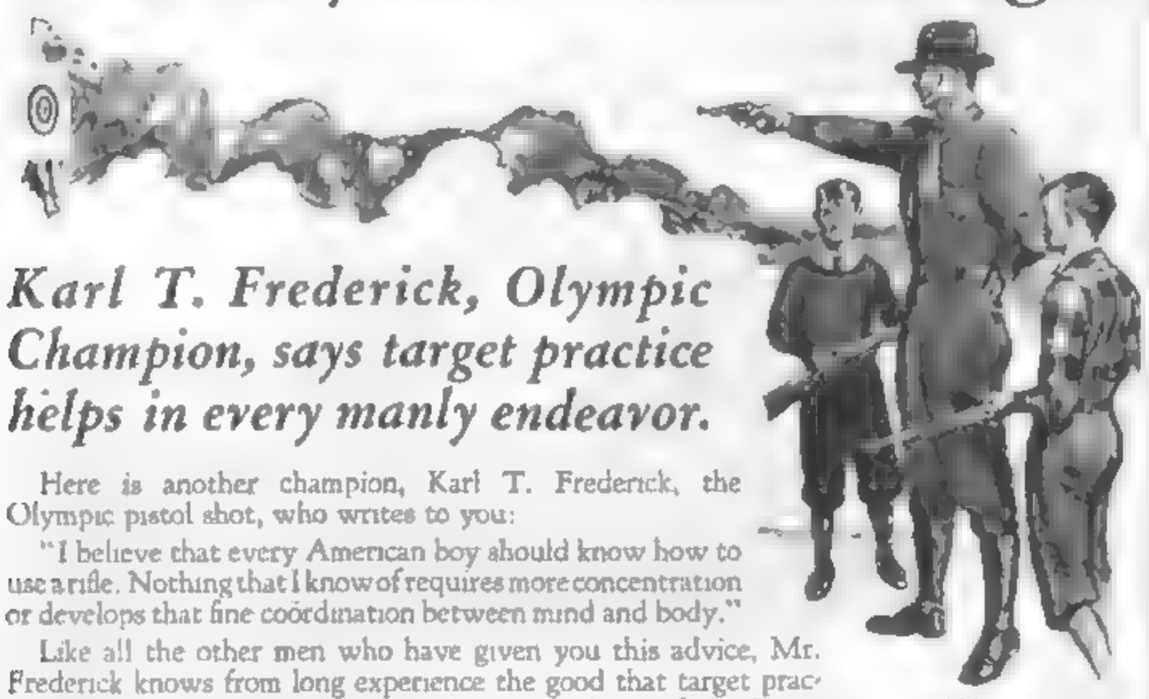
ASTRING-O-SOL
*CONCENTRATED FOR THREE REASONS

The Boy Who Shot Straight



Karl T. Frederick, Olympic Champion, says target practice helps in every manly endeavor.

Here is another champion, Karl T. Frederick, the Olympic pistol shot, who writes to you:

"I believe that every American boy should know how to use a rifle. Nothing that I know of requires more concentration or develops that fine coördination between mind and body."

Like all the other men who have given you this advice, Mr. Frederick knows from long experience the good that target practice does. Let your Dad see the "snappy" lines of the Daisy Pump Gun, fashioned after the high-powered rifles of explorers and big game hunters. Tell him that the safe, durable, dependable Daisy is the finest air rifle of today, developed through 40 years of exclusive air-rifle making. Tell him that every Daisy is tested for accuracy before it leaves the factory. The Pump Gun illustrated is sold by your dealer. It shoots 50 rounds without re-loading, and it costs $5. Other Daisy models from $1 to $5. If your dealer hasn't all of them in stock write to us for information.

BOYS! Get your FREE copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

We recommend Bull's Eye Steel Shot for use in Daisy Air Rifles.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

Two Out of Three Who Mail This Coupon—

The Curtis Publishing Company
492 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I earn extra money for Christmas?

Name

Street

City State

Will Derive No Profit

But the Other Third

Will Earn Up to

$25.00 *for* Christmas

BASED upon years of experience with subscription offers similar to this, two out of three who write us will neither win nor lose—principally because they will not take advantage of the friendly opportunity we give them.

But the other third—the ones who *try*—they will make up to $25, $50, $100 a month extra! Real hard cash in addition to all their other earnings.

If you want extra money—fifty or so would be fine for Christmas, wouldn't it?—just mail the coupon above. Then join the happy "third" who, even without experience, will earn many extra dollars.

times earnings. Nevertheless, bankers do not like to see large sums set down opposite the item of goodwill on the books of any company in which they are taking an interest."

In Wall Street the classic example of the new trend in the treatment of goodwill as an accounting item is that set by a huge system of chain stores. This company had been organized to take over seven chains of stores. Among the assets listed on the balance sheet were included $55,009,387.87, that represented the estimate of the value of leases, alterations and improvements, furniture and fixtures and goodwill. At least $50,000,000 of this sum stood in the minds of those merchants whose enterprises had been merged into a single entity as the value of goodwill—of the disposition of myriads of customers to return to stores where, in the past, they had been well served. Not even the preferred stock of this corporation had physical assets behind it.

For a number of years, during which the chain of stores produced tremendous profits for the owners of the common stock, the $50,000,000 goodwill item remained on the books. Then the directors agreed to write it off. The means of doing so was an accounting pretense during a period of about five years that the stores had earned less money than they actually had earned. One year the goodwill item was reduced in this manner by the sum of $20,000,000. In its report for 1927 the balance sheet of this company bore at the top of its list of assets this item:

Leases and goodwill, $1.00

That year the net income of the company was more than $35,000,000. Actually, of course, that which was now represented on the books at one dollar, and which had been represented there by $50,000,000, was worth, to the shareholders, hundreds of millions, but on the books it remains, "Goodwill, $1."

Recently the secretary of this company was asked how the $50,000,000 happened to be placed on the books.

"It was done," he said, "to make possible the merger of several of the chains which are a part of the present system. In the conferences of the owners of the separate enterprises there arose a dispute as to the value of the leaseholds. It seemed impossible to work out a precise figure that would satisfy everyone. Finally, as a means of closing the deal, one of the leaders proposed that the value of this unknown quantity be fixed at $50,000,000. This was done, the merger was effected and subsequent earnings demonstrated that this was but a feeble estimate of the true value. Since it stood for something which greatly fluctuated in value, it was desired to get it off the books."

What Is Goodwill Worth?

On August 1, 1929, there were listed on the New York Stock Exchange 1257 different stock issues aggregating 1,020,143,620 shares, with a total market value of $84,232,792,083. That valuation lasted only during the night. With the opening of the market the following morning there began a fresh appraisal—an appraisal that goes on constantly—but it is only in rare instances an appraisal of material things. It is for the most part an appraisal of goodwill.

One of the executives of an important Wall Street banking house, in discussing this curious term, recently said that it was only called goodwill when there arose an occasion for stating it on the balance sheet of a corporation.

"We always mean capitalized earning capacity when we speak of goodwill. Uptown you will find merchants who think the term means nothing more than the way in which they smooth the ruffled feathers of cranky customers. The argot of business is the least intelligent of its manifestations, else we would have a better word in general use to cover this intangible thing in which speculators and investors alike are dealing.

"A year ago United States Steel was selling at about $189 a share. At that price the stock of this corporation represented a sum far below the book value of the company. Steel was valued by the public at less than the value of its physical assets. When this obvious truth had been stated often enough, the price of Steel, Common, began to climb, and this year it has registered as high as $260 a share. This simply means that the public is beginning to appraise the earning capacity of this corporation. It is precisely this kind of appraisal that has made the bull market. The public in the last few years has gained in understanding of those factors of business which we speak of as goodwill."

Relying on Consumers' Memories

"Similarly I might cite a railroad, the physical assets of which were valued by the Interstate Commerce Commission at $250 a share at a time when the public's valuation as reflected by the market was twelve dollars a share. The public's appraisal was concerned, and properly, chiefly with earning capacity. As soon as a company begins to lose money, its tangible assets, expressed in the book value, cease to have much meaning. There were $8,000,000 of physical assets behind a great mining corporation which went into the hands of a receiver about 1912, yet it was not solvent, and the price of the stock fell far below the value of those assets, which were in the form of heavy, unsalable mining machinery. The stockholders were not benefited by those assets until the company was reorganized and began to earn money.

"In Wall Street we measure goodwill by earnings or the likelihood of earnings. Therefore, we mean by goodwill anything of value in a business above its physical assets. Five years ago this house offered the stock of a company which had physical assets of two dollars a share. The earnings were $3.70 a share on a five-year average. We offered the stock at $41.75 a share, and offered it, I may say, with a degree of timidity. This year it has sold above $150 a share, and I do not think the stock is being overvalued. Yet the intangible thing which the purchasers of this stock are relying on is a consistent consumer demand built up by a name that has been advertised by the expenditure of about $2,000,000 a year."

In discussion of this tremendous and fascinating value, it is frequently stated in Wall Street that the chief asset of a going concern is a collection of memories tucked away in the skulls of millions of Americans. Often those memories concern something no more important than a pleasant flavor in a beverage or a processed food. Sometimes, though, they represent a feeling of confidence in a name.

The biggest banking partnerships in Wall Street are accustomed to think of goodwill as their solitary asset. Yet when a member of one of the best known of these private banks dies, it is a part of the partnership agreement that his equity dies with him. His heirs receive nothing for his share of that goodwill. If it were otherwise, the surviving partners would be in the position of digging into their pockets to pay for a share of their own integrity. Here, too, earning capacity, though it stands for untold millions of dollars, appears on the books as "Goodwill, $1."

—BOYDEN SPARKES.

Safe, Simple and Effective

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now available for every home!

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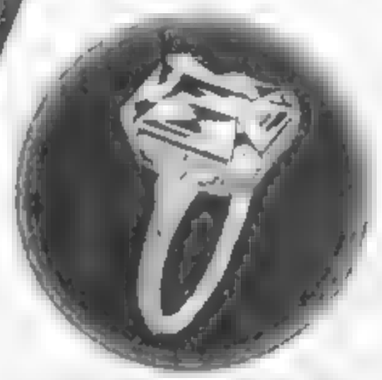

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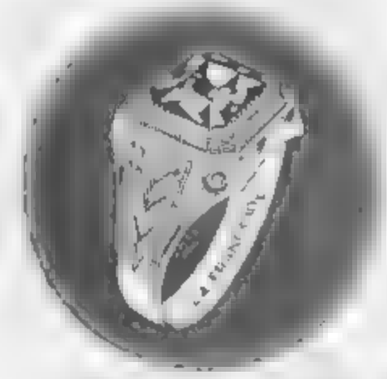

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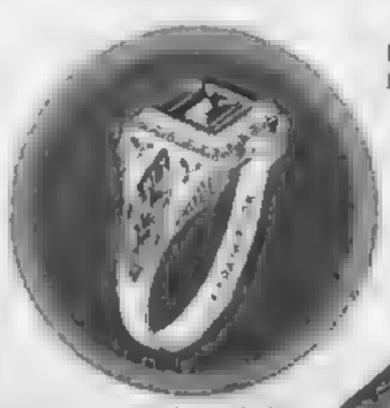

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FOR MODERN MEN AND WOMEN

OUT-OF-DOORS

Hawks and Owls—Friends or Foes?

WHEN a farmer sees a goshawk pin one of his fine young White Leghorns to the ground, there to tear its windpipe asunder, it is no wonder that he hates hawks. And when a great horned owl visits the sleeping fowls and takes a handsome Plymouth Rock, or perhaps a turkey or goose, it is only natural that the owl tribe is slated for the farmer's black list.

Nevertheless, enlightened farmers do not say, nowadays, that the only good hawk is a dead hawk. The economic value of certain of these birds of prey during most of their existence has been established beyond question. The difficulty is that the average farmer cannot tell which hawks are his friends and which are his enemies.

Naturalists are so much interested in the habits of wild creatures and care so little, as a rule, about the economic effect of their food habits, that they often sincerely plead the cause of the worst poultry and game destroyers because they have a passion for studying live organisms and for letting the drama of life go on uninterrupted. Because naturalists thus plead for the protection of destructive creatures, they are often regarded as fanatics, and though their sincerity is not questioned, their words are not always seriously heeded or properly understood by those to whom they speak.

Naturalists are so well acquainted with the bloody program of existence the world over that to them the killing of an occasional chicken or turkey by a great horned owl seems no more tragic or regrettable, in a sense, than the swallowing of a worm by a robin. Naturalists like to study live creatures, and receive so much pleasure from seeing them about that they are not willing to ask, therefore: Is this hawk good or is it bad? They merely know that the bird is beautiful and interesting, and that, in their opinion, it has a right to live. A study of the economic status of a bird of prey is interesting to the fervent naturalist only in so far as it brings to light the truth concerning the bird's vital activities. An official study of the food habits of a hawk which will mean granting the bird its existence or sanctioning its extermination is repulsive to the naturalist, for he has decided that man has no right to interfere with the processes of Nature.

The ardent naturalist is inclined to forget, I believe, that other men, no less sincere than he, may not have so intense a passion for protecting and studying all live creatures. The naturalist is not aware, perhaps, of the farmer's deep and admirable interest in the welfare of his poultry.

Fowls have so long been a part of the home life of the human race that we have an instinctive liking for them, and a desire to protect them when we realize their utter dependence upon us. We do not now strictly need fowls for food, as a rule, because we have other sources of food supply, but there was a time in the history of the

Maple Sugar

By Arthur Guiterman

"BOOMP, boomp, broomp!" rolled
the drum of the Grouse;
And the Muskrat woke in his snow-
capped house,
The sap flowed free in the birch
and the larch,
The Wild Geese flocked on the
winds of March,
The Deermouse ran, the Snowbirds
flew,
The Woodchuck scampered and the
Chipmunk, too;
For "Boomp, boomp, broomp!"
said the Grouse's drum,
"The ice is breaking and the Spring
will come!"
And all in the swamp and the
woods were glad
But Chickaree the Squirrel, who, as
usual, was mad.

Whisking up the butternuts, leaping
through the air,
Chickaree the Squirrel was as
hungry as a bear.
"What's the use of foraging!" he
scolded from his seat;
"All the nuts are moldy and there's
nothing fit to eat.
I haven't seen a berry for a century,
I think;
I'm sick of cones and acorns and of
melted snow to drink.
I'm going to bite a mouthful of the
nearest thing I see!"
And he sank his keen incisors in
the sugar-maple tree.

The sap oozed out from the white
tooth's gash,
And Chickaree the Squirrel licked
his impudent mustache.
The sweet sap welled like molasses
from the bung,
And Chickaree the Squirrel liked
the flavor on his tongue.
He stretched his length on the
sugar-maple limb,
Sucking all the essence that was
really good for him.

Two little Redskins through the
forest ran,
Enterprising youngsters of the
Waubanakee clan;
Looking up the maple tree, they
quickly understood
That Chickaree the Squirrel had
discovered something good.
They whooped and they climbed,
while he fled in angry haste;
They sipped what he'd been sipping
and approved its pleasant taste.
They tapped the branching maple
with the antler of a moose,
In birch-bark cornucopias they
caught the dripping juice;
They boiled it to a sirup and they
poured it on the snow,
Inventing maple sugar in the woods
of long ago.

The Grouse's drum is calling us, and
once again we push
Through melting, freezing snowdrifts
to the waiting sugar bush,
Our axes on our shoulders and the
kettles on the sled.
But who is this protesting in the
branches overhead?
"How dare you touch the maple trees
that all belong to me!
Be off, you shameless robbers!
Chickaree, chickaree!"
'Tis Chickaree the Squirrel, that
indignant little chap,
The Christopher Columbus of the
sugar-maple sap!

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human race when the hawk which swooped upon a fowl was a serious enemy indeed.

It has occurred to me also that hawks and owls are naturally unpopular because they are so fierce in appearance that we cannot help sympathizing with the creatures which they kill. And, once again, who can say but that we racially remember the ancient times when we ourselves were preyed upon by beasts of the jungle and field?

The naturalist, who sometimes forgets that man, as well as wild life, had his place in the balance of Nature, pleads for protection of all hawks and owls; the farmer usually wants them all killed; the rest of us, who sympathize with both viewpoints and who enjoy seeing and studying beautiful birds, whether they are good or bad, can hope only that justice will be dealt to the birds of prey and farmers alike. And so, careful investigations have been made, involving the examination of stomachs and the year-round observation of the birds of prey.

These studies have conclusively shown that some birds of prey are so valuable that the farmer who asks us to kill them is a fool. Other species are obviously both good and bad, their food habits varying with the seasons or with local conditions; and others, from the standpoint of the agriculturist, the sportsman, and therefore most of the rest of us, are bad, and the naturalist who seeks absolute protection for them must be considered a visionary.

The good hawks and owls should be so well known that every child of ten years will recognize them by name and know why they are good. They should be more carefully protected than robins. They should become popular, highly valued birds. And there is no sound reason why they should not become so, though they admittedly are not so at present.

A Benefit to Farmers

The little sparrow hawk so constantly preys upon grasshoppers and other insects, and upon field mice, that he is a recognizable asset to the farm which he inhabits. His beautiful, trim form on the roadside post is a feature of which the farmer may be proud, and the boy who tries to kill one should be more severely reprimanded than the boy who kills a robin. The robin probably is not, actually, so valuable a bird as the sparrow hawk, though the robin's popularity is nation-wide. Since the sparrow hawk's family is large, much food in the form of insects and rodents is consumed each summer by them.

The broad-winged hawk, though little known and not by any means as common as it should be, is strictly beneficial. Unfortunately, the name of this bird, as well as that of the sparrow hawk, is misleading.

The broad-wing is a comparatively small hawk, which migrates to Central America in winter. The large rough-legged hawk, which visits the United States from the north in winter, is valuable. Living as it does in the open fields, it confines its killing almost altogether to mice.

The big red-tail and the somewhat smaller red-shoulder are usually not destructive, though they are customarily called "chicken hawks." They eat principally chipmunks and mice, snakes, frogs and some insects.

I have personally examined the stomachs of more than thirty red-shouldered hawks and I have not yet found the remains of any bird or game. Among the sixty-seven red-tail stomachs I have examined, two held rabbit remains, one held part of a ruffed grouse, one held a gray squirrel and one a song sparrow; the others held snakes, mice, insects and other noxious or unimportant creatures.

The marsh hawk captures some birds and game, and sometimes forages in the poultry yard; but for the most part this hawk is good, and at times of a scourge of mice or grasshoppers is an invaluable ally of the farmer. The osprey, or fish hawk, which, in many states, is protected, and which is unusually rare, is virtually harmless. Only occasionally does it bother fish hatcheries or take valuable food fish, and much of the time it captures the destructive carp. The Swainson's hawk of the West is for the most part valuable. Such hawks as these, even though they do occasional damage, are a distinctly pleasurable addition to any landscape. Red-tailed hawks in many parts of the United States are becoming rarer than they should be. If a hawk develops individual chicken-killing habits it must be shot, of course, but the average red-tail is an admirable bird citizen who does much good through killing destructive rodents.

Hawks That are Bad

I will never forget a story a farmer told me about a red-tailed hawk. This farmer's poultry had been disturbed almost daily by a large hawk which soared over the farmyard, dropped among the fowls and flew away before he could see what it had done.

One day the farmer posted himself inside the barn, gun in hand. When he heard a rooster give a distress signal he looked out just in time to see the large hawk drop to the ground among the frightened, squawking chickens. As the hawk rose the farmer shot it. When the farmer examined the dead hawk he found in its talons the body of a large brown rat, barely dead. The farmer had killed a good friend, not realizing that when the red-tail sails over a chicken yard virtually every chicken is on the alert and ready to run instantly to safety, whereas the rats, with their relatively poor eyesight, fall easy prey to a bird whose eyesight is marvelously keen.

Five kinds of hawks may be called bad. The big goshawk of the north, which is usually very rare, is a savage destroyer of birds, game and poultry, and when it comes south in numbers, may be a terrific scourge to the wild life and to poultry. At such times we can do nothing fairer than kill the goshawk. During the winter of 1926–27 the goshawk invasion in Pennsylvania nearly exterminated the ruffed grouse, and hundreds of chickens were taken in some sections. The birds of prey, active and muscular as they are, demand much food; and the goshawk, in addition to his excusable appetite, often develops an individual inexcusable lust for merely killing. No sane-minded naturalist can object to a regulation of such birds of prey when the lives of our native game birds and animals and the welfare of our poultry depend upon it.

The duck hawk, though admittedly a killer, is becoming so rare that there is considerable danger of its being exterminated unless it is given some protection. Farmers, in such a case as this, should yield to the altruistic wishes of the naturalist in preventing the wiping out of a magnificent form of wild life. There must be a system of give and take in this matter of wild-life management if we are to succeed in securing the coöperation of all forces for conservation. The pigeon hawk, a migrant throughout most of the United States, is a destructive species which preys extensively upon shore birds, but it is not often common and almost never bothers poultry. These three hawks are usually so rare that they do not need attention.

The Cooper's hawk and sharp-shinned hawk, however, are fairly common everywhere, and they are very destructive. A sharp-shin family will pretty effectively wipe out all the small birds of their neighborhood in one season, and they capture poultry when they can. Sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks should be killed when they are common. I believe that one pair of such hawks to every ten square miles of country would not be too common, so long as they are not near a farm where they may destroy poultry. Where woodlots are few the hawks will perforce be limited in their nesting range, so that sometimes they may appear to be commoner than they actually are as a result of local crowding; but if there are not one or two pairs of these birds somewhere in a ten-square-mile section, destruction of them has probably been too drastic.

Among the owls the only constant enemy of poultry is the great horned owl. Large and powerful as it is, this fierce creature demands much food; two young great horned owls will consume many rabbits, chickens, turkeys and geese before they learn to capture prey for themselves. One or two pairs of these birds in the area surrounding an average American town—an area, let us say, thirty square miles in extent—are enough; if there are more the species is probably too common for the good of the game and poultry of the region. If such an area has no great horned owl, however, destruction of the owls has probably gone too far. In some localities the great horned owl is valuable as a destroyer of other enemies of the poultry raiser, such as the cotton rat, weasel and skunk.

The rare snowy owl is not usually destructive to game, for, like the rough-legged hawk, it keeps to the open fields where mice are common. The barred owl is both good and bad, and has the interesting custom of preying upon screech owls. The screech owl is usually beneficial and does not capture poultry.

A Place in Nature's Scheme

The barn owl, long-eared owl, short-eared owl, and tiny saw-whet are blameless. I examined during one winter more than 480 pellets of indigestible matter thrown up by a pair of long-eared owls and found among all the débris the remains of but one bird—a flicker. There were, on the other hand, the remains of more than six hundred mice!

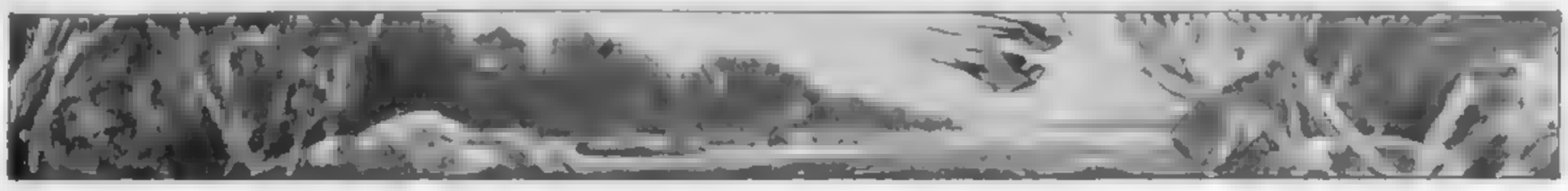
I have not attempted, in the foregoing remarks, to suggest means of identifying these birds. Good books with adequate illustrations exist, and these should be available to all farmers. Numerous articles such as the present one have been written, also, and I have not intended to give the impression that my remarks are altogether original.

But in our fight for justice to all forms of wild life it is necessary to keep before the attention of farmers and sportsmen the truth about these beautiful and interesting birds of prey, most species of which are not yet as popular as they should be, and to call attention to the need for intelligent control of the few destructive species.

Every farmer, I believe, comes to enjoy all of the outdoors. And it is hardly conceivable that the most enthusiastic protector of poultry would wish for a world where no hawks and owls exist. We somehow sense, often without realizing why, that there is a place for every living creature in the scheme of Nature, and most of us are eager to prevent the extermination of any one of our birds of prey so long as other forms of life can be perpetuated satisfactorily at the same time.

If farmers will take the trouble to learn their friends among the hawks and owls they will find that these birds often help them throughout the year in solving their problems of making the farm a success.

—GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON.



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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"But, Doctor, how can I stop worrying about business?"

PERHAPS a doctor can't tell you that, but a figure service which cuts out guesswork and keeps you posted every day as to just how your business stands, is a pretty sure remedy for worry.

In a thousand and one businesses Monroe figuring methods are producing the greatest number of accurate, checked-as-you-go results. No one can afford *not* to find out what they can do for his business.

Monroe representatives are figure specialists—trained by constant contact with actual business figures to analyze your figures and recommend short-cuts and methods which will show the status of your business at all times.

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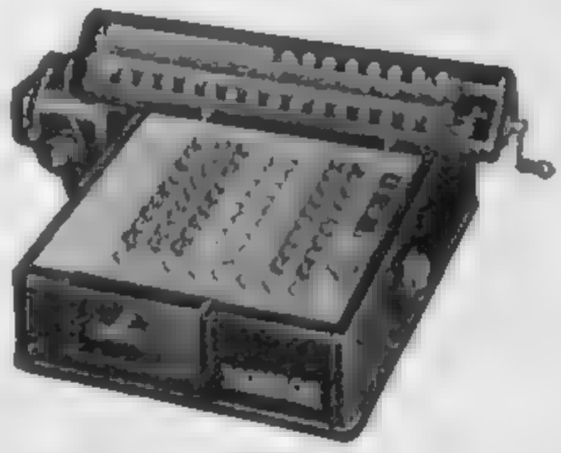

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

Send this Coupon

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
Orange, New Jersey

Please send me a copy of "A Giant Stride Ahead," describing the Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name

Firm

Address

Cool *comfort in shaves is Ingram's platform to men!*

(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

A SMOOTH, stingless shave is Ingram's promise to all men who've suffered a razor's needle-like jabs and its fiery skin-pricks.

For Ingram's is cool . . . *cool* . . . COOL . . . *COOL!*

It's different—it's unique. It gives you a brand-new sensation in shaving ease and comfort!

It's the shaving cream that was planned from the start to make shaving a stingless, bracing delight and to leave a clear, fresh feeling to the skin through the rest of the day.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

You will need no lotions when you use Ingram's. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin freshener all combined! Because of three special soothing and cooling ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin when and while you are shaving. And with Ingram's, you can shave closer. Your skin is in much better condition to "take" the razor.

Ingram's does these four important things and does them well:

Number One: It cools and tones the skin while you shave.

Number Two: It keeps your skin in better shape.

NumberThree: It enables you to shave closer without discomfort.

Number Four: It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

If you'll just go to two minutes' trouble and clip the coupon below, you'll be rewarded with seven glorious morning starts toward a lifetime of shaving satisfaction. Our sample is the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company ever had.

Don't fail now to try Ingram's! Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample.

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-119
110 Washington St., New York

I d like to try seven cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Address

City _____ *State*

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 82)

Figuratively Speaking

DIETING is taking this country by form. The motto is "One country, one flag and one chin at a time."

You can't eat your cake and have It too.

The eighteen-day diet may reshape some women, but others need a three-year famine.

The women want to exchange their detours for curves. They're growing hipocritical.

What this country needs is a diet that will remove fat from between the ears.

Chew to the silhouette line, let the hips fall where they sway. —CLYDE D. MOORE.

To a Boat Speeder

THAT'S right! Cut open your engine
And tear a hole in the sea!
As if my craft were an anchored raft,
Go rocketing past my lee!

On the sweet salt air of God's ocean
Belch a fetor of half-burned gas
And fan my cheek with the rank blue reek
From your smoking stern as you pass!

Split the afternoon's peace and quiet
With your motor's shattering roar,
And deafen with sound for miles around
The residents on the shore.

Rock madly my little sailboat
And deluge me with the spray
From the heaving swell of your scuttle of hell,
As you scoot on your snooty way.

Dash on! You are no true sailor
Nor to any true sailor brother!
Keep your brass-nosed scoop! I'll stick to my sloop
Until I can afford the other!

—Baron Ireland.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

High notes full notes low notes half notes

GRAYBAR RADIO *brings them all!*

Of course, it took time to perfect the special Screen Grid tube in the Graybar 550. But every note from this superb radio tells how well that time was spent!

The tube *is* a marvel! It does what two tubes used to do . . . better than ever before. With its added power, it makes distant stations easy to get. It permits a wider range of notes, and more faithful reproduction. It brings new "tone-color" . . . new sensitiveness . . . new "verve." All for the moderate price of (less radiotrons) $179

And, if the music is thrilling, so too is the cabinet! Of two-tone walnut veneer, it is exquisitely proportioned and finished. The built-in electro-dynamic speaker is concealed by a distinctive tapestry covering . . . very new, and agreeably "different."

Naturally, you would expect that Graybar, with its unusually long and varied electrical experience, would sponsor something unusual in radio.

Graybar's experience includes developing a complete line of radio and radio accessories for the home, outfitting almost all of the leading broadcasting stations in this country and taking a leading part in electrical distribution since 'way back in 1869.

In addition to the Screen Grid Cabinet Model No. 550, already described, there is also the Screen Grid Table Model, No. 500. The Table Model has the same tube and circuit as the cabinet model, and consequently gives the same splendid performance. Compact, good-looking, it is an excellent value indeed at (less radiotrons) $110

Another new and interesting detail . . . in both the Cabinet and the Table Models . . . is the single knob control which regulates both volume and station selection. The coupon will bring further details.

~ ~ ~

Radio isn't the only thing Graybar offers. Now read about some of Graybar's interesting appliances!

EXIT, DAILY DOZENS AND DIETS! Now there's a new, and oh so much pleasanter, way to keep slim . . . the Graybar Stimulator way!

At the modest price of just $59.50*, the Stimulator offers you all the benefits of outdoor exercise, right in your home.

And along with the Stimulator comes a good-looking, sturdy table-to-match . . . *absolutely free!*

Not only does the Stimulator keep you slender but it keeps you feeling perfectly splendid. Circulation tingling! Muscles in trim! Mind alert!

All this, remember, in just a very few minutes' use each day!

Men, as well as women, like to keep in condition with the Stimulator. They say it gives them new "snap" and pep. They work better. They *play* better!

Varying gradations of massage make the Stimulator particularly adaptable to individual needs. Simple to operate. Easily, the health motor "buy" of the year!

BRING OUTDOORS INDOORS! The Graybar Sunshine Health Lamp brings into your home all the health-giving qualities of real outdoor sunshine! At night . . . in the winter . . . on gloomy days . . . *anytime!* Just *picture* the benefits for children, for "shut-ins," for old people . . . in fact, for anybody whose occupations are largely indoors.

The Graybar Lamp is *safe*. A double carbon-arc type equipped with standard Sunshine Carbons, the Graybar automatically prevents over-exposure. And *convenient!* Just set it on any table and attach to any outlet.

The price is moderate. . . $49.50.*

HOW TO "LAUGH OFF" THE LAUNDRY. The Two-Speed Clothes Washer and the Table-Top Ironer are two good reasons why women nowadays can face washing and ironing with a smile.

The Washer whisks a big washing to the line in an hour. It has two speeds—fast for every-day clothes, slow for silks and other "dainties." Its tank is made of fine white porcelain . . . the easiest of all materials to clean. $165.*

As for the Ironer . . . it sails through the ironing in short order, too! Power-driven, it does all the heavy work.

Turns into a gleaming porcelain kitchen table when not in use . . . . . $165.*

* These prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.,
Graybar Building, New York City.

Gentlemen: Please send me details on the products I've checked.

☐ Screen Grid Radio ☐ Two-Speed Clothes Washer
☐ Stimulator
☐ Sunshine Health Lamp ☐ Table-Top Ironer

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Tune in on the Graybar hour, 9 to 9.30, Eastern Standard time, every Saturday night . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.

Don

YOU will see this immaculately interesting new dress shirt after dark in every fashionable corner of a well-dressed country this winter. It is of a rare, fine white fabric with a self-pattern of tiny bird's-eye screen. It is tailored for a single stud (Don 1) or for two (Don 2)—both models have the smooth non-bulging bosom that Arrow alone makes. The price is $3.50.

for

DRESS ARROW SHIRTS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK • MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS • HANDKERCHIEFS • SHIRTS • UNDERWEAR

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AT THANKSGIVING . . . when the good things of life are assembled for your guests . . . don't overlook chocolates to crown the day. ⁂ Johnston's, of course, for you will want the best . . . specially wrapped in Thanksgiving mood, the famous Choice Box . . . 22 different kinds . . . packaged one to ten pounds at a dollar and a half the pound ⁂ There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

The importance of *Healthful Cleanliness* in Good Cooking cannot be over-emphasized

HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS is the first requisite in the preparation of palatable and wholesome foods—and there is nothing else like Old Dutch to provide this protection. Old Dutch possesses many other distinctive and valuable qualifications. It is safe . . . quick . . . economical.

SAFE: Because it is free from acid and caustic, contains no sand or hard scratchy grit. It doesn't scratch. And that is worthy of consideration in this day of beautiful finishes. Scratches make utensils unsightly. They also provide lodging places for impurities, cause food to stick more readily and often scorch and burn; and then,too, they render cleaning more difficult. And here is still another advantage—Old Dutch doesn't harm the hands or disfigure the nails.

QUICK: Because of their remarkable detergent properties and ultra-modern efficiency, the soft, flaky, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles liberate and wipe away stubborn dirt, grease, grime, stains and rust with a clean sweep.

WHEN YOU USE Old Dutch, less work, time and energy are required because Old Dutch does so much more. You'll appreciate this especially at the holiday season . . . when there is so much to be done . . . cooking, baking, candy making and so many EXTRA utensils to be cleaned.

ECONOMICAL: Because EVERY PARTICLE of Old Dutch does its FULL SHARE of cleaning. The Old Dutch particles are flat shaped, they lie flat on the surface and do not rake it with hard sharp points, like grit. These Old Dutch particles, being soft, break into smaller particles; therefore, Old Dutch goes a long way.

USE OLD DUTCH for cleaning cooking utensils of every description—cutlery, pots and pans, boilers, percolators, snowy-white and gayly colored porcelain and enamel, glass and earthenware. Old Dutch removes all impurities, the visible and the dangerous invisible. It banishes all taint, all odor, assuring a healthfully clean utensil, which is an important factor in good cooking that cannot be over-emphasized.

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